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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

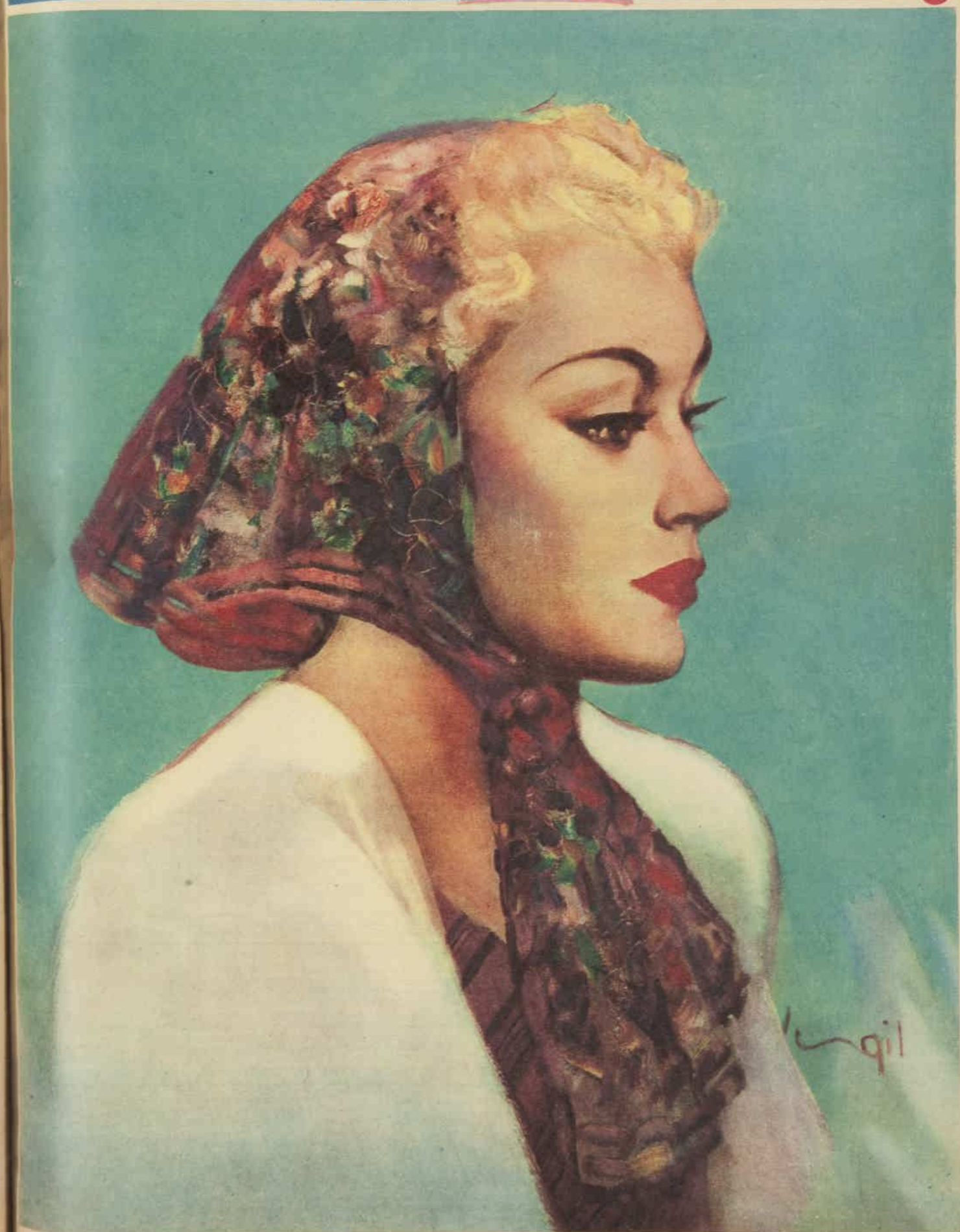
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TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN GIRLS — Painted by VIRGIL

No. 1 — The Outdoor Girl

Will You Be Happy Though Married?

Questionnaire to Test Chances of Success

By AMANDA LOVEL

Don't trust your heart-throbs as an index to the husband-suitability of the prey you're stalking through the houri-strewn jungles of to-day.

Check up on your chances of matrimonial success before you promise to walk the middle aisle. Here's a question chart to work on.

THE man you're after may flutter you to distraction, but how will he be as a husband when the flutters have calmed?

Will he wear well? That's what counts.

Ask these questions about yourself and him as a twosome and put him back into circulation if he doesn't measure up.

The score should be 70 per cent. for safety, or 85 per cent. for bliss.

Be Honest!

1.—What are his prospects?

This isn't gold-digging, it's common sense. Score 5 for gilt-edged private means, 4 for hopeful professional career, 3 for good job with prospects, 2 for safe job with few prospects, 1 for small salary or insecurity.

2.—How contented will you be with his prospects?

If you have champagne tastes, don't imagine love will sweep them away. It might anaesthetise them for a while, but just think how sick you'll be coming out of the anaesthetic.

Score 10 if you can honestly say you'll be content with the future ahead, 5 if you wish it were brighter, 0 if you know you'll be fretting for luxuries.

3.—Have you many common interests?

Score 10 if you both like dancing, sport, and going places, or if you both prefer books, music, and the fireside. Take from 10 down according to the number of common interests, whether they're silkworms or sculpture.



YOU CAN fill in the questionnaire together—but do it at your own risk!

4.—Have you unswerving faith in his personal integrity?

Score 10 if you never doubt his word, his motives, or his essential honesty. Take 5 if you think he's just an average human with normal weaknesses, and 0 if there are any serious doubts.

5.—How do your temperaments react on each other?

Score 5 if you each tolerate the other's worst moods easily, 4 if they ruffle you just temporarily, 2 if you think them unreasonable, 0 if they produce shattering results.

6.—Do you like the same people or the same sort of people?

Score 5 if you adore his friends, 3

if you think them uninspiring but pleasant enough, and 0 if they bore or irritate you.

7.—How is his health?

Score 5 if he and his family are a robust crowd, 3 if he is robust and they are weakly, 0 if they're all ailing.

8.—Do you disagree on religion or politics?

Score 5 if agreed on both, 3 for same religion, 2 for same politics.

9.—Will you be the sort of wife he really wants?

He's got some picture in mind—perfect housewife or hilarious playmate, quiet home mouse or skilful aid to his career. Score 5, 3 and 0 according to your belief in your ability to be what he wants.

10.—Do you laugh at the same jokes?

A sense of humor is a tricky thing. Take due warning if your pet jokes awake no answering chuckle. Laughs shared are a grand insurance against boredom.

Score 5 or 0. This is important.

11.—Are you good companions?

Score 5 if you can spend a quiet evening or take a long walk together without being bored. (Love-making doesn't count as mutual entertainment in this question.) Take 0 if you can't.

12.—What is his capacity for affection compared with the amount of attention you want?

If you're a warm-hearted, clinging vine, you'll need a demonstrative partner. Count 5, 3 or 0 according to the way your wishes and his inclinations match up.

13.—Do you share a liking for hunting in packs, or do you both want to be alone—often?

Some people are at their happiest when the house is full. Social souls, they open like flowers at the stimulation of company and chatter. The door-bell's peal delights them, the caller is certain of a boisterous welcome.

Their opposites develop murderous instincts at the sound of arriving guests, and sink into deep depression at the prospect of an evening of frivolous social exchanges.

Count 5, 3 or 0, according to your measure of agreement on this point.

14.—Is there a great gulf between his social background and yours?

Count 5 if his folks and yours stand together socially, 3 for a short hop, 0 for a kangaroo spring. (But don't let a mere 0 here worry you. It's

SCORE HERE

Question	Maximum Points	Score
1	5	
2	10	
3	10	
4	10	
5	5	
6	5	
7	5	
8	5	
9	5	
10	5	
11	5	
12	5	
13	5	
14	5	
15	5	
16	5	
17	5	
Total 100		

the final score that counts, not individual answers.)

15.—Are your ages fairly close?

Take 5 if your ages are within 7 years of each other, 3 if within 12 years. Otherwise 0.

16.—How do your standards of taste compare?

Count 5 if you like similar books and music, whether highbrow or lowbrow, 3 for some identical tastes, 0 if he likes Irving Berlin and you like Bach.

17.—Does he care about clothes?

Score 5 if you both think clothes are important or unimportant, 0 if you disagree. It will be an index to other things besides clothes.

It will suggest whether you care about social position and the opinions of other people, and whether your ambitions are directed toward worldly success or humdrum happiness.

The total is 100.

How do you make out?

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Charming Princess

PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO is the only daughter of Prince and Princess Antony Bibesco, and granddaughter of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. Eighteen years old, unusually intelligent and possessing a charming disposition, she is an outstanding personality.

Her mother, formerly Miss Elizabeth Asquith, is a well-known author, and her father is a playwright as well as a diplomat.



King's Physician

SIR JOHN WEIR, 58, physician to the King, has also been physician to the Queen, the Duke of Windsor, and Queen Maud of Norway. He is a brilliant Scotsman, with a fine record, and was Knight of the Order of St. Olav.

Senior physician at the London Homoeopathic Hospital, Sir John is an authority on gastric troubles. His chief recreation is golf.



Long Term of Office

FOR the 26th year in succession Mrs. W. Chambers has been elected honorary secretary of the New South Wales Women's Amateur Swimming Association. Mrs. Chambers was manager of the Australian women's team to the Olympic Games in Los Angeles in 1932.

She is keenly interested in other women's sports and is president of the Australian Women's Amateur Athletic Union and of the N.S.W. Women's Athletics Association.

DAINTY LACEY THINGS MUST HAVE LUX CARE...

BECAUSE

Lux dissolves so quickly... IS SO EASILY RINSED OUT



Slow-dissolving soaps cling in the weave... resist rinsing... rot fragile threads. But Lux safeguards the colour and freshness of delicate materials.

A LEVER PRODUCT

West End Society will miss the Kents...



ABOVE: A charming study of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, whom Mayfair society may follow to Australia.

CENTRE: Miss Sandra Stoen and Lord Milton. Miss Stoen is a popular dancing partner of the Duke of Kent.



MRS. ANTHONY OSBORNE and Mr. Geoffrey Steel. Mrs. Osborne, a noted London beauty, is a friend of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.



ABOVE: Lady Milbanke dancing with the Hon. George Ward. Lady Milbanke is a great personal friend of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.



CIRCLE: At the Cafe de Paris, London, Miss A. Kerwin and Lord Ranfurly, who was A.D.C. to Lord Gourie for a time.

Mayfair May Follow Duke and Duchess to Australia

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Appointment of the Duke of Kent as Governor-General of Australia next year has filled West End London Society with a deep feeling of regret that the smart restaurants and dance clubs will not see the popular Duke and his wife for some time.

"Australia's gain is our loss" is the oft-expressed opinion of their Royal Highness' host of youthful friends as the new appointment, which will take the handsome and debonaire Duke and his pretty Duchess from their circle, was discussed.

FAVORITE rendezvous of London's social set, the Cafe de Paris, was agog with excitement at the news, and smart socialites felt a sense of disappointment that they will be deprived for the term of the Duke's office of the couple's social leadership in London.

The Cafe de Paris is a popular haunt of the Royal couple, and its reigning genius, genial fair-haired M. Poulsen, echoed the sentiments of the smart clientele, saying with a powerful shake of his head: "We shall miss them very much."

Both the Duke and the Duchess are extremely fond of dancing. They enjoy nothing better than to slip in the supper, watch the cabaret turns, and dance with their friends.

Their supper menu is simple; rarely ever more than two courses, usually a salad followed by fresh fruit and coffee.

The Duchess never drinks wines or spirits, and if the Duke should have a whisky or a glass of wine, she usually takes Vichy water.

The Duke of Kent is keen on gramophone music, and has one of the largest collections of gramophone records in London. He has all the latest recordings sent him and is always right up to the minute with the latest tunes and dance numbers.

He frequently asks the band for a "favorite number," but is also fre-

quently disappointed, for so up to date are his records that he is familiar with a tune before the orchestral music is released in London.

"Whatever is new in dance music he likes to hear," M. Poulsen said, "and whatever is new in dance steps he likes to try."

Lady Cavendish, the former Adele Astaire, is a popular dancing partner of the Duke. Both are fond of new and intricate steps, and were the first couple to introduce the Big Apple to London's dance floors.

The Cafe de Paris, right in the heart of Piccadilly, was modelled on the Lusitania's Palm Court. It is circular in design with supper tables round the dance floor and on the balcony.

Entertainers Also

MIRRORED walls reflect the grace and beauty of London's socialites as they sweep down the lovely pale green staircase to dance to the strains of Ambrose's, Bill Blazett's and other world-famous bands.

Lucienne Boyer, Josephine Baker, of the famous Folies Bergeres, Evelyn Dahl, whose crooning delighted Their Majesties' guests at Buckingham Palace, are but few of the artists who provide entertaining and individual cabaret turns.

That Australia will see not only many of London's smart socialites but the cream of the world entertainment is more than conjecture,

for already there is much chatter in smart circles about the Commonwealth, and a trek southward is anticipated.

The rare quality and indefinable "charm" which the Duke and Duchess both possess to a marked degree attract the smartest and brightest members of Society wherever they go. The most popular young couple in London, it is felt, will move Mayfair society to Australia.

"Already I am anticipating a 'Cafe de Paris' in Australia," M. Poulsen said as he thought pessimistically of his fashionable clientele leaving for the Antipodes.

Intimate Circle

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESS' intimate circle numbers the most youthful and popular members of Society.

A very close friend and neighbor is Australian-born Lady Portarlington. Formerly Winifred Yull, she has been voted one of its most admired members.

Lord and Lady Portarlington frequently make up a happy foursome with the Royal Duke and Duchess at a smart West End restaurant.

Another youthful couple who are keen on dancing and very close friends of Their Royal Highnesses are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeney. Mrs. Sweeney was the lovely Margaret Wigham and is one of the most beautiful women in Society.

Charles Sweeney's bachelor brother, Robert, is a favorite dance partner of the Duchess of Kent. With curly brown hair and laughing blue eyes he is a typical wisecracking American, boyish and refreshing.

Lady Milbanke, who was formerly Sheila Chisholm, is another Australian who is friendly with the Duke and Duchess.

Lady Milbanke has been a great favorite of the Duke of Kent for many years, and doubtless there is little she hasn't told him about the country to which he is going as representative of his brother, the King.

It is almost certain that Lord and Lady Cavendish will pay the

Kents a visit while they are in Australia.

Lady Cavendish has often expressed a wish to visit the Commonwealth, so Australians will doubtless meet the fascinating Fred Astaire's equally fascinating and vivacious sister.

Always perfectly dressed, charming and vivacious, the Duke and Duchess like as little formality as

possible when they dance in the West End.

Sometimes they will dine "a deux" and dance with each other for the whole evening; sometimes they bring a party, and at other times will saunter down and join in at different tables.

It is rarely that they even bother to reserve in advance. Both are so delightfully informal with everyone, from the hat-check girl to Monsieur le Proprietor himself, and Australians will undoubtedly take them straight to their hearts.

NEW SHOES WON'T HURT

If You Rub Feet With

Zam-Buk

FASHIONABLE shoes greatly improve your appearance, but how many women can wear them in comfort? High heels put extra weight on the toes, often causing corns, aching insteps and ankles.

But you can wear the smartest shoes in perfect comfort if you adopt this easy treatment. Every night (and morning, if possible) bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable. Use Zam-Buk regularly for happy feet.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"Zam-Buk has made walking a pleasure. This fine ointment soothed and healed my tender feet and inflamed toes and removed my painful corns. Zam-Buk also has an exhilarating effect on the skin."—Mrs. F. Parrish.

"My feet were hot, chafed and tender through being on them so much at work. Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief and gave me a pair of sound, healthy feet."—Mr. J. Crater.



KING CAROL (left) with the cloak that has set the new fashion. He is shown with his son, the Crown Prince Michael.

King Carol's Cloak Sets New Fashion . . .

Famous Designers Rush to Adapt Royal Garb for Women

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

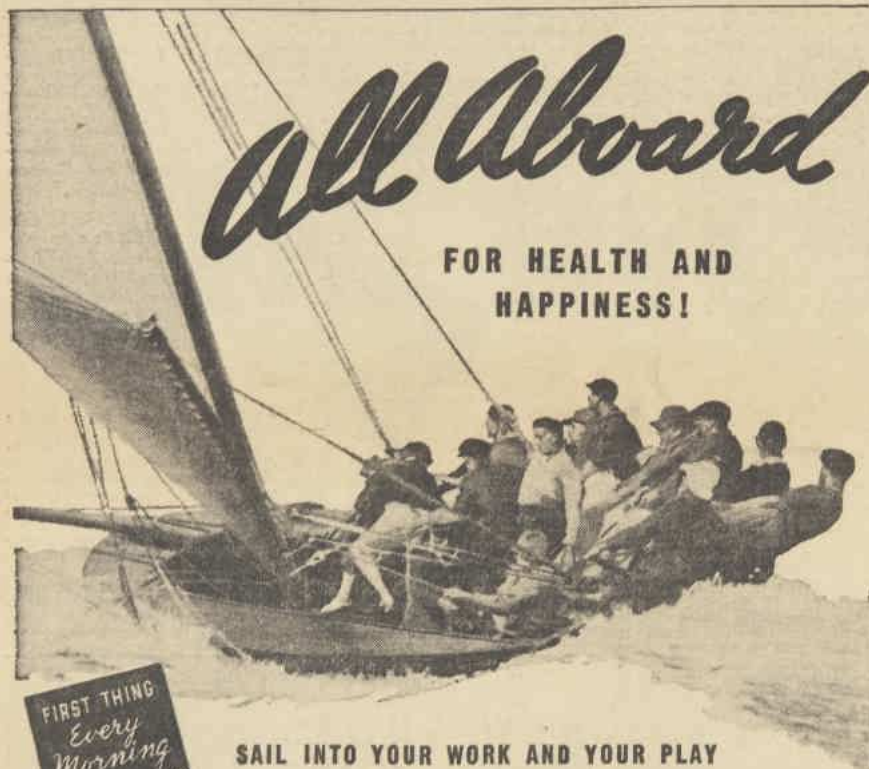
Smart Londoners will soon be swaggering in King Carol cloaks—the fashion world's newest hit.

When the King of Rumania stepped from the train at Victoria Station last week, on his State visit to the King and Queen of England, his garb immediately caught feminine fancy.

As he flung his cloak over his right shoulder with a flourish, onlookers seemed to catch a glimpse of more romantic days. Of white wool,



PETROV sketches his interpretation of the new mode for Carol cloaks. At left, Hartnell's black velvet with white satin lining, and pearl embroidery on the yoke. At right, Motley's modification for day wear in pastel tweed.



all Aboard

FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS!

SAIL INTO YOUR WORK AND YOUR PLAY with the GLORIOUS ENERGY which is yours if you

Start each day the SCHUMANN'S WAY!

● The tens of thousands of people who start each day the Schumann's way are all in the same boat . . . happy, healthy, full of the joy of life! All through the summer they'll be fit and well . . . free from the worrying ailments which come with the hot weather . . . able to sail into their work and their play with the vigour and vitality which come with the daily drink of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts . . . Nature's own remedy for Nature's ills.

"Holiday Fitness" Right Through the Summer

Schumann's Salts keep the system at the top of its form. They eliminate from the body those subtle and unavoidable poisons which undermine health and sap vitality. They tone up the liver, clean the blood stream, banish uric acid. Remember that Schumann's are the original and genuine Mineral Spring Salts. That is why their energy-creating action is so much greater than that of imitations. Start each day with a half teaspoonful of Schumann's in a long glass of water and you'll know the thrill of glorious health, of perfect physical fitness!

Schumann's . . . the Shield Against Summer Ills

For your health's sake keep your liver active during the hot weather. You can avoid headaches, giddiness and a score of other summer ailments if you START EACH DAY THE SCHUMANN'S WAY. Schumann's will help you to keep your skin clear, your eyes bright and your nerves steady. Keep a jar of Schumann's handy and you'll be safe from summer ills.

All chemists and stores sell Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts at 1/6 and 2/9 a jar.

FIRST THING
Every
Morning
A LONG GLASS OF
SCHUMANN'S SALTS



Start right away to enjoy life thoroughly. Begin the daily drink of Schumann's now and you'll feel the benefit immediately. Even if you think you're well, you'll be the better for Schumann's. Don't wait until Nature sends out her S.O.S. If you're not fit—get fit! If you are fit—keep fit!



SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

ITALY BANS CAREER WOMEN

(By Air Mail)

MUSSOLINI is determined to keep Italian women in the kitchen.

He doesn't want emancipated careerists competing with men.

Not more than 10 per cent of the employees in any firm or government bureau may be women, according to an order of the Council of Ministers.

Certain exclusively women's lines of work will be exempted.

its flowing folds lined with crimson, it had the great black velvet Rumanian cross of the Order of St. Michael the Brave appliqued in gold on the left breast.

Designers are already busy with several adaptations for the feminine mode.

Norman Hartnell says, "Cloaks at present are popular for wear with Victorian frocks, but King Carol's arrival is already swinging the fashion, which now is rather in the demure Quaker style, to the full-flowing military mode with a colored lining.

"I have just designed for evenings a jade-green wool full-length cloak, fully flared, lined with lighter green, and with ornate trimmings on the yoke. Another ground-length sweeping cloak is of black velvet lined with pearl satin, the shoulders richly embroidered in drop pearls."

"As a result of Carol's visit," said Isobel, another famous designer, "we are designing cloaks of pastel-shaded facecloth for day wear. This style, which is suitable for all ages and most figures, will undoubtedly be the most popular."

For Crinolines

MOTLEY stated that cloaks were extremely practical for travelling: "Carol's visit will revive a becoming fashion. We are designing a light tweed cloak cut on the same swagger lines as Carol's, and for evenings one of finest facecloth in airforce-blue. It is cut on sweeping military lines, lined with a rich crimson satin, and finished with a braid-trimmed yoke. We have another pastel-shaded cloak of fine wool, fully flared, to cover evening crinolines."

Always a picturesque figure,

it seems now that King Carol will give the fashion world a picturesque fashion.

At frequent intervals over many years he has occupied the world spotlight.

His dramatic renunciation of the throne in 1925 to Madame Magda Lupescu, the beautiful red-haired Jewess, caused many to regard him as merely one of the playboys of Europe.

Just as dramatically he swooped from the air in 1930 to retake the throne of Rumania. His son, the Crown Prince Michael, who had been acting as regent, resumed his position as heir apparent.

Carol refused to put Lupescu aside, in spite of the political storms her position aroused. To-day he has altered the opinion of those who thought him a playboy. He is determined to fight for his country, to see that it is not reduced to German vassalage.

Carol has suppressed corruption in the Rumanian Government, and the decline of Fascist power in his country has pleased Britain.

His visit to England is regarded as of considerable political importance.

The PLUSH STRING BEAN

ROMANTIC
SHORT STORY

Even in the glamor and glitter of Hollywood a famous film star remained true to his romantic ideals

ANYONE who knew New York types did not need to ask Miss Kay DeLane where she lived; but, if that question was put to her, she replied, with just the right note of casualness, "Park Avenue."

New Park Avenue is more than a street. It is a symbol, a goal and a story.

Like a good story it has a beginning, a middle and an end. It starts, as humbly as did some of its most pilled residents, where the Bowery steps its cradle a welter of second-hand shops and dubious beaneries, and plods uptown through a commonplace commercial canyon. In these early, unpromising stages it is known, bluntly, as Fourth Avenue; and at 22nd Street, again like some of its denizens, it changes its name and its habits, dons a top hat, and becomes a social climber. It pushes onward through the faintly fashionable thirties.

Finding its career blocked by the rock of the Grand Central Terminal, it knifes its way through the massive pile, and swaggers on, sleek and opulent, through an enchanted realm of palaces and platinized penthouses, all with at least one bathroom and a copy of the Social Register.

To adorn the ladies who dwell in this new Eldorado, a million oysters have given their pearls, a million have given their pelts, and an unascertained number of men their souls. Forward it promenades with that parade which traditionally precedes a fall, until at 96th Street it stube and comes a cosmic cropper.

With dramatic abruptness it goes downhill, physically only a few feet, actually an eon of light years. Suddenly it becomes as unexclusive as a park, as democratic as death. It is here that railroad trains, like miniature metal moles, dart from their burrows, and the lullaby of babes on this part of Park Avenue is the steel song of the 9.30 express, off to Buffalo.

Here life escapes, hitherto as carefully concealed as family skeletons, and straggles unashamedly across the dingy floor of tenements.

In the street there is a snarl of smells and sounds. Gone are the glory and the glamor. The crushed avenue slinks on its dark, furtive way, till at last it sticks its tired head into the Harlem River and, sans mink and money, dies alone and unwept like some faded, forgotten dandy.

Fashion artists have created a Park Avenue type of young woman. She is phenomenally long of limb and has no more hips than a pencil. There is about her a sinuous, feline grace. She slinks. Her features may vary in detail, but her expression is always the same; a touch of hauteur, a trace of boredom, a hint of amusement at the foibles of the pigmy world at her feet, and a strong suggestion that she would rather be smart than bright, kind or good, in the order named.

Nature, that old aper of Art, has produced some, though not many, copies of this ideal. One of them was Miss Kay DeLane.

As she strolled through Waxwell's on Fifth that bright March morning, other feminine shoppers looked after her with interest and envy. Her mink coat, worn carelessly ajar, disclosed that beige velvet dress

By Richard Connell

featured in the current style magazines. Her small pointed hat, with its pompon, gave her the air of a sophisticated brownie.

As she made her leisurely way through the jewellery section, she let her eyes linger on one of the new pieces, a midget watch, hedged with dwarf diamonds and set in a ring. So she did not see the dusty Bedlington terrier or the leash which tethered it to its owner, and, tripping over the leash, she would have sprawled on the floor had she not been caught neatly by a pair of muscular arms.

"I'm so sorry," said the young man who owned the dog. "A store is no place for a dog. I do hope you're not hurt."

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

"Not at all," murmured Miss DeLane. Then her eyes widened with recognition. "I should watch my step, Mr. Farwell."

He smiled. "Now where have we met?" he asked.

"At the Capitol, the Rivoli, the Strand—"

"Ah, so you're one of my public," he said.

"I've seen some of your pictures." She started to go.

"Wait," he cried. "Aren't you going to ask me for my autograph?"

"No," said Kay DeLane. "I have one."

"Really. I don't remember—"

"Oh, I sent to your studio for it. Pictures, complete with autograph, ten cents."

"Now you're kidding a poor ham."

"Don't you think you'd better go so that the customers can get waited on?" said Kay DeLane. "Those girls at the perfume counter are goggling their eyes out at you."

"So they are. Well, let's go."

"Us?"

"In brief, you and I. Now, don't look so snooty. It's lunch time and I hate to eat alone."

"Sorry, Mr. Farwell," said Kay DeLane, "but I couldn't really."

"Why? I don't bite. Neither does Minnie."

She looked at her watch and shook her head.

"Now, look," he said, urgently. "If it's a matter of time, we can whisk across the street to Raoul's, have a drink, a fish and a talk and part friends, all in fifty minutes flat. Will you come?"

"Thank you, but—"

"I must talk to you."

"Must. Why must you?"

Eric Farwell was saying, "Can I help it if I was born with this face?"

He took her her arm. "Tell you at lunch," he said.

Not angrily, but firmly, she drew her arm away.

"Really, Mr. Farwell, 'this is not a movie, you know," she said. "On the screen you may be the great lover and the darling of the drawing-rooms, but to me you're just a tall young man whose dog I accidentally fell over."

"Please don't be sore at me," he said, humbly. "And it wasn't an accident."

"So you go round with a trained dog tripping up people for fun?"

"Not for fun," he said. "And not people. Just you. I had to do it."

"Who said you had to do it?"

"If you'll come to lunch, I'll tell you," he said.

She looked back at him with steady eyes.

"Very well," she said. "I'll meet you at Raoul's at one."

"Why not come now?"

"I can't."

"Why?"

"Oh, some shopping I must do."

"Let me do it with you!"

"No," she said, and she said it very positively. "You wait for me at Raoul's."

"You'll surely come?"

"Yes."

"That's a promise," he said. He raised his hat and went out of the store through a gantlet of worshipping eyes.

At Raoul's the decor is modernistic and the prices are fantastic. They had one saze-rac, and were having truite bleue, and chiffonade salad.

Eric Farwell was saying, "Can I help it if I was born with this face? We all get faces handed to us, and

it's up to us to make the most—or the best—of them. Me, I never wanted to be an actor. I wanted to be an engineer—"

"What stopped you?" asked Kay DeLane.

"Fate," he said. "I'm walking down Park Avenue, minding my own business, when a beady-eyed little chap stops me and says, 'You're a perfect society type.' I said, 'What does that make you?'"

He said, 'A talent scout for Hollywood.' Well, if they want you they get you. When I came to I was a Balkan prince in a monkey-jacket, making love to a blonde I hated in a prop gondola in a phony Venice. That was three years ago. Since then I've worn out a dozen dress suits looting around on sofas, making love to blondes—and I hate blondes, all of 'em. I'm glad you're a chestnut."

"Thank you," Kay said. "Now do tell me about yourself, Mr. Farwell."

He grinned.

"I have been blowing the old trumpet, haven't I?" he said. "But I want you to know about me. Do you people like actors?"

"We don't know any."

"I was afraid of that," said Eric, gloomily. "Are you a snob?"

"Yes."

"Does it make any difference that I earn twice as much as the President of the United States?"

"I don't suppose he minds, but do you?"

"Probably not. And I don't care, I haven't fallen in love with him."

"You really shouldn't give any of that away, Mr. Farwell. Save it for your next picture."

"I'm being serious."

"You're being silly."

Please turn to Page 52

ENTER Nurse ANGUS

Another Story from "The Adventures of the Little Black Bag" series

The First Faint Stirring of Romance comes to Dr. Hislop

FROM that first moment when Finlay met Peggy Angus he knew that he defected her, and, naturally enough, he suspected the feeling to be mutual. But whether or not Finlay was right in such dour primary impressions the events of these chronicles may presently reveal.

Admittedly, the meeting was unfortunate. Finlay was in a bad mood. Troubled over a case, bothered and overworked, he had got out of bed on the wrong side that morning, which, to add to the general gaiety, was teeming with rain.

He drove to the Cottage Hospital under the dripping heavens, jumped down from the gig, then, with his head lowered to escape the pelting raindrops, he dashed through the front door into the corridor beyond. Here he ran full-tilt into a nurse.

He had realised, of course, right away that she was the new nurse they had been expecting at the hospital in place of Nurse Crockett, who had recently been appointed to Ardfillan. And he scowled.

"Can't you look where you're going? Or do you make a habit of running people down?"

Her smile, which had begun with such unaffected friendliness, immediately died out. Her eyebrows lifted, and her eyes sparkled more.

"It was you who ran into me," she declared with emphasis. "I tried to get out of your way, but you came through the door and down the passage like a bull at a gate."

Finlay's temper flared. He was at his worst this morning, and he knew it, and the knowledge served to make him even more disagreeable.

"Do you know whom you are talking to?" he barked.

HER expression altered to one of mockery.

"Oh, yes," she returned, in a pretence of awe. "You must be Dr. Hislop. I've heard how nice you were. I couldn't possibly mistake you."

His face flushed with discomfiture. "Please remember your position. You're a nurse in this hospital, and I'm—I'm your superior."

Again the sparks flashed from her pretty, dark eyes, but she was cleverer than he, and knew better than to display her anger. Lowering her lashes with mock demureness, she remarked:

"Yes, sir, I won't say a word the next time you run into me."

"Why, hang it all!" Finlay exploded. "How dare you talk to me like that?"

But at this point Matron Clark came out of her room. Advancing, all unconscious of the scene which had occurred, she cooed to Finlay:

"So you've made friends with Nurse Angus already, Dr. Hislop? I'm real glad. I was coming into the ward to introduce you. We're downright pleased to have Miss Angus with us. She's just finished her training at the Edinburgh Royal you know, doctor, and now that she's come back home she's going to lend us a hand."

Furious though he was, the open flattery towards the new nurse in matron's tone quite took Finlay aback. Junior nurse, he was fully aware, did not receive such signal recognition without due cause, and he was right, for while he stood



Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

speechless matron's honeyed voice went on:

"You ought to know, of course, doctor, that nursing is a labor of love with Miss Angus. She doesn't—er—she doesn't have to do it for her living. You see, her father—oh, well, doctor, you know all about the Anguses of Dunhill, don't you now?"

Naturally enough, like everyone in the district, Finlay did know of the Anguses. Old John Angus, who owned the enormous dye-works at Dunhill, a man who employed close on fifteen hundred men, and who was justly reported to be worth a fortune.

A wave of repugnance swept over Finlay. He did not see—at least, he did not choose to see—the quick distaste which matron's too obvious flattery had aroused in the eyes of Nurse Angus. Instead, he declared, in a loud and surly voice:

"I don't care who Nurse Angus is, or what she is. She's come to nurse in this hospital, and not to be on the social register. I'll treat her exactly as she deserves." And pushing past the astounded and crest-fallen matron, Finlay stalked his way into the ward.

Quite frankly, Finlay was determined to put the young nurse down. He found fault with her on every pretext, real and imaginary, tried to catch her in mistakes, laid traps for her, and in general pursued her at every turn. Yet, for all his efforts, he found Peggy Angus more than a match for him.

So much had Peggy Angus come to prey upon Finlay's mind it was a godsend when, at the beginning of the summer, she went upon night duty in the hospital. Thereafter he saw her seldom; indeed, for days on end he did not see her at all, and the relief, so he told himself, was tremendous. Though at moments

he almost missed the stimulus of her disturbing presence, the sharp satisfaction of matching his wit and tongue against hers. He was, he told himself, infinitely better off now that she had vanished from the sphere of his activities. And he hoped it would be long enough before she reappeared to worry him again.

But here Finlay little reckoned

By A. J. CRONIN

Author of "The Citadel."

with the fates, which held more in store for him than ever he visioned in his wildest dreams.

It was, by this time, the summer season—a hot summer which made fishing indifferent sport, and caused Finlay to spend most of his leisure on the Levenford lawn tennis courts. He was a keen player, and, though he played little in his student days, now, with regular play and practice, his game had rapidly improved, and he had become quite adept at the game.

It was, then, in a spirit of consider-

able enthusiasm not unminged with optimism that he put his name down for the Nimmo Trophy, the big annual tournament. This competition was for mixed doubles, partners to be drawn by ballot, and it was looked upon as the main event in the tennis season of the town, and, indeed, of the entire county.

On the Monday evening following

that on which he had made his entry, Finlay strolled up to the club after surgery hours to see what his luck had been in the draw.

He entered the pavilion, sauntered up to the notice board, and let his eye run down the list of names on the white sheet. Suddenly his expression altered to incredulous dismay. Bracketed with his own name was the name of Peggy Angus.

Finlay stared at the offensive name, then, with muttered exclamation, he was turning away from the notice board when Doggy Lindsay

and some others came in from the changing-room.

"Congratulations, Finlay, old man!" cried Doggy in his usual effusive style. "You're the lucky man right enough."

"Lucky?"

"Certainly! To draw Miss Angus!"

Finlay frowned at Doggy.

"I didn't know she played."

"I didn't know she was even a member of the club."

"Of course she is," cried the irrepressible Doggy. "And a jolly fine little player, too. When she was at school she won the junior championship here. See?"

"I see," retorted Finlay grimly. "So she does know something about the game."

"Why, of course." Here Doggy laughed and clapped Finlay on the back. "I've drawn Anne Brown. We'll wipe the floor with the rest of you. We're the winners, Finlay, and don't you forget it."

Unheeding of Doggy's banter, Finlay nodded blankly, and as soon as he could get away he slipped out of the club, his face brooding, still marred by that unpleasant frown.

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WYNNE W. DAVIES

SHADOWED Wedding

By...

MARGARET
SANGSTER

THE young man entered the room with a step that was as quick as it was silent. He entered the room as if he were in a hurry, but just beyond the threshold he paused to survey the scene before him. His gaze, sweeping the absorbed faces of the other guests, held a question.

No one paid any attention to him. The room was silent save for an occasional word or gust of laughter, save for the shuffle of cards and the soft tip of them as they struck felt-covered tables. Three tables there were, and twelve people playing.

The thirteenth person sat alone, near the wall. Her blonde hair shone dully against the cream surface of that wall; her face—partially turned away—was in repose. The young man noticed that her eyes were half-closed, and that her narrow, pale hands were folded in her lap. She seemed lost in a strange reverie, more remote by far than the bridge players—more remote and much more interesting! With a quick, practically noiseless step, the young man crossed the room and stood beside her. So quietly had he come that her lids did not lift, and the young man thought her unaware of his presence until she spoke.

"But—do all down," she said in a low, gentle voice. "You're a stranger here. You weren't at luncheon. I don't believe I know your name."

The young man laughed. "I've just arrived," he said. "No, I wasn't at luncheon, and I am a stranger. I'm a friend of the groom—my name is Paul Armistead." He paused and then:

"You didn't turn your head," he said, "as I walked across the room. And, being like a furtive Indian, not a twig snapped as I came towards you, yet you knew I was here. You must have ears like a cat!"

The girl shifted her body ever so slightly in his direction.

"My name," she said, without raising her eyes, "is Letitia Grant. You're correct—you didn't make a sound. And yet I heard you for—you're right again—I have ears like a cat!"

"A very nice cat," said Paul Armistead, as he seated himself in a chair beside the girl. "Or I should say a very nice—and very decorative—turban!"

The girl had not lost her detached air. She was as far away as she had been when viewed from across a room, but a smile quirked at one corner of her mouth.

"That's pretty," she said, "but unnecessary. Mr. Armistead. After all, you're not here to exchange what may be called pleasantries with stray women. What were you expecting to find in this room—or not to find? Or should I say whom—instead of what? Twelve members of a wedding party playing contract, while they wait for rehearsal time, shouldn't be exciting enough to draw you—"

Paul Armistead was staring down into the girl's face. The color rose in a tide from his chin to his forehead.

"I don't know exactly what you mean," he said.

Letitia Grant was laughing. "Oh, be yourself!" she advised, but it didn't sound like cheap slang as she said it. "I don't doubt that you're a friend of the groom; I don't doubt it in the least. Billy Hilton has ever so many friends who are strangers to us. But I don't think friendship alone brought you to this wedding."

Paul Armistead was staring. He wished that some curious girl would raise that blonde head of hers; he'd like to see what lay in her eyes. A woman's eyes are apt to tell more than her lips. He caught himself up sharply. "What do you think brought me here?" he asked. "It's only fair that you should come the whole way. The truth, you know, and nothing but the truth."

The girl's hands, lying so calmly in her lap, were suddenly unclasped. She was facing Paul now, but her lids were still lowered. She rose from her chair and the hands went out in a groping movement. The movement, Paul thought, of a child who is playing a game.

"I think you came," she said, "because of the Seabury emeralds. Seabury brides, you know, always wear Nile-green satin—and emeralds."

No one but a detective or a mad ever walked as you walk. . . . With steps that were hesitant yet swift, she was moving away from him—past the silent bridge players. Paul heaved himself up from his chair and followed her.

"Which," he murmured, as he reached her, "am I cat-eared lady? Tell me that!"

Illustrated
by
FISCHER



He was kneeling by the pool. "Here, fishy, fishy," he called. There was a shower of green fire, a film of white flaky stuff.

Letitia Grant paused in her progress. She raised her lids and at last Paul saw her eyes. They were incredible eyes—as grey and deep and fathomless as a stormy sea. They didn't look at him. They didn't look beyond him.

"Why," said the girl, and an unexpected dimple quivered in her unrouged cheek. "Why, I couldn't tell that unless I knew what you looked like. Unless I could touch your face with my fingers. You see—I'm blind!"

It was at tea that the wedding party met Paul Armistead. The bridegroom, who had not been one of the bridge players, was present at tea. A jovial fellow, the bridegroom—broad of shoulder and ruddy of face, slightly older than the other men, slightly more genial. "Call me Billy!" might have been his slogan.

"I'm a Babbitt," he had a way of boasting. "I like people, and I like to have people like me." Pleasantly enough—for such a wish is far too

seldom realised—people did like Billy Hilton. He had come to town sponsored, it is true, by the town's most popular couple, but otherwise unknown. The couple had met him at Biarritz, later in London. They had crossed on the same steamer. They had bragged of their smart suburban community, and had invited him down for a week-end. And as their week-end guest he met Gladys Seabury.

Gladys Seabury was a nice girl; people liked her, too. They would have liked her nearly as much if she hadn't been so rich. She rode well, she golfed well, she played tennis well. She was a good all-round success at games, and a good loser.

She and Billy Hilton drifted together from the first. They laughed naturally at each other's jokes. They adored the same shows.

They never held post-mortems or fought over the bid. They were engaged in less than a month from the day of their meeting.

Hiram Seabury, Gladys' father, interviewed the younger man in the old-fashioned manner. There was a long confidential talk in the father's study, while Gladys sat on the broad veranda outside. It is to be recorded that when Billy emerged from the interview there was perspiration upon his brow, but it is to be recorded also that Hiram Seabury gave his blessing to the engaged pair. Which in a way was more valuable to Billy Hilton, socially and financially, in that community, than a crest and a letter of credit would have been in any other.

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THE SPYMASTER

Beginning an exciting serial of adventure and diplomacy in which a beautiful woman is torn between love and patriotism

Written while Europe trembled on the brink of war

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ADMIRAL GUY CHESHIRE, whose orders and decorations denoted an unusually distinguished career for a man of forty-five years, a very unwilling participant in the brilliant scene, was honored by his old friend, Henry D. Prestley, host of the gathering, with a few minutes' tete-a-tete in one of the smaller reception-rooms of the great house in Regent's Park. Prestley was a silent man, so, also, except when he was talking nonsense, was the Admiral. A queer sort of friendship had sprung up between them during the last ten years. They played golf together at irregular intervals and bridge in the same little circle most evenings at the famous St. George's Club.

"I was thinking, as I came up the stairs," Cheshire confided, "that yours is really the first of the great diplomatic shows of the season. Sabine has evidently made up her mind to make the others seem like Cinderella dances."

Prestley shrugged his shoulders slightly. From where they stood they had a fine view of the larger rooms through which a continual stream of men and women was flowing. The old days of tiaras had returned. The brilliant uniforms of the men assisted in providing a wonderful blaze of color. The ball-room was banked with a forest of flowers. The strains of an Austrian waltz, played by an orchestra unsurpassed in the world, reached their ears faintly. It was all a gay and marvellous whirlpool of gorgeous and scintillating life.

"We are doing it for the Ambassador of Sabine's country, of course,"

Prestley observed. "I felt a little uncomfortable about it, but Sabine was dead keen. Broccia has been summoned back to a conference, and Count Patani is, after all, a distant connection of hers. My wife loves entertaining for her people, and if this sort of thing gives her pleasure, so much the better."

"I ask myself sometimes," Cheshire meditated, "why you didn't go in for the diplomatic life yourself."

Prestley smiled. He had the fine, delicate features, the long, straight nose of all the men of his family, but he lacked the physique of his race. Notwithstanding his youthful successes at out-of-door sports—he had played football for Harvard, and international polo—his complexion was pale and he had preserved the thoughtful air of a statesman or a man of great affairs. He was, as a matter of fact, head of the most famous banking firm in the world.

"Sometimes," he confessed, "I ask myself the same question. Then I answer it and I am satisfied. There were reasons, my friend. Sabine, I think, so long as she married an American husband of a fellow-countryman, is quite as happy in her present position without the restraint of diplomatic life. The show to-night, of course, is given entirely for Patani. We can still unofficially step in, though, now and then, when we are asked to on behalf of our own people. Neither Broccia nor his wife has had any experience of this sort of thing. It gives Sabine pleasure and she has not the responsibilities."

"An amazing woman," Cheshire observed. "She knows as much about European politics as anyone with

whom I ever talked—much more than I do. Then, of course, it isn't my job. I am only a sailor."

An urgent messenger came for the host. He departed with a little farewell nod to his friend. The latter, who was in a depressed frame of mind, had just decided to seek the solace of a glass of champagne when a very beautiful girl, with an only half-uttered word of apology, left her partner and came over to him.

"What have you done with my young man, Guy?" she complained. "Have you put him on night duty or something of that sort?"

"Which of your retinue are you talking about?" he demanded.

"Why, Ronnie Hincks, of course. Is he not one of your A.D.C.'s or something, tucked up with you indoors at the Admiralty for a month or two?"

"Ronnie Hincks? Oh yes. Isn't he here?"

The girl shook her head. "I have been looking for him everywhere. Sabine was asking for him, too. We are both very sad. Godfrey Ryson is absent also."

"They're pretty busy at the shop," the Admiral confided. "I've come straight from there myself."

"Heaven! No dinner?"

He shook his head.

"I'm going to make up for it in a minute or two."

She glanced regretfully at her partner.

"I wish I could take you in to supper," she sighed. "You know Tony Gresham, do you not, Admiral? Tony and I are going to forget all about our scrappy dinner. Come in with us."

The two men exchanged nods.

"Do come, sir," Gresham begged. "We would be delighted to have you."

"Just what I should have said at your age," Cheshire replied dryly. "But I should have kicked myself for having to say it. No, I won't come, thanks, Elida. To tell you the truth I have not really paid my respects to your sister yet. I got

mixed up with a little tangle of Royalties, and, being a shy man, I fled."

"You know where to find her," the girl said as she rejoined her partner. "She is in what she calls the Tapestry Salon, taking a brief rest. She is easily got at, though."

"I will present my apologies at once," Cheshire declared as he took his leave.

Progress through the crowded rooms was difficult. Admiral Guy Cheshire was a popular man and found friends on every side. He came face to face with his hostess only when she was leaving her retreat. There was a touch of eagerness in her manner as she dismissed her cavalier and came towards him.

"I almost wondered," she said quietly, "whether you were not keeping out of my way."

He looked at her in very genuine admiration. He knew little about women's clothes, but her ivory satin gown, so exquisitely classic a garment, those marvellous Peluché pearls, her beautifully coiled and smoothly coiffured chestnut brown hair and the flash of her brown eyes seemed to reproduce one of those Florentine pictures of the Renaissance.

"You flatter me," he remarked. "I have been laying my homage at the feet of the younger generation. Elida, too, looks beautiful to-night."

Her imitation curtsy was a trick of the old days.

"I have just a quarter of an hour before the formal business of supper," she confided. "I have not given you any special place, Guy. I know you are entitled to it, but I also know that there is just truth enough in your affected shyness to make you like to look after yourself. Stay with me for a minute. Here—let us sit down inside this small room."

"Bring us some champagne," she ordered one of the footmen. "We will sit on that divan away from the blaze of lights."

"I am very much honored," he murmured as he followed her.

"My friend," she said, as soon as they had settled down. "I am still your friend, am I not?"

"I hope so," he answered gravely. "Has my behaviour in any way led you to think differently?"

"No," she admitted, "but you come no longer at my 'At Homes.' You have the entree to my private sessions. You do not come."

"These are anxious times, as you know," he reminded her. "So long as the wireless from the Continent works, my official duties keep me at my desk."

"Is that quite honest with me—an old friend?" she asked. "You see, I, too, have information. I know that you occupy a wonderful post. I know that you are greatly engaged just now, but that is no reason why you should desert your friends altogether. It makes them just a little anxious."

He smiled reassurance. He had thrown off some part of his dejection now. The sailor light was back in his eyes and some of the lines had gone from his sunburnt face. A cynical critic who knew him well might have declared that the mask was down.

"I flatter myself, really," he told her, "when I pretend that my work is sufficiently important to keep me wholly from my pleasures. Thursday is your next day for receiving

us who have the honor of being your intimates, isn't it? I shall present myself."

"And you will be very welcome," she assured him. "The list grows no longer. I want to talk to you seriously."

"A slight disappointment, that," he smiled, "but it shall be seriously if you will, so long as there are a few minutes for ourselves. I should like to talk of Washington with you—of Rome and the old days."

She shook her head.

"Not Rome now," she objected. "Washington always. You remember when we used to ride in the mornings?"

"I remember losing my heart to you."

Her little pout was a delicate gesture.

"You are a sailor," she reminded him. "You always told me that no one else would have got you on the back of a horse and when I see you there I almost believed you—and now you stay away just when I need you most."

"Why do you need me?"

"I WANT to understand," she said. "It seems to me that all Europe is drifting into something very serious. One wishes to help. One wishes direction. They say," she went on, raising her eyes and looking at him directly, "that a good deal of knowledge lies behind that still face of yours, Guy."

"Everything that I know, I will share with you," he promised. "With a few trifling exceptions, of course."

"Such as the size of your latest battleship, I suppose, and the name of the little ballerina with whom you took supper last week?"

"Naturally, serious knowledge like that is kept in a secret chamber," he admitted. "Still, it is rather fun to part with the key, sometimes."

"I wonder how much you have changed, really, Guy," she meditated.

"You shall ask me on Thursday."

She rose to her feet. She was either a wonderful actress or she was reluctant to go.

"Our few minutes have drifted away," she complained, "and there are heaps of things I really wanted to ask you. I really wanted to understand. On Thursday you must give me a whole hour. Later, I will get rid of one or two people first. You shall come at seven o'clock. Everyone leaves about that to go on to cocktail parties. You shall have yours with me."

He bent over her fingers.

"Nothing," he promised, "shall keep me away."

She summoned one of the young secretaries who had been waiting for her with a list in his hand, and passed out into the crowded room with him at her side. Cheshire watched her steadily, almost intently. He watched her until she had disappeared, then he turned to the champagne which the footman had brought and which they had forgotten. He drank his wine thoughtfully. The wife of his friend Henry Prestley, the playmate of his own younger days, had given him something to think about. He found himself wondering.

"Cheshire, the one man I was looking for!"

There was a note of emphasis in the tone of the very magnificent personage who had almost made his way through a little throng on the other side of the great staircase. General Lord Robert Mallinson, for many years considered the funniest man in the British Army,



"You know what these are, I suppose?" he asked. "Rather," was Ryson's reply. "Plans of what is to be our 35-36 cruiser."



The magnificent reception room was a whirlpool of scintillating life.

presented still a fine figure, in his old dress uniform with his long row of marvellous decorations. His black hair was streaked with grey but his movements and a certain innate alertness kept him well within the bounds of early middle age.

"Are you going to feed with the lions?" he asked.

Cheshire shook his head.

"Not I. I was prowling about looking for the buffet."

"I'm with you," the General exclaimed. "What a stroke of luck! Come along. I can show you the way. No one seems to have found it out yet."

They descended to the ground floor and secured an absolutely retired corner in a huge room occupied for the moment only by a small crowd of attentive waiters.

"Caviar with cold chicken, ham and salad to follow, for me," the General ordered. "Not too much of that mayonnaise stuff. There's no champagne here that isn't good. We'll have a bottle, eh, Cheshire?"

"Rather!"

"A cocktail first," Mallinson interrupted. "Look here, old chap, this

is a stroke of luck. If I present myself at your bureau and ask for an interview, though I know your fellows are well trained, it is jolly hard work to keep it away from the gossip paragraphist. The same trouble if you came to see me. And to have a little tete-a-tete lunch in the coffee room of the club would be madness. We are just the two men in London who ought not to meet, I suppose, and here we are doing it without a soul to wonder what we are talking about."

"What are we going to talk about?" Cheshire inquired.

Mallinson moved his chair slightly. They now commanded a view of the room, but were themselves almost unseen. Anyone approaching would be visible whilst they were still out of hearing.

"I want you," the General proposed, "to come and see the Chief with me as soon as an appointment can be arranged."

"Anything fresh?"

"No, it's an idea," was the rather sombre reply. "I'll tell you what I based it upon."

The cocktails were brought and there was an interlude of several moments. Then Mallinson continued:

"We all know the position. A month or so ago it looked as though trouble was inevitable, and we are not ready for it, you know, Cheshire. We are not ready for it yet," he added emphatically.

"Go on!" Cheshire begged. "Don't shoot."

THE Chief, all on his own, took a bold step," the General said in a slightly lower voice. "He gave diplomacy and a certain prominent official the go-by. He personally approached the three countries who make Europe. He asked that they should each receive a Special Envoy from here to discuss some of these difficult matters and if necessary he offered a meeting with himself, supposing an impasse was reached. It meant trouble with some of the small fry, of course, and one or two of them have had to go. Has anything struck you, Cheshire, about our progress

since those offers were courteously received by the various great men concerned?"

The Admiral's eyes glittered for a moment.

"It has," he admitted. "I have come to the conclusion, within the last three days, that although every one of them are keeping the thing open they are placing every possible obstacle in the way of these discussions. They are playing for time."

"Heaven knows you're right," the General declared. "That's exactly the conclusion I have come to. You are with me so far, then?"

"Absolutely."

"Now I'm going to move a step further," his companion continued. "We neither of us talk about our jobs. There are millions of English people who do not know that I am the head of the real Secret Service so far as the Army is concerned, and that you occupy exactly the same position with regard to the Navy. We have exchanged confidences at various times during the last few years. Just lately we have not come together. It's time we did. I have something to say to you, Cheshire."

"Go ahead."

"They are playing for time, each one of these countries to whom the Chief addressed his appeal for discussions. They want to find out how much is true of all this mighty re-armament business that the papers have been full of. They want to know how we are getting on with it and how much of it is a bluff. You know what that means? They have doubled their spies in this country. I don't mind telling you we have had a horrible week of it—details we don't discuss, of course—but we have twenty-three men in prison at the present moment—some from Woolwich, one or two from Aldershot, half-a-dozen from the War Office itself—who will never see much of the daylight again. What about you?"

"Almost the same story," was the grim reply. "My department is working day and night and I have eleven branches and four new travelling ones a secret to everyone except myself. Your idea is perfectly right, General. They are holding off until they know the truth and they are making a big drive to get to know it, too."

Please turn to Page 10



THE
Gibson Girl
NIGHTIE RETURNS
—in dull, seductive silk

"Empire" lines again! But in place of the lace neck ruffles of '08, there's the deep French Satin insert of '38... as sleek as the dull silk of the nightie itself. In exquisitely soft tonings of Peachglow, Lettuce, White, Sky. **12'6**
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SILK UNDERLOVELIES

Nighties * Slips *
Jamas * Scanties * Vests

THE supper was brought. They leaned back in their chairs. Mallinson lit a cigarette. They were served by a maitre d'hotel in plain clothes. Cheshire looked at him curiously as he bowed his greetings.

"I am managing this room, sir," the man explained. "I should like to give you gentlemen my personal attention. You seem to have chosen a rather draughty corner. Would you like a screen? I can easily arrange one."

"Not on any account," the General replied. "What they call draughts I call fresh air. I welcome them myself at these crowded places."

The maitre d'hotel bowed and dropped the suggestion. He opened the wine himself and lingered round after having examined the dishes served.

"If there is anything you want specially, gentlemen, I hope you will send for me," he begged.

"Your face seems familiar," Cheshire remarked. "Tell me your name."

The man produced a card and handed it over.

"Antonio Machinka," Mallinson exclaimed. "Machinka's Restaurant in Jermyn Street, anything to you?"

"My property, General. I should be proud to welcome you or your friends any time. My restaurant is very popular, a little too popular at times, but I have several attractive suites if you should be requiring privacy."

There was not a ghost of a smile upon Machinka's face. His were the pale cheeks, the earnest manner, the pleasant voice of the Anglicised Italian. Mallinson thrust the card into his pocket.

"We will remember," he promised. "Just now, keep the waiters away as much as you can, there's a good fellow. The Admiral and I have not met lately and we have plenty to talk about."

"It shall be as you wish, sir," the man replied, departing with a little bow.

Cheshire sipped his wine.

"MYSTERIOUS chaps, these foreigners, sometimes," he remarked thoughtfully. "Know anything about him, General?"

"Nothing, and what I did know a year ago might not have been of any account to-day."

"He's on my list," the Admiral reflected. "You should have him on yours, too."

"You are well up to date, my friend."

Cheshire leaned over the table. "I try to be. One of the mystery women in London for whom we watch most closely," he confided, "dined in a suite of Machinka's last week. We think we know with whom. We are not quite sure. We are waiting till next time. I don't mind telling you that the head waiter who looks after those suites is our man. We had hard work to get him there, as, although he is a foreigner, he is married to an Englishwoman. Queer his turning up. You heard how that submarine there was nearly such a row about was identified after she had been sunk in Spanish waters?"

"I only knew that she was identified and the fuss that they were trying to make had to be stopped pretty quick," the General replied.

"The information came to us from Suite A. at Machinka's. A small world, General. We have compared notes. We agree. Now what are we going to do about it all?"

"We must see the Chief as soon as possible," Mallinson insisted. "Remember that, shrewd fellow though he may be, he has no personal outlook upon the details of what is going on. He can only see through the eyes of his satellites. It is up to us to ram the truth home to him as to what is happening, to try to make him see exactly the way one at least of our friends on the Continent is trying to diddle us."

"I will come," Cheshire promised, "and I will do my best, but I don't mind telling you, General, that the most difficult part of our task is not the work itself, is not the getting on the track of these people and hunting them down, it is getting the danger that they represent under the hide of the average British bourgeois statesman. In their hearts they don't believe in spies. That's where the modern fiction writer has done us such an ill turn. He has written these spy stories so long that they have become only humorous. They have ceased to be convincing. The British public does not believe in spies. If we were only to bring out a dozen of them, like our friend in Moscow, try them publicly and

The Spymaster

Continued from Page 9

shoot them in the Tower, it would do us a thundering lot of good."

"Our bosses won't do it," Mallinson observed gloomily. "You are quite right, Cheshire. It is fantastic the way they smile, even when we can prove that we are up against real and serious trouble. There is another thing, too. Like every other profession, the profession of espionage is chockful of the worst lot of amateurs. We have shipped back to the Continent dozens and dozens of friendless young governesses and theatrical people of every description. It is the women that are the biggest nuisance. Not one out of twenty of them could ever do us any real harm, but the very fact that there are so many fools at the game makes it difficult for us to get one or two of these sentimentalists to realise the situation. I used to take a dozen or so of them into one of the departments as typists, just to see how far they would go. It was simply pitiful to penetrate their stupid schemes and to see the ghastly fright they got in when they were caught."

"They are in the way, of course," Cheshire agreed, "but our great anxiety concerns those few who are in it, who know the game and who are playing it just about up to the limit."

The General looked at his friend steadily. They were silent while their glasses were refilled. Machinka's figure was always there in the background—suave and eager.

"That fellow will end with his back to the wall some day," Cheshire continued. "He was raided twice in Soho—faked-up charge organised by us. He was harboring spies and it was a difficult locality. He bought his present restaurant with foreign money. Thinks he's safe."

Mallinson rose to his feet.

"Well," he said, "it's been a pleasant chat. See you to-morrow, Cheshire."

He made his way back into the crowd. Cheshire remained for a few minutes longer smoking a final cigarette in thoughtful solitude. For the second time in rather an interesting evening he was hesitating. When at last he made his departure, he paused as he passed Machinka, who was preparing with a low bow, to usher him out.

"I was trying to think," he said slowly, "who it was mentioned, your

restaurant the other day, Machinka? Good chef you have, haven't you?"

"Excellent, sir. Excellent." "Good service, too, I was told, and some real old Chianti. Ah, I remember! It was Captain Ryson on the Devastation—off his ship just now and acting as one of my assistants at the Admiralty. You remember Captain Ryson, Machinka?"

The latter's face wore the slightly worried expression of a maitre d'hotel who fails to recognise the name of a client.

"There are so many sometimes," he apologised. "One hears the name and forgets. A gentleman of your own age, sir?"

Cheshire smiled. "He would not be flattered, it must have been someone else. Good night. Thanks for looking after us. Good-night."

Machinka bowed, with even more than his usual courtesy. Afterwards, he stood for a few moments without moving, gazing with an air of disquietude after his departing patron.

FOUR men, on the evening of the following day, seated in heavy mahogany chairs around a bridge table within the sacred precincts of the St. George's Club, leaned back with the relaxed air which follows upon the completion of a closely contested rubber. They were all men of some distinction. One was Henry D. Prestley, American banker, husband of the Princess Sabine Pelouchi and host of the previous night's great diplomatic reception. His partner was Sir Herbert Molville, Deputy Commissioner of Police. His two opponents were General Lord Robert Mallinson and Lord Fakenham, the latter a Press magnate, owner of half-a-dozen newspapers and many other periodicals.

"A cheap rubber for you fellows, considering your shocking over-calling," Fakenham observed as he rang the bell for a waiter. "I can have a drink now with a clear conscience. Join me, gentlemen. I can afford to treat you. I make it that I win forty-two pounds."

"You are too infernally lucky," Mallinson grumbled. "However, I'll drink a whisky and soda with you."

Please turn to Page 14

Evalastic REGD.
Permanent
WAISTBAND
PANTIES • SCANTIES • BLOOMERS
GUARANTEED
TO LAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT
LUCAS

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



FOREMAN: Now, Murphy, what about carrying some more bricks?
MURPHY: I ain't feeling well, Boss, I'm trembling all over.
FOREMAN: Well, then, get busy with the sieve.



SHOP ASSISTANT (to man trying on new suit): Your wife likes the material, she thinks the suit fits, and she wants it. What more could you ask of any garment?



"Darling, let me take you away from all this!"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



HE: What do you mean by "cows"?
SHE: Well, they're too big to be called calves.



"Does your husband understand horse-racing?"
"I should say he does. The day before he knows the horses that are certain to win, and the day after he can tell you exactly why they didn't."

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

GUEST: Have you ever been burgled?
Wealthy Host: We may have been, but of course we wouldn't notice.

ARTIST: I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door.
Dealer: Well, hang it on the knob, where the wolf can see it.

FIRST MOTORIST: These road maps tell you all you want to know!
Second Ditto: Yes, except how to fold them up again.

"BUT what makes you think your husband is delicious?"
"The way he says 'Cheerio' and blows the top off his medicine."

AT a party one evening every guest had to bring something of not much value, but too good to throw away. Eight women brought their husbands.

LADY: Are your eggs fresh?
Shophand: Madam, the hen doesn't realise I've got them yet.

"YOU must be growing tired of me," said Mr. Newlywed. "You never call me 'dear' as other men's wives do."
"Oh, do they?" she sniffed.

SHE: I've put your shirt on the clothes-horse, Jim.
He: What odds did you get?

NUGGETING NATURE: (6) THE WOMBAT



Wonderful what a transformation a good shine with Nugget makes! There's nothing quite so good as Nugget—to make shoes shine and make them last longer too. And it comes in Black, Dark Tan and various other shades of Brown and Tan. Also Nugget White Cleaner.

NUGGET SHOE POLISH
 It's the **NATURAL** Choice!

THE DEPENDABLE VINEGAR

Brewed in Australia from a famous 200 years old Vinegar Recipe.



QUARTS & PINTS

CHAMPION'S
 Pure Malt
VINEGAR

An Editorial

NOVEMBER 26, 1938.

LESSON OF THE POGROMS



EACH week fresh instances of Nazi brutality continue to shock the civilised world. Present pogroms against the Jews outdo in barbarism the witch-hunting of the Middle Ages.

Hitler, Goering, Goebbels constitute a triumvirate which is releasing into the world an unexampled spate of hatred.

Trouble about dictatorship is the necessity to keep the hate fires burning. The complete dictator can never keep the hell-hounds long in leash. There is so much killing to be done.

Creative thought, new ideas, dissident opinions, every stirring of the human mind toward individual freedom of speech, of conscience—all these must be stifled.

Only so can dictatorship be kept dressed up as patriotism. Only so can it create a servile, standardised mass-mentality which will surrender the human birthright of each of its individuals.

Before Hitler can bait a Jew, he must first smash a German. Smash his natural decency with a barrage of propaganda.

So hatreds rock Europe—and a great uneasiness robs us of the fruits of peace. These persecuting pogroms, manifestations of the hysterical neurosis of a dictator-ridden people, are arousing intense resentment throughout the civilised world.

Nor are there lacking advocates of a disciplinary war against Germany. Such a war would but pile horror on horror. War, even when undertaken with the most righteous of motives, is a sheer negation of reason which solves no problems.

Here in Australia let us read the lesson writ so large in the book of Europe's dictatorship to-day.

We cannot guard too jealously private rights and civil liberties. We must shoulder our individual responsibilities in the difficult business of self government. Only thus can we preserve our priceless heritage of democracy.

—THE EDITOR.



Lord Mayor's Daughter Tells of London's Civic Glories

Lady Twyford, the Australian Lady Mayoress of London, has just completed a year of office. Here is her daughter's impression of one of the colorful ceremonies that mark the public life of her father and mother in London's highest official position.

By Air Mail from ENNIS M. TWYFORD

Daughter of Lord Mayor Sir Harry Twyford and Lady Twyford.

(Specially written for *The Australian Women's Weekly*)

FEW citizens of the City of London itself know much about its intimate history.

Now I want you, if you will, to let me take you into the City on a morning when the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs are leaving the Mansion House in State.

It is Tuesday, and they are going to a Court of Common Council at the Guildhall. That means that the Parliament of the City is holding its monthly meeting in the great council chamber.

The Lord Mayor presides over the Court of Aldermen and the Common Council for his year of office. They are the two bodies which act as the House of Lords and the House of Commons in the Government of the City. For the actual square mile of the City itself has its own Government.

Favorite Horses

IF we can get opposite the green front door of what is called the Aldermen's entrance in Walbrook we shall have an excellent view when the Lord Mayor and his Household officers come out to enter their carriages.

While we wait I want to introduce the Lord Mayor's coachman, Grainger. It is much more fun if you can have a word with him.

You can tell the Lord Mayor's coach; it has four horses, while the others have only two, and it is glass-sided and made to take four, instead of two, people comfortably.

"Well, Grainger, it's some time since I saw you. How are you? And, much more important, since you always look the same, how are the horses?"

"They've missed you, miss. Quite a while after you'd gone they used to watch the front door!"

This nearside wheeler, who will cover you in foam if you aren't careful, is Oliver; he makes a mess of his bit anyway, so Grainger doesn't frown at me quite so much for giving him sugar.

And this leader is Nobleman. Here, my lad, you're not living up to your name. Even noblemen haven't the privilege of snatching.



INFORMAL glimpse of Lady Twyford and her daughter trying out some pre-Christmas recipes.

HERE is my favorite, Grock; he's a bit younger than the others and much more affectionate. When I first met them I had a job to remember their names, but it is easy to recognise him because of that bump under his bridle-strap.

Behind him is the second wheeler, General. He must be one of the more modern breed, for he is very sweet-tempered and not at all peppy.

Behind the Lord Mayor's carriage stands the groom holding the bridle of Golden Sun, the City Marshal's horse.

He will lead the procession when they start, with the Marshal resplendent in his scarlet coat and plumed hat.

Now we had better take up our position opposite the door or we shall miss getting a good view.

That resplendent footman who has just opened the door is Smith, well known to all City lovers but unfortunately retiring now. He must weigh considerably over fourteen stone, but he has walked regularly in the Lord Mayor's show for years. We'll all miss him when he's gone. He was such a mountain of glory!

Glass Coach

THERE goes the Junior Sheriff's carriage. The Sheriffs are the King's servants at the "Court" of the Lord Mayor for the year. They usually get their knighthood for this.

Here comes the first. The red robe edged with sable and the black cocked hat make a glorious splash of color. Now the second Sheriff's carriage. He is the Senior Sheriff, and very often an Alderman. Their carriages pull away and

Grainger brings the Lord Mayor's coach to the door.

This is the glass coach, and is used on all other State occasions.

Here is the Lord Mayor himself; he is wearing the same red robe as the Sheriffs, but there is a difference. Though it is his own Alderman's gown, for this year he has a longer train sewn onto it, and dangling behind is the clashing magenta and black cap of office.

All Aldermen "past the chair," that is to say, those who have been Lord Mayor, wear this distinctive cap.

Also he is wearing his chain of office. It is very old and consists of Tudor roses in enamel. The medalion is a cameo of the City crest on cornelian, and is surrounded by diamonds. It is worth over £700, so there is little wonder that he is guarded with a sword and mace!

Civic Glory

YOU'LL notice, too, that he is wearing a tricorne of black ostrich feathers.

See how well the carriage is sprung; it springs under him as he gets in. I forgot to tell you that Grainger's job is an especially difficult one, as this carriage has no brakes.

Now follow the Mace and Sword. The Swordbearer wears a long black brocade gown, and on his head a fur hat, something after the style of an upright muff. He sits by the Lord Mayor.

The gown of the Sergeant-at-Arms, commonly and wrongly called the Macebearer, is much the same as that of his brother officer with the distinction of a wig to cap it in place of the fur hat.

The Mace is so large that it has to have its head outside the window of the coach.

Wherever the Lord Mayor goes in State the Sword and Mace go with him, be it to St. Paul's Cathedral to meet the King, or across the road to St. Mary Woolnoth's for a harvest festival.

In all the City churches you will find a rest especially placed for these two civic baubles.

They are, of course, the sign of sovereignty of the Lord Mayor.

There go the two police officers, then the Junior Sheriff and now the Senior. Already the glass coach is moving, the traffic is held up for the little pageant of olden days to pass by the great buses and cars of our modern London.

The City Marshal, the Lord Mayor's third Household officer, is riding ahead, directly behind the police officers.

There goes the Lord Mayor. Notice how the Londoners raise their hats to him. He is King of the square mile. Even King George may not come into the City without his consent.

Well, that's a little of the civic glory, a little of the way they still keep up traditions here. I'm not surprised if you are bewildered. It does seem strange to see something so like a history-book scene suddenly pass before you in the middle of this busy, up-to-date City.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By WEP



Members Required for the Anti-Anti Club!



All-Embracing Movement to Oppose Everything and Everybody

I have been asked to join the Anti-Gambling League. This is about the last straw.

I have had lectures on the evils of dominoes and how they give you spots before the eyes, and how one thing leads to another, and before you know where you are you find yourself in some loathsome euchre den sunk to the ears in sin.

I DON'T know why there should be so many anti-this and anti-that leagues.

Goodness knows the opportunities for falling by the wayside and ending up gracefully in the gutter are becoming fewer and fewer these days and the world is weary enough without people telling you what not to do.

For instance, I wouldn't mind joining some of these Anti-organisations, but when I got a pamphlet saying that tobacco was an insidious drug which was sapping my health and morals and ruining the chances of the coming generation and a few

other odds and ends I decided that the time had come to start an Anti-Anti League. I am drawing up my first pamphlet to be issued shortly.

Do you know of the horrible evils of chess? One becomes sour, morose and censorious (I'm not too sure how censorious is spelt, but it doesn't matter. It should never have been in the language, anyhow.)

Do you realise that you are headed straight for the reception house if you don't relax? Be warned in time. Take stock of yourself!

Are you getting the best out of life? Take the family out this week-

By . . .

L. W. Lower

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated By WEP

end and leave your pawns and bishops at home.

Join the School of Arts or a Sewing Bee. If there is a nearby vacant allotment, form a two-up school in your district.

I had an uncle who was the family model. He had a bleak face with a drooping moustache on it, and he didn't like anybody much. The family used to use him as a sort of standard measure.

"Why don't you be more like Uncle William?" was the cry. Uncle William never appeared, he just loomed.

I'd breeze in after an afternoon with the boys with a bunch of flowers and a bottle of lemonade, and slam the door and throw my hat across the room and say:

"Well, Mrs. Lower's little boy has returned to the fold! Hoist all flags!"

"Shh! Uncle William's here!" "Oh, hello, Nunky boy! How's tricks?"

"I am keeping in reasonably good health, due, my boy, to the exercise of a restraint which you don't seem to possess. To get the best out of life I have found—and I am a much older man than you—that moderation is the key to good living—and all that."

And out in the kitchen I'd whisper to my wife: "Why did you let him in?"

"Do you think I can tell him by the way he rings the door bell? He's been out here criticising the way I run my kitchen! What does he think I am!"

"Not so loud! He'll hear you."

Hope for Future

I OFTEN think that if there were fewer people snooping around giving good advice there would be less crime in the community.

Definitely there should be an Anti-Advice Society.

When I first got married, and more or less settled down, our relations and in-laws flocked around and told us how all the pictures were hung in the wrong places and the furniture needed rearranging and the carpets didn't match the wallpaper.

At that time we were very upset. Now we just tell them to go and die in a bog.

I think that a gathering of citizens should meet and pass a resolution that their motto should be "Mind Your Own Business." In this way a blow would be struck for freedom.

Mind you, the only real hope for the suppression of these suppressionists is to amalgamate them into one large society.

There would be so much back-biting and bickering in this happy throng that they would probably annihilate each other, and the sigh of relief which would go up from the rest of the community would probably cause a cyclone in the Pacific.

I think I would prefer a good, clean, fair-dinkum cyclone to these twiddling, lolly-pop, slobbering, flat-footed, ginger-beer guzzling, gloomy, crepe-hanging anti-everythings.

You may have gathered that I do not approve of these people. Well, I don't.

Nothing delights me more than to

L. W. Lower inaugurates his Anti-Anti Movement.

hear of a battle between Fascists and Communists after one party or the other has held a meeting somewhere. They should be encouraged.

I'm all for tolerance. It's more gentlemanly.

I wouldn't say that it was more womanly, because the moment a woman becomes tolerant that's the time to send for the private detectives. Or at least to erect a lot of mental sandbags around yourself.

I've noticed how a wave of tolerance seems to sweep through the home just before Mrs. Lower's birthday anniversary, and how my nephews knock each other down to light my pipe round about Christmas time.

Still, when it comes to a close study of tolerance and intolerance, it's hard to say which is which. If you could hear a Russian and a Japanese discussing the situation in Germany and the possible repercussions in Italy, as I did the other night—Crikey!

I took them both to my club and made them play a couple of games of snooker.

The face of Europe should be dotted all over with snooker tables. This is my recipe for peace.

And anyone who cares to join my Anti-Anti Club may do so for the meagre sum of two shillings.

Peace! It's wonderful.



SEND GREETINGS BY TELEGRAM

Life's happy days . . . weddings, birthdays, anniversaries, sporting achievements, new arrivals . . . all happy days . . . are so much brighter when greetings come from friends and loved ones. Less than a penny a word within the State and only a penny a word to addresses in other parts of the Commonwealth is all it costs to have your greetings telegram delivered on a gaily designed and coloured form, enclosed in an envelope to match.

Every subscriber's telephone is a telegraph office. Just ask for "Telegrams," or lodge your message at the nearest post office. Greetings telegrams are so easy and cheap to send, yet they mean so much to the recipient.



ENGAGEMENTS



WEDDINGS



ANNIVERSARIES



ACHIEVEMENTS

CLAD NEWS IS BEST BY TELEGRAM

How does she keep her LOVELY FIGURE

SHE'S the kind of figure which shows off her swim suit to perfection—but once she'd a tendency to put on weight, to lose those graceful lines, until a friend recommended her to take Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was.

Don't envy her, but get that slim, fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, ensure internal health and melt away all surplus fat.



"As a friend told me that Bile Beans are splendid for eliminating waste, fat and keeping one fit, I started taking them nightly. My weight reduction has already amounted to 15 pounds and my health is wonderfully improved. I am altogether delighted with Bile Beans."—Mrs. N. Keen.

"I owe my slim figure, clear complexion and youthful appearance to taking Bile Beans regularly. I now enjoy such splendid health that I am able to get full pleasure out of life."—Miss M. C. Windrim.

BILE BEANS

IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE WITHOUT DIETING



Eyes for you alone

You're the only girl in the

world to him—keep him thinking so! Look your loveliest always with Three Flowers, the face powder that creates an aura of romance—an atmosphere of glamour about you! A smooth, fine texture... a delicate flower fragrance... a subtle transparency that permits warm, natural skin tones to glow enchantingly through—these are the qualities that make Three Flowers the powder of smart women the world over, that will make you, too, want to adopt this powder for your very own. In two sizes—3/9 and 2/6.

Three Flowers Vanishing Cream. For that perfect powder base—a smooth, lovely skin devoid of shine and roughness—try Three Flowers Vanishing Cream and see how evenly, how softly and lastingly, your powder will adhere! Jars 2/6—tubes 1/6.

three flowers
FACE POWDER

RICHARD HUDNUT • New York • Paris • Sydney

Doctor's Treatment FOR Kidney & Liver Troubles

There are no organs more important in the body than the Liver and Kidneys. They constitute the human "Laboratory." If one or other does not function properly—good and generally affects the other—the whole system becomes poisoned, vitality goes to a low ebb, your eyes become puffy, the skin dry, itchy and scaly, and you develop backache, bladder trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, constipation, indigestion, and bad health generally.

End all your troubles
in a simple, easy way.

Take advantage of the valuable and proved prescriptions of an eminent Physician, the late Dr. Alan Carroll, who, after much scientific research, evolved two remarkable treatments, one for the Liver and one for the Kidneys. These remedies not only relieve the immediate effects of the trouble, but actually treat the respective organs, which they strengthen and revitalize, bringing them back to normal functioning, thus ensuring complete recovery. These treatments are put up in Tablet form, and are convenient to take. They do not contain harmful drugs or chemicals, are safe and non-habit-forming.

FOR LIVER COMPLAINTS take Dr. Carroll's L.U.O. Liver Treatment, 2/6 at all chemists.
FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS take Dr. Carroll's U.B.O. Kidney Treatment, 3/6 at all chemists.

The Liver and Kidneys are so closely associated that if one is inflamed, generally the other becomes also affected. To obtain the best results, and completely restore health, it is often advisable to combine both treatments. The dual treatment will show wonderful effects. The system will be cleansed of all poisons, rich blood will flow freely, the complexion will take on a rosy hue, and you will end that "peaty" feeling and feel buoyant. Whatever palliatives you may have tried, no matter how long you may have suffered, try a course of Dr. Carroll's treatments, which overcome the causes, and see for yourself the rapid results you will obtain.

Definite Results

Mr. W. Mitchell, of Sans Souci, N.S.W., writes: "I knew Dr. Carroll years ago... I am now taking his U.B.O. Liver and Kidney tablets, and they are doing me a world of good."
Mrs. W. Bevan, of Brixia, N.S.W., writes: "Since I used your Kidney and Liver treatment I feel good. The best I have felt for three years, and I can recommend it to anyone as a good sure cure for liver and kidneys. With many thanks to U.B.O."
Mrs. J.T.A. of Waverley, N.S.W., writes: "Four U.B.O. tablets worked wonders for me after suffering 10 years with my Liver. They have also given my son and daughter wonderful relief."
J.A.S., of Cliff's Harbour, N.S.W., says: "Dr. Carroll's Liver and Kidney Treatments have done me a wonderful lot of good, after many years of suffering."

THE orders were given. The door of the private room was quietly opened. Cheshire, alert and debonair notwithstanding a slight stoop, made his appearance. Fakenham drew a sigh of relief.

"Now if you fellows want to go on," he said, "you have a fourth. As for me—I am tired. The strain of Prestley's glorious party last night was too much for me."

Cheshire leaned over the table, reached out for one of the packs of cards, performed an amazing trick, threw another pack into the air and had apparently shuffled it before the cards came fluttering down. Finally, he calmly nominated the partner with whom he had decided to cut, and succeeded in drawing him.

"Why anyone plays cards with me I cannot imagine," he remarked. "Cards have kept me from penury throughout my life. You all know what I can do and yet you go on trusting me."

"The fact of it is, my dear friend," the Deputy Commissioner of Police remarked, "you will probably end your days in prison, but it won't be for your cheating at cards. Up till now I should say you were one of the most consistent losers in the club."

"I purposely handicap myself by making every obvious mistake known to man," Cheshire confided. "I also deliberately choose to play with a small circle whose appreciation of the intricacies of the game is negligible. Even on an Admiral's half-pay, my losses mean no more than a snap of the fingers to me."

"You look very spruce and pleased with yourself this evening," the General yawned. "What have you been up to?"

"Work," was the prompt and emphatic reply. "Zealous and untiring work on behalf of an ungrateful country. Seven hours at a stretch at my desk at the Admiralty."

"I might play one more rubber," Fakenham decided. "We four cut. This intrusive newcomer with the deplorable manners and the absurdly inflated ideas of his own capacity is in, anyway."

The Admiral chuckled. "I'm in all right," he agreed. "You couldn't have cut me out if you had tried. Try the seventh card from the middle if you want to play, Melville."

Melville did as was suggested and turned up a king. The others scowled at him.

"Look here, you sea-faring charlatan," Fakenham observed drily. "You leave off these tricks in a respectable club. I'll choose my own card, thanks."

He hesitated for a moment, then drew a two.

"Play instead of me, if you like," the General suggested.

Fakenham shook his head.

"I'd sooner watch for a time." A long-drawn-out rubber finished some time after Fakenham had taken his leave. Cheshire glanced at a very handsome clock which stood upon the chimney-piece.

"Rotten time to finish a rubber," he remarked. "Half-past seven."

Sir Herbert grunted. "An unpleasant reminiscence," he said. "If I were really a faithful servant of my country I should call in at the Yard on my way home and go through the evening reports."

"Digging up mares' nests," the General suggested chaffingly.

"Queer shape," you Britishers," Prestley sighed. "I don't know why it is that directly a soldier retires he becomes a devastating critic of all military operations. A sailor takes you on one side and tells you that his country is at the mercy of anyone with half-a-dozen submarines up his sleeve."

"And a policeman?" the Admiral interposed. "Don't forget the policeman, Prestley."

"He is worse than anyone else. You Englishmen are wonderful at your work," he concluded, "but when you do lay off for half-an-hour you are the most howling mob of pessimists I ever came across."

"WHAT about another rubber?" Cheshire asked patiently. "It's better than being slated by this glib-tongued millionaire."

"Since the Navy took to revoking," Sir Herbert declared, "this game is getting too expensive for me. I'll play another rubber if I can be insured against cutting with Cheshire."

The latter's profanity for the next few seconds was both instructive and awesome. The Deputy Commissioner rang the bell.

"You are fined drinks round for using language like that," he said sternly. "Give your orders, gentle-

The Spymaster

Continued from Page 10

men. The Admiral will sign the chit."

"And what about me?" a man demanded who had opened the door a few seconds before. "Am I left out of this orgy? I warn you I am going to cut in."

"Who cares?" the Admiral exclaimed. "I'm paying for the drinks and you can have this crowd so far as contract bridge is concerned. They're over-cautious. George. That's what's the matter with them. They won't call their hands, they get left and they grumble. A man revokes for the first time in his life and they haven't the least idea how to treat the matter in a gentlemanly fashion. That's why I am paying for drinks."

The newcomer, George Marsden, a well-known permanent official in the Foreign Office, glanced at the clock. A smile parted his lips, and his expression, always amiable but sometimes a little too serious, relaxed.

"The hour has struck," he said. "I'll take a dry martini."

The waiter departed. The five men were alone in the room. Marsden drew up a chair close to Sir Herbert's.

"No Continental news, I suppose?" the latter asked him.

Marsden shook his head.

"I am calling at the Foreign Office on my way home," he confided. "There will be the usual evening messages from the two capitals we are chiefly interested in. Nothing else has transpired."

The drinks arrived. Cheshire signed the chit and turned towards the door.

"It's a nice club, this," he remarked. "A warm, cosy little place for a dreary evening. All the same, it has its drawbacks. Less than a fiver that revoke cost you, Policeman, yet the memory still rankles. Good-night, you others."

Cheshire stood for a moment or two upon the steps of the club considering the weather. The commissionaire, with an open umbrella, glanced up at him from the pavement.

"Nasty night, sir," he said. "Shall I call you a taxi or is your car here?"

"I think I'll have a taxi." The man whistled. The taxi arrived. Cheshire was piloted across the rain-splashed pavement.

"Where to, sir?"

"The Admiralty. The Arch entrance."

Before they had gone a hundred yards Cheshire stopped the taxi.

"Drive down Lambeth way," he ordered.

"Which end of Lambeth do you want, sir?"

"The Post Office."

The man drove on. Arrived at his destination, Cheshire alighted and with his collar turned up and his Homburg hat pulled over his eyes entered the place and made his way to one of the counters.

"Letters for Henry Copeland?" he inquired.

The clerk in attendance disappeared. When he returned he was holding a long typewritten envelope.

"Henry Copeland?"

Cheshire stretched out his hand.

"That's right," he said.

The young man went about his business. Cheshire, with the letter in his pocket, left the place and stepped back into the taxicab. For a moment he hesitated.

"The Admiralty," he ordered.

They drove off. Twice Cheshire drew the letter from his pocket and each time he replaced it. Arrived at the Admiralty, he paid off the man, made his way along divers passages to a row of lifts, mounted to the top floor, traversed another long corridor and paused before a door guarded by two commissionaires in uniform. They both saluted gravely as Cheshire entered the room.

He passed a long line of clerks through a small chart room and finally opened with a key which he took from his chain a private office at the end. He closed the door behind him. A young man who had sprung to his feet outside followed him in.

"Do you require Captain Ryson, sir?" he asked. "He has just gone into the lower chart room."

"Not at present."

"Commander Hincks, sir?"

"No one for a few minutes."

The young man disappeared. Cheshire opened a massive roll-top desk and pulled down the electric light. Slowly, and with a visible reluctance, he drew the letter from his pocket. He laid it on the blotting-pad before him and fingered a paper cutter. For several moments he hesitated. A queer look of indecision seemed to have come into

his face. He tapped the letter with the end of the cutter and then very slowly slit open the envelope and drew out half a sheet of foolscap and a folded slip of tracing paper. Word by word he read the contents of the note. He turned it over hastily and looked at some figures on the other side. Then he spread out before him what appeared to be a portion of a plan. He stared at it for several minutes. Afterwards he returned the letter and the tracing to the envelope and slipped the latter underneath the blotting-pad. He leaned a little back in his chair. His fingers were interlaced. Something of the light-hearted humanity seemed to have gone from his expression, the lines to have sunk a little deeper, his eyes to be filled with something which seemed like a desire for escape from some hideous dilemma.

So he sat for several moments without moving. Finally, he touched one of the buttons of a bell push on the top of the desk. A young officer in naval uniform almost immediately hurried into the room.

"Commander Hincks, sir," he announced. "We were not expecting you back to-night."

"These are the times when unexpected things happen," was the grim reply. "Is the door closed?"

"Yes, sir."

Cheshire opened one of the drawers by his side, drew out a metal box which he unlocked with a key from his chain and took from it a small oblong key which seemed to be its sole contents. He handed it to the newcomer.

Please turn to Page 16



GIVE YOUR CHILDREN THIS
Great Tonic Food
with the delicious flavour

They will grow sturdily with strong bones and sound digestions, if you give them Cornwell's Extract of Malt with Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice. Rich in essential Vitamins A, B, C and D, which guard against malnutrition and prevalent epidemics. All children love its delicious flavour.



From all Chemists and Stores

CORNWELL'S
Extract of Malt

...also obtainable with
COD LIVER OIL & Orange Juice

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

VANITY IS SANITY

MEN are ever ready to hold in contempt the "vanity" of women in their use of cosmetics.

They would, however, find women far less interesting if they were to abandon this "vanity."

When women lose interest in vanity-cases, cosmetics and dress, they lose in health, vitality, interest in life, and often lose their men as well.

One well-known doctor whilst speaking on girls' beauty preparations said that cosmetics provide a vehicle of color that gives a psychological tonic to both sexes.

£1 for this letter to Marjorie Robertson, Cudgewa, N.S.W.

BAD TEMPER PAYS

I HAVE come to the conclusion, through constant observation, that a bad temper is a handy trait to possess. He who loses his temper at the slightest provocation is certain to be given the greatest consideration in the home. Members of the family grow tired of contending with him and finally give in as the easiest way out.

If he is late for meals no one dares to say a word; if he wants a meal early everyone rushes to do his bidding. If he is happy nobody is allowed to be glum; should he be miserable gaiety in others is taboo. I am sure everyone will agree with me that bad temper pays.

N. Maguire, Box 1981KK, G.P.O., Sydney.

TELLING CHARACTER

THERE is nothing that reveals the character of a person more than his manner of walking.

The quick, energetic step tells of a fresh, observant, and alert outlook. The mind of that person may be an unknown quality to us, but his step betrays him, for he is moving to the music of his brain, and his gait reflects his mentality.

Edith J. Tucker, Milva St., Cooroy, Qd.

NEW TRANSPARENT COLOUR FOR LIPS

This method of lip colouring, stolen from the glamorous South Sea Maidens, makes lips positively irresistible!



Instead of coating your lips with an opaque lipstick that's more likely to repel than attract... TATTOO South Sea red that is completely irresistible! It's marvellous. Looks just like a part of your lips and stays on like mad. Softens lips too... makes them doubly adorable. Try it! See the five luscious shades of TATTOO at your favourite store.

PRICE 3/6
Introductory size 1/-, Medium size 5/-,
De Luxe size 7/6.

COAL, BEAUTY, NATURAL, PASTEL, HAWAIIAN

TATTOO
YOUR LIPS for romance!



Large Families Foster Best Citizens

MISS F. HEWSTON (3/11/38) generalises on the advantages of being a member of a large family, but does not state the unfavorable aspects of such an environment.

In any large family only a few of its members can make proper adjustments, while others must feel cheated and frustrated by the competitive demand for love and favors which is a feature of such a background.

Merely because there is a need for tolerance in large family groups does not always mean that consideration and forbearance will be practised by every member.

The large family has just as serious psychological problems to solve as the unfortunate only child.

Mrs. I. Parsons, 22 Tyne St., Gt. berton, Adelaide.

Learning to Live

A LARGE family certainly produces the ideal citizen.

When a member of a large family, one must learn to think of others and to fend for oneself at the same time. One automatically helps one's smaller brother, and in the process gains an independence denied the member of a small family.

One, too, is forced to do things for oneself, gains a greater practicality than if one's headway is watched carefully by a doting parent.

The only child, or even one of two, is nurtured and shown what to do, and grows up unfitted for adversity.

Helena Dent, Havelock St., West Perth.

Doesn't Follow

WHY does Miss Hewston (in common with so many others) declare that the child from a large family is necessarily "unselfish, considerate and happy"?

It is ridiculous to assert that these qualities are inevitably found where there are several children in the household.

In almost every large family there are at least a few members who are certainly not remarkable for their unselfishness or happy nature.

M. Taylor, 18 Swete St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Unwise to Generalise

IT is rather unwise to generalise as to the merits of large families. There is often a great deal of quarrelling and unrest about collective possessions, such as wireless or pet animals.

Also the more sensitive members are overriden by their more stable brothers and sisters, while the younger ones are spoilt.

Large family units may encourage consideration, unselfishness and "good-mixing," but in general you will find also those who impose on these virtues.

Mrs. J. Hamlyn, 17 Wigram Rd., Glebe Point, N.S.W.



Hard on Father.

Economic Conditions

IF Miss Hewston were the mother of a large family, her outlook would be different, unless she were one of the fortunate ones with ample means at her disposal.

Economic conditions to-day will not permit the average working man and his wife to have a large family. The basic wage is based on the requirements of a married man, his wife, and two children.

Certainly, a large family is a little community on its own, a fine institution, but let poverty knock on the door and then there is nothing but distress and misery within.

Mrs. S. J. Levy, Royal Parade, Alderley, Brisbane.

Plan for Workers to get More Daylight

IT seems a shame that in sunny Australia most workers are congregated in stuffy, airless offices, and rarely see the sun during the week day.

For that reason I endorse Miss Cameron's plea for daylight saving (3/11/38).

Every effort should be made whereby we can enjoy more sunshine. Daylight saving, whereby the clock is put forward an hour, seems a very good idea, for in that way we would get an extra hour of sun and light in the afternoon.

J. Trevor, Patrick St., Hobart.

Back to Country

THERE is good reason for Miss E. Cameron's complaint about the office-worker's lack of fresh air and sunlight.

In this great, spacious land it appears as a major anomaly that, yearly, increasing numbers of people congregate around the cities to earn their living in factories and offices, whereas for a little less money in the country they could obtain a proper contact with nature.

A "back to country life" campaign would go a long way to solving the fresh air problem.

M. Fitzsimons, 36 Park Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Lazy People

I DOUBT if people would take advantage of the increased fresh air at their disposal if "daylight saving" did come into operation in Australia.

Let us prove, first, that we do ap-

Homely Arts

MEETING the young married women of to-day, I have been surprised by the inability of the majority to sew, knit, or crochet.

They frankly admit that they would sooner pay someone to do this than be bothered doing it themselves, claiming this a waste of time and energy.

Surely there is no waste when one has something to show for the time and energy expended?

I think that the satisfaction gained from personal effort compensates for time spent, and the saving in money pays for the energy needed.

Is it that these homely arts are dying out, or is it merely that such things have no place in the hustle and bustle of this modern age?

Mrs. Gladys Smith, c/o Cardiff Heights Post Office, Cardiff, N.S.W.

preciate fresh air by taking advantage of the opportunities offered to us already.

How many business girls really spend their lunch-hour and their leisure time in the fresh air?

And how many housewives, free to do so, make use of back lawns and verandahs for doing those jobs which need not be done indoors?

Mrs. M. Wallis, 224 McKillop St., Geelong, Vic.

No Fresh Air

MISS E. CAMERON makes an appeal for "daylight saving" on behalf of office workers in particular, because they see little of the sun except at the week-end.

All workers are not in offices and many get up "hours" earlier than the average clerk or typist.

The cure is in the hands of the fresh-air seekers themselves. Let them get up an hour or two earlier each morning and enjoy a sea dip, a walk or a game of tennis!

Mrs. T. M. Caulfield, 9 Albion Terrace, E. Brunswick, Vic.

What We Miss in Pursuit of Ambition

AS Miss Skinner says, it is our relations with other people that make our lives happy (5/11/38).

People who are concerned with getting somewhere devote their lives to that end, and find victory a bitter one when they have no friends.

It is far better to concentrate on



No time for friendship.

building up worthwhile friendships if one wants to live a happy and a full, contented life.

Mrs. Dewey, Union Street, Dulwich, S.A.

Miss a Lot

PEOPLE do miss a lot, Miss Skinner, by sacrificing their lives to the furthering of materialistic ambition. Ambition achieved, they frequently find themselves isolated from their fellow-beings.

Ambition should not give way to the pleasures of social life, but rather, while working, we should set aside a portion of our time for companionship and pleasure.

This will not only benefit us and increase our happiness, but the break in monotony will give us added zest in the furthering of our ambitions.

Miss J. Beale, 20 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Each To His Taste

ONE cannot generalise, Miss Skinner.

We choose our path according to our tastes. The friendship of others is not necessary to everyone's well-being; various hobbies or studies often take their place.

Not to everybody does the worthwhile enjoyment of life rest in companionship.

Mrs. D. M. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

True Friendship

IN pursuit of ambition, Miss Skinner, people are saved the inconvenience of a host of worthless friends. They have time to bother only with those who are sincere.

After all, sincere friendship is of greater value than mere acquaintanceship.

The ambitious are not entirely deprived of friendship in their lives. Some of the world's most beautiful friendships have been formed among great men in days when they were striving hard for success.

Constance Child, 7 Rae St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Takes Time

IN this mad rush for worldly success few of us pause long enough to know the other fellow.

It really takes time to know a person, and surely it would be wise to do this and not merely skim over the surface of life.

Probably the cause of many unhappy marriages is that failure to know each other first of all.

K. G. Porter, Karaweena, via Jimbour, Qld.

Why Worry?

SURELY one can pursue one's ambitions to the full, and have friendships as well.

The idea of concentrating on forming friendship does not appeal to me. One makes one's best friends, both at work and at play, by chance, and the busiest person, if he pleases, can find time to share a little social life with them.

One's very ambitions create new and worthwhile associations.

Phyllis Greer, Angus St., Adelaide.

WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to write to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

IS it right to set store on first impressions of the character of a stranger? I think so.

Every emotion is accompanied by some facial expression, and in this way the stronger characteristics of a person are gradually etched into the surface of his or her face.

Thus to the careful observer faces reveal something of the inner workings of the mind.

E. V. Vance, Thallon St., Sherwood SW2, Vic.

HOSTILE SALESGIRLS

HOW often on entering a store is a customer viewed with indifference by the salespeople?

Too many assistants approach the shopper as though she were a trespasser. Stores which appeal to women customers with friendly, courteous salesfolk win permanent patrons.

Why do not proprietors insist on good manners in their salespeople?

R. Page, 15 Annesley Ave., North Norwood, S.A.

PITY HOUSEWIVES

IF anyone has cause for complaint it is the housewife. She is imposed upon on all sides by unscrupulous tradesmen and travellers.

She buys apples which she is told are delicious, only to find on coming home they are bruised or worm-eaten; what she has bought for fillet steak is as tough as leather.

To get honest service one must be ever on guard.

Mrs. S. J. Levy, Royal Parade, Alderley, Brisbane.

TIME WELL SPENT

THE hours spent in tram or train may be used to develop that valuable faculty—the power of concentration.

This was the view of the late Arnold Bennett.

Obviously it is hard to concentrate in a crowded carriage, but with practice it becomes easier, until one can think of a subject to the exclusion of all else, even the loud voice of the man who is telling the carriage all the winners for the races.

Concentration as intense as this is of the greatest value in business.

R. T. Davie, Kapunda, S.A.

HIS DENTURES WERE STAINED WITH SMOKING



Now 'Clean as new.'
WONDERFUL results from 'Steradent'

'My dentures were in a very bad condition with smoking. But since I have used 'Steradent', every trace of discolouration has gone. I consider no smoker with dentures should be without 'Steradent.'

G.F.P., Pechham.

'Steradent' is so simple to use. Fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures. Stir well. Put in your dentures and leave them while you dress, or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap.

Stains vanish—even the blackest tobacco stains disappear completely after a few treatments. Discoloured plates regain their natural colour. Dull, yellow tinged teeth become clean—lustrous—like natural teeth. 'Steradent' contains germ-free purified plates and leaves them fresh and cool.

Dentists say 'Steradent' is by far the best dental cleaning preparation ever produced. Price 2/6. Double size 3/6 at all chemists.

You are safe with 'Steradent'. It is highly recommended by the Dental profession.

MOORE'S (OVERSEA) LTD.

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Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

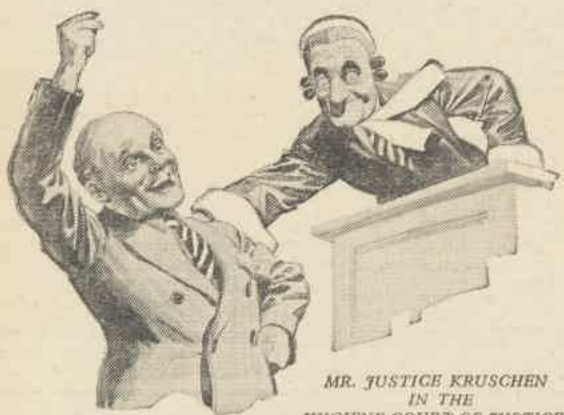
She's bathed in Day-long Freshness



THE picture doesn't do her skin full justice. Only by actually seeing it with your own eyes, by touching it with your own hands, could you know the silky loveliness and radiant freshness of this skin cared for with Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

What Wright's does for baby's tender skin it can also do for yours. Its mildly antiseptic lather gets deep down into the pores, removing every trace of dirt and danger. It leaves your skin soft, supple, and aglow with radiant freshness.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap



MR. JUSTICE KRUSCHEN
IN THE
HYGIENE COURT OF JUSTICE

Rheumatic Pains Gone

Welcome Reformation

JUDGE CONGRATULATES EX-PRISONER

"I remember your case very distinctly and I congratulate you on your recovery. I hope you now realize how serious your crime—rheumatic pains—was and how easily it can be avoided."

The judge then added that if the few remaining foolish people would only realize that a "little daily dose" of Kruschen Salts is as necessary to cleanliness as soap and water there would be fewer aches and ailments. There would be less suffering from the pains of rheumatism, neuritis, gout, sciatica or lumbago. Constipation would be on the wane and there would be fewer cases of getting run-down, and far less likelihood of catching colds.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

prevent constipation and rheumatism

Kruschen is a combination of six mineral salts which your body must get, in some way, to keep the blood pure, the inside clean, and the system generally toned up, but which you can't get in Nature's own way without



TASTELESS IN
TEA OR COFFEE

abundant exercise and fresh air. You should have those six salts every day; hence the importance of the "little daily dose." Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle. It's the little daily dose that does it.

"T

HE code word is 'Pernambuco,'" he confided. "Open my private safe."

The young man took the key and approached the safe in a corner of the room. In a few minutes he turned round.

"Safe open, sir," he reported. "Give me the folder with the TXY designs."

A folio in a green cardboard cover was produced and brought over to the desk.

"Now close the safe," Cheshire directed, "and fetch Captain Ryson."

"There's nothing wrong, I hope, sir?"

"I hope not. Return yourself with Captain Ryson."

"Very good, sir."

The young man left the room. Cheshire lifted the blotting pad and withdrew the typewritten letter and slipped it into his pocket. Then he unlocked the folder and drew out the plans. There were twenty-one in all, fastened together in three, each three apparently being plans of the same vessel fore, aft and amidships. He spread them out before him and drew the light a little further down. Presently there came a knock at the door. Commander Hincks reappeared, ushering in an older man.

"Good-evening, Admiral," the latter said cheerfully.

Cheshire ignored the greeting and beckoned the two men to approach.

"You know what these are, I suppose?" he asked, touching with his forefinger the parchment.

"Rather," was Ryson's prompt reply. "They are the sectional plans of what is to be our new 35-36 cruiser."

"And you, Hincks?"

"Why yes, sir. You gave us a locked-door lecture upon them only last week."

The Admiral thrust his hand into

his pocket and brought out the tissue slip.

"What do you make of this?" he asked.

The two men bent over it. There was a little exclamation from Hincks, something that sounded like a groan from the older man.

"It is a tracing of the hidden lower deck of the cruiser, sir. The secret deck that you were so keen about."

Cheshire returned it to the envelope and his pocket. The two men were staring at him, white-faced and mute. It was Ryson who spoke first.

"Where did you get that from, sir?" he cried hoarsely.

The Admiral's voice was hard and stern now as he answered:

"It is I," he said, "who propose to ask questions, but in case you are really curious I will tell you that someone calling himself Henry Copeland collected it from Lambeth Post Office less than an hour ago and brought it here. Fortunately, we have an Intelligence Department with eyes in the back of its head as well as the front. Now listen to me. You know where the keys are kept, you two. You know sometimes the code word. Hincks knows where to find the key of this desk when I am away. You, Ryson, know where to find the key of the inner drawer. You two between you form the only link between the contents of that safe and the outside world. You two together, I said. Now what about it?"

"Are we accused?" Ryson demanded, his deep voice vibrant with something which might have been passion or might have been fear.

"Where were you both last night? You were both invited to Regent's Park. You neither of you came."

"We were here, sir, according to arrangement," Hincks replied. "I stayed till midnight and handed over to Captain Ryson at that hour."

"I was here till six o'clock this morning," Ryson corroborated.

"You were here," Cheshire repeated. "Yes—the one night when you knew that I was away! What were you doing?"

"I was drafting, sir," Hincks replied.

"I was in the model room working on my submarine," Ryson affirmed.

"Perhaps. Go away now. Sleep on it. See me here, both of you, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, then I will tell you whether you are accused or not. Lock up the safe. Hincks. That will be all for to-night, Captain Ryson."

Both of them seemed about to burst into speech. Suddenly Cheshire raised his eyes. Something in his expression seemed to freeze the words upon their lips. Ryson swung round and left the room. Hincks bustled himself with the safe and came back with the key.

"I shall be here for twenty minutes resetting the combination," Cheshire told him. "Remember what I said. I do not wish to see either of you again to-night. You will preserve absolute silence as to what has happened."

"Very good, sir."

"Convey my wishes also to Ryson."

"Yes, sir."

Admiral Cheshire was alone. He moved over to the safe and for a quarter of an hour he was busy. Then he closed it again and came back to his seat. He seemed suddenly to have aged. The lines about his mouth had grown deeper and deeper.

He took the letter and the sheet of tracing paper and placed them in a leather case in his inner pocket. When at last he rose to leave, he looked around him and threw up his arms to the ceiling as though in mute protest. That was the end of it. Once more wearing that expression of complete detachment which he carried with him always in the hours of crisis, he left the room.

AT nine o'clock precisely on the following morning, Cheshire stepped out of a taxi cab and, entering the Admiralty by a private door, made his way to the suite of offices occupied by his department. He passed through the outer room, taking no account of many curious and furtive glances. In the bureau immediately before his own, however, he paused for a moment to exchange a word with Commander Hincks. The latter, who was obviously waiting for him, retained his self-control with an effort.

"You have heard the news, sir?" Cheshire nodded curtly.

"I will discuss the matter with you later," he said.

"In the meantime, sir," Hincks

The Spymaster

Continued from Page 14

ventured, "there is a representative from the Universal Press waiting here—he says with your permission they sent him along from the Censor's Department."

"In ten minutes I will see him," Cheshire announced.

He passed on to his private office. His typist-secretary was sorting some letters at the table which had usually been occupied by Commander Hincks. The Admiral nodded good-morning and seated himself at his desk. One single letter already lay there. It bore no post-mark and had evidently been sent in by hand. He slit open the envelope, read the few lines it contained and laid it face downwards upon the blotting-pad. He turned to the young woman at the other end of the room.

"There is a messenger from the Universal Press in the waiting-room," he told her. "Fetch him, please."

"Very good, sir."

The young woman disappeared for a few moments and returned ushering in Stephen Adams, a well-known figure in the journalistic world. Cheshire welcomed him with a brief nod.

"Sad affair, sir," the newcomer remarked. "The editor sent me round to see you. The early editions are waiting."

"Quite so," Cheshire replied, leaning back in his chair. "As it happens, Mr. Adams, he went on. 'This tragedy explains itself. I am about to hand you over this note which I have just received. It was written by Captain Ryson evidently a few minutes before he shot himself.'"

THE journalist's fingers were twitching already. Cheshire, however, preferred to read the letter aloud, which he promptly did. It was dated from a neighboring hotel.

"Sir—"

"I ask your pardon for taking the coward's way out, but I made a great mistake when I accepted your offer and devoted myself to indoor work for which I am entirely unskilled. I have made application as you know for a change and been refused. I was born a sailor and my father was born a sailor, and every gift that we possess can be exercised only upon the sea."

"I AM a stupid clerk and a blundering figure at the work upon which I am now engaged and which I detest. I can endure no longer. Five minutes after I have signed my name to this letter I shall shoot myself."

"I deeply regret that I have not been able to render better service to my country."

"GODFREY RYSON,

"Capt. R.N."

"A sad letter," the journalist murmured.

"Very sad," Cheshire agreed. "To tell you the truth, if the poor fellow had not been so impatient I should have tried to make arrangements for him shortly. The command of one of our new battleships would have been his if only he could have stood it out for a time."

"I may make use of what you are saying now, Admiral?" his visitor asked eagerly.

"Certainly. Ryson was temporarily off his head, no doubt. I have seen him looking worried to death over the simplest little affairs in connection with his present job and I felt at the time that I ought to have relieved him. He was doing no particular good here and he was a fine seaman."

The journalist scribbled down the sympathetically spoken words. Then he held out his hand for the letter.

"The original of this communication had better remain here," Cheshire decided. "You can copy it, though, and I give you leave to publish it. It is best that the whole world should know the truth. When a man who is in the Service and actively engaged chooses this way of chucking his job, there is always likely to be a little misunderstanding if anyone tries to cover things up. Let the public have what they want, Mr. Adams. They shall have the truth."

The journalist copied the letter rapidly. There was a thin smile upon his lips even as he transcribed those tragic words. The truth! It was not the first time in his life that he had had to deal with the sort of situation, and although he very much admired the way in which Cheshire was handling it, he took his leave without a word of comment. Before midday the whole world knew why Captain Ryson, at one time the commander of the battleship Devastation, now engaged in special research work at the Admiralty, had blown out his brains.

To be Continued

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Learn any Instrument at THE NICHOLSON COLLEGE OF MODERN MUSIC.

Under direction of AL HAMMETT. Most modern methods and best masters in Sydney. Special course for country visitors. Write for brochure.

Glamorous as moonlight

WITH THE SOFT BLOOM OF ROSE PETALS

Romance comes stealing through the warm night air on silver shoes of moonlight. The throbbing of muted music sets the heart dancing madly. . . . Romance in a filmy summer dance frock. Romance in Vita-Bloom, the most tantalising, provocative sheers from the cunning looms of the great Prestige mills—the loveliest sheers on two legs. Glamorous as moonlight, with the soft bloom of rose petals. So smooth, so caressing, with a beauty that blooms anew after repeated washing and wear.

What is Vita-Bloom?

Vita-Bloom is not just a new colour or a new stocking. It is a secret intricate treatment of the silk fibre which gives Vita-Bloom stockings a lasting loveliness, making them perspiration proof, moisture proof and wear resisting. . . . It is the greatest discovery in hosiery for years. . . . It makes lovely colours lovelier still.

See it — Feel it — Wear it — Love it!



Vita Bloom
Sheer Hosiery

EXCLUSIVELY

Prestige



Ask any smart store to show you these Vita-Bloom Sheers for all occasions.

SERENADE: A beautiful four-thread sheer for those occasions when one likes a slightly sturdier sheer **5/11**

Gypsy Wine is just the right blend of wine and cyclamen to go with all your Spring Frocks.

ESCAPADE: A glorious 51 gauge three-thread sheer for all the best occasions **6/11**

If you prefer a slightly milder shade, then Wild Cherry is certainly the colour for you.

SENORITA: A glamorous two-thread sheer for those occasions when one can afford to be extravagant **7/11**

Be sure to see Flicker and Flippant, the new seductive plum tones.

"The Loveliest Thing on Two Legs"

Books

Reviewed by . . .
ESME FENSTON

"Anne Alone" is the story of a career, of one woman's battle along the ribbon and straw-strewn path of the millinery trade.

THIS is the day of mass production, when the Duchess of Kent's millinery inspiration of this morning is the craze of the working girl this afternoon.

Anne Hardwick's career, as she saw it, was over with the coming of this era. She wanted to create beauty in terms of women's hats, not to make a fortune supplying a million "beanies" at three-pence less than anyone else.

Her era was that of the crafts-woman and individualist. It was also that of the unpaid beginner and the apprentice at half a crown a week.

In writing "Anne Alone," Owen Rutter gives the story of a pioneer in this matter of careers for women. Anne, who began to work in 1907, was no less keen than the 1938 careerist, and she snatched a lunch of two bananas in her bed-sitting room just as to-day's ambitious lass does. And her health suffered in the same way, too.

"Ladies don't have shops," Anne was told at the age of six. But it would have taken more than the genteel protests of the 'nineties to divert her.

She came to London to seek beauty in a hat-box at a time when the central attraction in a fashionable shop window was a wide-brimmed picture hat in pale grey crinoline,

with a full wreath of pink and purple roses round the base of the crown, and a cascade of grey paradise plumes floating from front to back. A tasty model, that!

Hatter's Wisdom

SHE found work with a discerning hatter, Madame Eveyn, who taught her a lot.

"Make sure the hat has got some relation to the proportion of the customer's face. That's the whole secret of hat-making," Madame said.

"So don't go and sell a horse-faced woman something with a high crown, or let one with a face as round as a penny go off in something with a low crown and a flat brim."

"And it's no good looking despairingly at a high forehead and feeling you can't do anything about it. You've got to help by creating surrounding interest. Build the hat round it and study the proportions of brim to crown."

"And take particular trouble about middle-aged women, my dear. They're the people with the most money to spend, but they generally get the least fun for it. So don't let them go off with little bonnets that make their heads look all out of proportion to the rest of them."

Sound advice that, for both seller and buyer, and as pertinent to-day as then.

THE tale follows Anne to the end of her career, and everything in her life is subservient to the demands of her work.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

JOHN MASEFIELD'S new book, "Dead Ned," is lit by his genius. It is a great sea story, richly exciting. (Heinemann).

TROUBLED EUROPE is seen through several pairs of eyes in "The Negroes Begin at Calais," by Frederick Howard. This tale of a group tour is told jerkily, but with flashes of insight. (Heinemann).

"STRAWS IN AMBER" is Naomi Jacob's latest offering; a far-fetched story of vaudeville romance. (Hutchinson, Angus & Robertson).

It is told quietly, at times almost too quietly, but it is told fully, and there are fascinating excursions into the complex business behind the making and breaking of fashions.

Anne had a year in Paris to put the finishing touches to her knowledge of the millinery trade. She earned there the splendid sum of 25 shillings a month.

She returned to England and established her own business. In running it she never pandered to cheapness, never lowered the standards she had set herself, and never surrendered her freedom of mind.

This was success from her point of view, but it's not surprising that when mass production swept her kind of business away she had to admit to financial failure.

THE love incidents in the book fill out the picture, but they are not important.

What is important to the story, and often irksome to the reader, is Anne's firm belief in reincarnation and the law of karma.



NANCY STUART GURR, talented young Australian, whose delightful little book, "Animal Tales for Ann," has just arrived from Harap, the London publishers. Her tales never condescend to her young readers, a rare quality in children's stories, and her animal characters are deliciously real.

She believed that each soul is working toward perfection, in successive appearances on this earthy plane, interspersed with jaunts to the astral.

And some of her conversations with her father pop in and out of the astral plane most curiously.

Apart from all that the tale is a most readable and entertaining record of a couple of decades of fashion, and as such will satisfy feminine inquisitiveness.

"Anne Alone," by Owen Rutter, Michael Joseph, London. Our copy from Dymock's.

Say it Today—
"I'LL LET IPANA HELP
MY SMILE!"



Heed that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—help yourself to a gayer, brighter smile. Give your gums, as well as your teeth, the special care they need.

YOU'D BE A lovelier girl—a happier one—if your teeth had the sparkle they should have—if your smile could regain its natural radiance. So why not decide to-day to do something about it? Why not remember that your gums as well as your teeth need special care.

If your tooth brush has flashed that warning tinge of "pink"—see your dentist. You may not be facing dental disaster, but let him decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be, "Gums robbed of work by soft, creamy foods"—"gums that need exercise"—gums that will benefit by the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Try Ipana Tooth Paste—to-day. For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help your gums as well as keep teeth sparkling. Each time you brush your teeth with Ipana, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Help your gums to a new firmness, your teeth to a new cleanness and lustre. Start to-day with Ipana and massage, for a gayer, more winning smile!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.



Help your smile to new beauty—
start with Ipana and massage today!



CHANGE TO

Ipana
AND GUM MASSAGE

Brilliant Marriages are Less Likely for Mannequins

Stenographers Do Much Better in Game of Romance



Cupid Prefers Offices to Fashion Salons

By Air Mail from Our London Office

Contrary to popular opinion, mannequins have less chance of a brilliant marriage than girls in other careers.

This is the conclusion of Munro Leaf, in "Listen, Little Girl," a comic book issued in New York.

THE stenographer, says the author, has the better chance of marrying well.

De luxe romance, it seems, lingers closer to the typewriter than to the fashion showroom.

For London's beauties, who parade the world's loveliest fashions, this is sad news in itself.

But they are also finding consolation so difficult that they are now heading together to form a mannequins' union.

They want taxi fares home after late fashion shows, a guinea a day for travelling time, and a minimum wage of £5 a week for staff mannequins and a guinea a day for free-lancers.

With this multiplicity of problems to deal with, it would seem that all is not glamor in the life of a mannequin.

Anyway, here is what Mr. Leaf tells the world's mannequins and those whose ambition it is to enter this fascinating career:

"All is not necessarily sweetness and light if you do get a regular job in one of the big-name retail shops. Older mannequins seem to delight in taking a new-comer over the pump in the models' room."

"For the first few months they often grab all the best clothes, so the

poor girl has to wear all the 'dogs' ('dogs' being poorly designed, banal garments that look like nothing at all).

"Girls have been known to step on the back of an evening dress worn by a new mannequin, or poke her with a pin just as she is to make her grand entrance into the salon. Revenge comes only after another girl is hired and you join the persecutors."

Dull Seasons

"WHOLESALE work is definitely seasonal, and practically no house keeps more than two or four girls sitting around during the off weeks."

"When the buyers are in town, the salesmen, boys, and the models work night and day in the dress trade."

"The model skins out of one dress, flips another over her head, gives her hair a pat and steps out into the showroom with a come-hither smile and a walk with plenty of sway."

"The model who likes to step out has to have an extensive wardrobe, and it is good advertising to be seen in the right night-clubs or the socially-elect luncheon spots, polo games, etc., if you are perfectly dressed."

"As party girls models are

THE FASCINATION of mannequin and modelling work draws queues of girls—but stenography offers better romantic opportunities.

Hair Styles Bring Back the Puffs

By Air Mail from Our New York Office

STYLISTS predict that women who adopt the new "hair do" coiffure this season soon will be hiding their hair puffs in the dressing-table drawer before going to bed.

"Every smart woman will be pinning up her hair and wearing false hair just like her grandmother did," pointed out one fashion specialist.

"You see, the hair is being cut shorter than ever. Husband will never know that their wives' little curls and puffs are hidden away in the top bureau drawer."

pretty generally rated not so good as show girls, or for that matter stenographers.

"There seems to be a certain lack of zest to them, and though nightclub proprietors and headwaiters credit them with exemplary conduct in public they rarely seem to make so-called brilliant marriages."

"More often than not they link up with faithful escorts they've known from childhood or serious young men with mediocre jobs."

School Methods

SO much for the romantic aspect of mannequin and model work. Of other aspects the author says:

"The way models have been taught to walk in some of the training institutions is the worst. It is frequently the good old Ziegfeld strut, known to the trade as the 'Garbage Walk.'"

"This historic curiosity is achieved by placing the left hand lightly on the hip, turning the head to glance seductively down the elbow and points south, placing each toe carefully in front of the other, and giving a petulant little back kick."

"If it's not the 'Garbage Walk,' then the sweet young graduates show off a 'wholesale walk,' a combination of snappy steps, a vacant smile, and passionate hip churning, to learn which they pay £5 to £10 or as much as they can be pumped for."

"There are, of course, some exceptions to this modelling-school racket, but for heaven's sake know what you are doing before you leap."

"Assuming that the young model has skipped the schools, her next step is to have some good pictures made."

"While some people who hire

models regard picture distribution as a needless expense, no photographic model with any brains would start job-hunting without some proof of how well she photographs."

SLIMMING'S EASIER WHEN YOU USE K.R.

YES, AND IT'S SAFER TOO!

The SLIMMING TREATMENT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

K.R. (Kern's Reductant) is an amazing new slimming treatment containing no drugs or dangerous ingredients. It calls for no tiring exercise. And it is NOT a dieting process. When your glands of internal secretion become clogged or inactive, the natural result is obesity. K.R., however, maintains the proper functioning of these glands, which enables all surplus fatty matter to be easily and quickly carried away.

10 Day Trial Offer

Prove to yourself how easily K.R. can help YOU to slim, by mailing the coupon below for an inexpensive trial supply.

KIDNEY RESIDENTS: Call, write or telephone MAIRIS for particulars of figure correction by "Mascot" and Vapour Baths at our Salons.

ELECTRO MEDICAL SUPPLY LTD.

Manchester Unity Building,

Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

Please forward me 10 DAYS' Trial Supply

of K.R. for which I enclose postal note/

money order to value of 5/6.

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Bring your crochet TO LIFE with—

COATS' MERCER-CROCHET

IN WHITE AND OVER 30 FAST COLORS.

Your local needlework shop will show you instruction leaflets with many easy-to-make designs.

MCS

INDIGESTION

First Dose Gives

INSTANT RELIEF

When you suffer from indigestion—in other words, do not digest all your food—some portion lies fermenting in the stomach. The result is the production of excess acid. This excess acid may eat into the delicate lining of the digestive tract and you have pain—very bad pain—shortly after meals. Acid stomach, neglected, may lead to gastritis or even more serious trouble.

De Witt's Antacid Powder ends the pain and danger of acid stomach quickly because it immediately covers the stomach lining with a protective coat of colloidal kaolin. Other ingredients of this quick-action remedy for indigestion neutralise acidity and actually assist in digestion of the food you eat.

Time and time again one-time sufferers from the torture caused by acid stomach write to say that the first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder brought instant relief.

Read this letter and be convinced

Years of Suffering Ended in One Week

Mr. V. E. Willis, of Foch Street, Ashgrove, Queensland, writes: "I have suffered terribly with chronic indigestion for years. I was afraid to eat anything. My trouble was vomiting, heartburn and unbearable stomach pains. I saw an advertisement about De Witt's Antacid Powder and I tried it. Within a week I was looking forward to meals and now I can thank my remedy for having made me feel better than I have for years. I can eat and enjoy anything. I shall never fail to recommend De Witt's Antacid Powder to my friends."

No case of indigestion or chronic digestive disorder is too serious or has existed too long for De Witt's Antacid Powder to benefit it. This fine remedy has conquered cases of dyspepsia and gastritis that has defied all other forms of treatment. No waiting days to see results—immediate relief, permanent, lasting benefit if you will only give this most effective, most economical remedy a trial. Get a supply to-day and stop digestive misery quickly and for good by following this sound advice:—

TAKE

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation and Gastritis.

If all chemists, in the famous sky-blue canisters, price 2/6



She Learns to Rely on RENCO

OH DEAR, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? THE OTHERS WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE—AND THIS JUNKET WON'T SET!

THAT'S STRANGE. WHAT JUNKET TABLETS DO YOU USE?



I DON'T KNOW. I JUST TAKE WHAT THE GROCER SENDS ME

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. YOU SIMPLY MUST USE RENCO JUNKET. LISTEN—I'LL RUN AND GET SOME, NOW!



A FEW MINUTES LATER

GOODNESS! LOOK HOW QUICKLY THIS HAS SET!

AH! THAT'S RENCO JUNKET FOR YOU! JUST WAIT—YOU'LL SAY YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH PERFECT JUNKET!

Renco Junket Tablets are the most reliable sold. They're made under ideal conditions at Taranaki, N.Z., in the heart of the world's choicest cow pastures. Renco Junket takes only a minute to prepare. Each carton contains 25 tablets and each tablet makes a quart of junket. Insist that your grocer supplies you with Renco Junket Tablets.

Ice Cream Wheat Wafers

Make 1 pint of Renco Junket with milk sweetened with 2 tablespoons of sugar. Allow to set—slightly whip 1 pint of cream flavoured with vanilla and stir into junket. Half set in refrigerator then scrape into basin and whisk for a few minutes. Replace in refrigerator and when frozen place ice cream between Kellogg's Whole Wheat biscuits split in halves to make wafers.



WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS:
Queensland: Kennedy, Mitchell & Co.
N.S.W.: Leslie & Co. Ltd.
Sydney: Piescher
Victoria: Leslie & Co. Ltd.
Melbourne: South Australia: W. T. Matthews
Adelaide: West Australia: W. A. Gaudin
Perth

No Water for Washing Day On This Trip

Beautiful Evangelist Tells of Adventures In Central Australia

Mrs. James McWhirter, beautiful young wife of Rev. James McWhirter, English evangelist now visiting Australia, has just returned from an adventurous tour of Central Australia.

She went into parts where no white woman has ever been before. Twice she and her companions were short of water for five days.



A CHARMING study of Mrs. McWhirter, who gave up a career as a singer to devote her life to evangelical work. She is here shown playing the autoharp.



REV. AND MRS. JAMES McWHIRTER at Mt. Liebig, Central Australia. Many of the natives in this area had never seen a white woman before.

"DURING that period we did not wash or wash-up," she told The Australian Women's Weekly. "The twelve camels had to do without water entirely."

"My husband wrote a book on Palestine. Now he hopes to write one on Australia. He could not do this without seeing the outback, and I went along."

"We were very lucky. When we got to Hermannsburg Mission, 83 miles west of Alice Springs, we found Pastor Albrecht about to set out by camel train on a three-weeks' trip into the wilds."

"He only makes this visit once a year. When he first made it, seven years ago, the natives were hostile. Now he is always welcomed with love and with due ceremony."

"We travelled 300 miles in three weeks."

"It was an adventurous journey through country of magnificent, awesome, rugged beauty, but the thing that impressed me most was the contrast between the aborigines living near the townships and their brothers living in their own civilisation in the farthest outback."

"The outback native, uncontaminated by the white man, is a fine physical specimen."

"We found them human beings like ourselves—saw their tears and laughter, and entered into the realisation of the hardship they are called upon to face."

"We came away from Central Australia saying something must be done, but so far have found dreadful ignorance and indifference to this question."

Abo Problem

"YET the problem of the aborigine could be solved so easily. It would not mean altering the laws."

"Actually, there are splendid potentialities in the aborigine. One authority told us that it would be practically impossible for the average station owner in the real outback country to run stations without aboriginal employees."

"While ethnologists did good work, their solution of the problem was wrong. Most of them said 'leave them alone.'"

"On this advice the Government acted, but they did not realise that the only possible way to 'leave them alone' was to leave them alone where they could not possibly come up against the white man."

"THERE are aboriginal reserves—tracts of land where no white man is allowed to go without a permit from the Government."

"The flaw in this system is the fact that these permits can be got at all."

"What the aborigines need are foolproof, greedproof reserves, where there could be no possibility of a permit of any kind being granted to any white man."

"Haasts Bluff country, for instance, has never been successfully taken up for stock, nor has any white man ever been able to make a good living from cattle there over any considerable period of time."

"Yet, though this is a reserve, there is always the prospect that if some settler comes along in a good season, likes the look of the country, and applies for a grazing licence, he will be granted it, and between two and three hundred natives will be forced to take the first step towards total extinction."

"Those who are best qualified to speak on this subject tell us that the black man and the bullock cannot live together, whatever may have been said to the contrary."

"What happens when the country is stocked? Driven to desperation by

the loss of food and water the natives start to kill the cattle. They are sent to gaol, and while away very often their tribal life is broken up."

"Those who have been in no return with glowing accounts of the white man's food and the white natives are drawn to the townships where they become demoralised hangers-on, and soon acquire the vices of the white man."

"Australia's 20,000 half-castes are a ghastly commentary on their contact with the white man."

"Government ration depots on the outskirts of a township like Alice Springs are the worst possible thing that could be done for them. It gives them an entirely wrong contact with civilisation."

Ration Depots

"RATION depots in the township should be done away with, and rations taken out to the natives where necessary. By all means the must be kept in their own country with their own social order, and the gap between their social order and ours can be bridged."

"All that remains to the natives are drought-stricken areas. Something should be done to collect their precious water supply for them."

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens Hair

Miss Mary J. Haven, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or auburn as you desire. Of course you should do the mixing yourself to avoid unnecessary expense. 'Just get a small box of Orlon Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Pour the liquid through the hair every day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not run off. Tidy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look young and years more youthful.'"

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vigor

The liver should pour out two quarts of bile into your bowels daily. If it is not flowing freely, your food won't digest. It just dumps in the bowels. You get constipated. Your stomachs. You get nervous and tired and weary and the world isn't worth living. Laxatives are only weak-knees. They don't make those good old bowels move. They just get those two pounds of bile stuck in the bowels and make you feel "up and down." Ask for CAITIE'S Liver Bile. It's gentle, yet stimulating in making the bowels move. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

THEY THOUGHT MY JOHNNY WAS SPOILED



WHEN your child starts to get cranky and nervy . . . loses weight . . . and just picks at his food, then start him on Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings the appetite back, changes paleness and listlessness into radiant good-tempered vitality. Children love the flavour of Horlicks—especially when it's made with the Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6d. Economy size, 2/9. Special Pack, with Mixer, 2/6.

HORLICKS

at bedtime guards children against "Night-Starvation".

Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, joins up with
GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer, and becomes star turn of his revue. He helps
MARY: Penniless dancer, and gets her a job in the revue.
 This friendship rouses the jealousy of
LILLI: Temperamental torch singer, whose boy-friend,

NORVELL: Has the knife-throwing act in the revue. He in turn is embittered against Mandrake and tries to do away with him. When he falls, he takes fright and is caught by Mary and Lilli robbing Gruntz's safe to secure money for a getaway. To hide this crime he kidnaps the girls. They escape and phone Mandrake. He rescues them and Norvell is caught. NOW READ ON—



Don't miss the MANDRAKE BOOK! A wonderful Christmas present. 72 pages for 1/-

DOUBLE your present SUPPLY



AM I GLAD
I CHANGED
TO KOLYNOS?
IT LASTS TWICE
AS LONG AND
I'VE NEVER
SEEN MY
TEETH SO
CLEAN
AND WHITE
BEFORE

**1 TUBE OF KOLYNOS LASTS
AS LONG AS 2 TUBES OF
ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM**

YOU really get two tubes of Kolynos for the price of one tube of ordinary dental cream, because one tube of Kolynos outlasts two of any other dental cream.

Kolynos is a concentrated dental cream, made from the dental prescription of Doctor N. S. Jenkins. No water or other bulky ingredients has been added to make the tube larger. That half inch of Kolynos multiplies thousands of times inside your mouth—foams right down in between your teeth and cleanses and purifies in one action.

Restore your teeth to gleaming whiteness... keep them cleaner than ever before... and save money at the same time, with Kolynos. Awarded the Blue Seal of the Institute of Hygiene, London, for last 20 years. Get a tube to-day. At all chemists and stores—medium size 1/3d.; large 2/.



KOLYNOS (MFG.)

MRS. YATES (OF SYDNEY) SAYS

Taking 2 teaspoonsful of

BONKORA

3 times daily, made me

**Lose 2 Stone 2lbs
in a short time**

"Before taking BonKora in this way I could hardly get upstairs. I seemed to lose my strength. Now I can go about without any trouble."

A copy of Mrs. Yates' testimonial, including her full Sydney address, will be mailed on request.

FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON
WORLD AGENTS, 15 Hamilton Street, Sydney.
I enclose 2d. in stamps. Please send me FREE SAMPLE
and full details of BonKora Treatment.

NAME

ADDRESS

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose
postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed
to you post free in a plain wrapper. W.W. 26/11/39.



MRS. JUANITA LEWIS, wife of an unemployed tunnel worker in New York, spurned the dole and started out on a shoeshine career with a box made by her husband. Later she declared that this means of livelihood was grand. She was her own boss, could knock off when tired, and the work was out-of-doors. —Air Mail photo.

Reminder From Us To Women of 6938 A.D.

Things They Might Like to
See 5000 Years From Now

Men are to bury fifty feet in the earth at New York's World Fair a sealed copper-alloy cylinder, or "time capsule," containing articles representative of the present age.

It is to be dug up in 5000 years' time to give future humanity some idea of everyday life in 1938.

POKER chips, money, a news magazine and men's clothing are among the articles to go into the capsule.

It is a typical man-made concept of "representative articles." Why not a time-cylinder, twin of this one, to represent purely feminine interests?

The cynic may object that such a capsule would be crammed with useless articles of adornment and feminine vanity. This is to forget that the present era has evolved the girl athlete and the business woman, as well as the modern mother and housewife, and surely articles typifying these wide feminine interests are as worthy "time-burial" as those favored by men.

Even if the capsule-contents were limited to lipstick, rouge, eye-shadow, face-creams, mascara, and, say, glare-glasses, these would be of intense interest to the woman of A.D. 6938.

One can realise this by noting the crowds of women who recently thronged to see the British Museum exhibition of toilet vanities of the woman of 5000 years ago.

Beauty Outfit

THESE articles were taken from excavations in Egypt and at Ur of the Chaldees (perhaps the oldest city known).

From Ur came a "beauty outfit"—a set of cockle-shells containing face-paint, and jars of face-cream. From Egypt came palettes for paint, and a complete vanity-box; the latter contained a jar of night-cream, perfumed hair-oil, an ivory comb, pumice (for treating the skin), lip-paint, red nail-enamel, and (most elaborate of all) an eye-shadow set.

Just now, when modern woman has adopted red nail-enamel and eye-shadow as the latest fashion, it is curious to find that these are rediscoveries of the woman's vanity-box of 5000 years ago.

SUPPOSE we placed a modern toilet-set in the 1938 woman's "time capsule," what else should go into it to give the woman of 6938 a line on Eve-of-to-day?

The articles would of necessity, need to be small. One could not include, for instance, an electric

World's Oldest Permanent Wave

By Air Mail from London.

A 3000-YEAR-OLD permanent wave was exhibited at the Women's Fair in London recently. Its wearer had been a princess in the Palace of the Queen of Sheba, and the mummy was discovered by Count Byron de Prorok, the famous explorer, in a tomb in the deserts of south-east Yemen, Arabia.

The princess had died at the age of 32. Her hair was dyed vivid red, and had been permanently waved in tight curls.

Around the mummy were vanity cases containing four kinds of make-up, eyebrow tweezers, nail files, ivory hair-pins, and mirrors.

washing machine to typify present-day domesticity; but there might be room for a typewriter or adding-machine, to typify avocations of the modern business-girl.

If vacuum-sealed to prevent decay one might include a woman's novel, a modern evening gown plus dancing-sandals, a cocktail glass, baby's booties, platinum wrist-watch, records of a woman's club or association, portrait of a film star, and a tennis-racquet.

The list grows complex, and also humorous, as one realises the paradoxical age modern woman lives in. And when the cylinder is opened, no one can say whether the woman of A.D. 6938 will stare curiously or just rock with laughter.

For no one knows what the woman of 5000 years ahead will be like. Some feminists say she will be indistinguishable from man and share his avocations and dress. H. G. Wells, who is coming to Australia, predicts the woman of 5000 years ahead alike in emotions and character to the woman of to-day, though by A.D. 21,000 she was a small brainless doll.

And 5000 years backward from the present (as ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia show) women were, at least in love of adornment and attitude to the male sex, similar to those of to-day.

if it's bath luxuries
MORNY
for choice



Known all over the World for fine quality and fidelity of perfume. Morny Bath Luxuries, Soaps, Face Bath Salts, Bath Essences. In a choice of fragrances, tinted to your Bathroom colour scheme.

CHAMINADE • FRENCH
GARDENIA • JUNE ROSE
PINK LILAC • TENTATION

MORNY, REGENT STREET, LONDON
The Home of British Perfumery

Timely Attention Checks Development of Disease

It is well known in medical circles that many serious diseases develop from the most simple of causes, and of which can be obviated by attention.

Simple disorder of the kidneys has been found to be the most common cause of many painful and costly diseases. The correct function of the kidneys is the filtration from the blood of waste poisons and impurities to form through the decay of the body. If the kidneys are diseased, the poisons remain in the blood stream and upset the entire system, eventually causing Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, Gravel, Digestive Troubles.

The remedy for these complications, therefore, lies in the restoration of the kidneys to their correct working order, the best known course being Warner's Safe Cure, the sixty-year-old remedy for all kidney and liver disorders. A lady user from Philadelphia writes: "For years I suffered with pain in the back, legs and knees, and was so bad that I could scarcely get about my daily duties. After trying many medicines, I procured Warner's Safe Cure and after taking only a few bottles all the pain was gone."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in convenient form (non-alcoholic) at 2/6, and the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, and the true cause, which is Gout in the blood. No more burning of joints, more hypodermic injections. This discovery, Mendocino, starts in each minute, killing the Germ cause of disease, who refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly at night, eat anything, and work and live. Mendocino is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, any business hours, and to stop your Aches and Pains in 2 days or money back on your empty package. Get Mendocino from Chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute, guarantee protects you.

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an Asthma physician, it is now possible to get rid of the terrible spells of choking, coughing and wheezing Asthma is the true cause, which is Gout in the blood. No more burning of joints, more hypodermic injections. This discovery, Mendocino, starts in each minute, killing the Germ cause of disease, who refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly at night, eat anything, and work and live. Mendocino is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, any business hours, and to stop your Aches and Pains in 2 days or money back on your empty package. Get Mendocino from Chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute, guarantee protects you.

THE MOVIE WORLD

November 26, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1. LESLIE HOWARD, surrounded by spectators, superintends the first step in the business of making a lady out of Eliza Dolittle, Cockney flower girl. She is being beautified.

2. IMPROVED version of Eliza, Wendy Hiller, with her creator. At first his interest in her is purely scientific.



3. EXPERIMENT is tested. Introduced at an ambassadorial function as a Russian princess, Eliza is a huge success.

4. STILL in the experimental stage, Eliza receives tuition from the professor. Scott Sunderland looks on.

5. ELIZA in her home environment. She longs to be a lady, becomes a willing victim to Howard's experiment.

MOVIEDOM GOSSIP

Errol Flynn Rallies

ERROL FLYNN was critically ill for a week. At first it was thought to be a touch of influenza, but the illness developed into pneumonia.

His good friends, David Niven and the Earl of Warwick, were ready to offer their blood for a transfusion, but Errol took a turn for the better. He is now completely recovered.

Lili Damita, his wife, was in New York ready to sail for Europe when she heard the news, and deferred her departure until Errol was declared out of danger.

Death of Conway Tearle

THE most important people in movies turned out for the funeral of Conway Tearle, matinee idol of pre-war years. Yet these many years he was unable to get satisfactory film work.

His last real success was on the Broadway stage in "Dinner at Eight" when he played the passive actor who committed suicide.

He got his first important lead in "Ben Hur" in 1910, when he appeared in "Ben Hur".

He has played opposite such actresses as Ethel Barrymore, Grace George and Tallulah Bankhead.

Adelle Rowland, his wife, was at his side when he died. He had two former wives. He was sixty years old.

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

Romance Resumed

EVERYONE was surprised when Tyrone Power made the rounds of the night clubs with Sonja Henie recently. These two had been seen together constantly for a whole year, until Tyrone transferred his attentions to Janet Gaynor.

Janet, meanwhile, is radiantly happy. Her marriage to Adrian, fashion expert at M.-G.-M., should shortly take place.

Hedy's New Venture

HEDY LAMARR will make her next screen appearance opposite Spencer Tracy in "New York Cinderella." M.-G.-M. was anxious to co-star her with Clark Gable in "New Orleans," but that will have to wait until Gable finishes his many other assignments. Fannie Brice will have a comedy role in the new film.

GOOD QUEEN BETTE

WARNERS have set writers to work upon preparing a screen biography of Queen Elizabeth. They plan to cast Bette Davis in the title role, with Errol Flynn as Essex. Miss Davis and Flynn were teamed together in "The Sisters."

Lucky Escape

DOLORES DEL RIO has the distinction of having her portrait painted by Diego Rivera, the great Mexican painter, famous for his murals.

Dolores, just back from Mexico, tells how Rivera begged her to stay just one more day so that he could make a few last changes in the portrait, but she was determined to take the train on which she had booked reservations.

If she had yielded to the artist's pleadings, she would have been on a train which was wrecked with great loss of life.

To Please Australia

STORY trouble is delaying production on Hal Roach's Australian epic, "Captain Midnight." The original script showed the hero as a gallant bushranger, in the Robin Hood tradition.

But the studio was told that a picture dealing with bushranging would not be well received in Australia, so scenario writers are busy making alterations.

A studio representative said: "Our main concern is to please Australia with the picture, and we're willing to make any necessary changes for that purpose."

Shaw's "Pygmalion" on Screen

WITH THE HELP of its famous author, George Bernard Shaw's famous comedy, "Pygmalion," comes to the screen with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller in the leading roles. It is the story of a professor who, in a scientific spirit, sets to work to make a lady out of an illiterate Cockney flower girl. What happens when the experiment is over provides the climax to the story. Gaumont-British release.

End of Opera "Cycle"

THE operatic cycle which started with Grace Moore's film debut in "One Night of Love" seems to have reached an end. Grace Moore and Lily Pons have left Hollywood and have no pictures on their programmes at present. Gladys Swarthout is going into a straight dramatic role without singing in "Ambush," a gangster picture. Jeanette MacDonald is as busy as ever, but she was established before the opera vogue arrived, and did not come to Hollywood as an opera star.

Martha Forgoes Glamor

WIDE-MOUTHED comedienne Martha Raye has given up the idea of being a glamor girl. Recently Martha asked the studio to let her forgo slapstick and go in for more restrained characterisations, but after receiving many fan letters begging her to keep to the amusing, if somewhat noisy, comedy that made her famous, Martha has decided to forget about glamor. She'll return to work immediately after her honeymoon with song-writer David Rose.

Farewelling Kay Francis

IT was a sad and touching moment when Kay Francis made her exit from the Warner lot. Her make-up man, hairdresser, and others who have worked with her gave her an exquisitely wrought jewel box specially made for the ruby and topaz necklace presented to her by her fiancé, Baron Barnekow.

Kay's dressing-room was the most elaborate on the lot, and it has been taken over by Bette Davis. Bette used to have just one small old-fashioned room, but now she has a living-room, bedroom, kitchen and bath.

Can't Spank Shirley

IN deference to the wishes of her fans, Shirley Temple will receive no spankings in her future pictures. According to character-actress Mary Nash, who played the hard-hearted governess in "Heidi," hundreds of fans have written to her and to the studio protesting against the scene in which Miss Nash slapped Shirley.

Because of these letters a scene in the new film, "Little Princess," in which Miss Nash was to administer a spanking to Shirley, is being cut out of the script.

British Bid for Talent

ENGLISH STUDIOS ARE ADDING TO THEIR STOCK BY BORROWING MAJOR HOLLYWOOD PLAYERS.

It is not long since Hollywood greedily snatched at every potential player discovered in the English studios. Promises of bigger salaries, more constant work and wider publicity were the irresistible baits held out to the British discoveries.

In that way England lost Madeleine Carroll, Freddie Bartholomew, Binnie Barnes, Herbert Marshall, Elissa Landi, Laurence Olivier, Charles Laughton, George Sanders, Virginia Field and many others.

But now England is not only building up a star system that is becoming more invulnerable every day, but she is also drawing largely from the camp of her friendly enemy—Hollywood.

With the possible exception of Richard Greene, whom Hollywood discovered for itself acting on the English stage, the American producers have not acquired a British player for some considerable time.

On the other hand British studios recently have welcomed back to the fold several of their prodigal children in the persons of English Leslie Howard, Victor McLaglen, Olive Brook, George Sanders and C. Aubrey Smith. They have also borrowed for a time some genuine American stars, and some have stayed.

Permanent Residents

LESLIE HOWARD, who left Hollywood a year or so ago, promises to be a permanent resident in England from now on. He still has several pictures to make under his Warner Brothers contract, but, encouraged by the success of "Pygmalion," which he recently completed, Howard is talking freely about forming his own production company.

He has gone so far as to ask Diana Wynyard (who declined to follow up her big success in "Cavalcade") to co-star with him in a new film on which he and Anthony Asquith have collaborated.

Another British actor who is now permanently in England to live and make films is Olive Brook. Brook has wanted to quit Hollywood for years, but a lengthy contract and a healthy salary bound him too firmly to his work there. When the contract expired Brook sold his lovely home in Beverly Hills and shipped his family and belongings back home—to stay.

No actor is more sadly missed in Hollywood than English Charles Laughton, now back in English films to stay and determinedly refusing all offers to return to the American movie colony.

He has just completed "Good-bye Mr. Chips," and is getting ready for a new film, "The Lost World."

M.-G.-M. are trying their best to get him to return to Hollywood to make a sequel to "The Mutiny on the Bounty," but so far without success.

Nobody was more delighted to return to England—if only for a short while—than Victor McLaglen, who went over to play in Gracie Fields' "We're Going to Be Rich." McLaglen has not been in England since making "Ben Turpin," one of the earliest British talking pictures.

Among the most recent arrivals in England are C. Aubrey Smith for "Four Feathers" and "60 Glorious Years," and Virginia Field and George Sanders who will do "Husbands Beware" at Denham.

When Sally Eilers, Constance Cummings, Theima Todd and several other comparatively unim-



● June Lang, latest Hollywood recruit for English pictures. She is now in England, playing the leading role in a new film, "So This is London."

portant American players were engaged by British studios several years ago it was NEWS. To-day a constant stream of American talent is tripping across the Atlantic.

One of the biggest breaks for British films was getting Robert Taylor over to play in "A Yank at Oxford." Taylor is the most important star to come to England for a picture.

And, of course, with him went Maureen O'Sullivan, the Irish lass, who, however, had never before made a film in England.

Marlene Dietrich is another major Hollywood star who went to England to make a film. She was paid a colossal amount to make "Knight Without Armour," with Robert Donat.

Dietrich makes no secret of the fact that she would very much like to make another British picture, but her exorbitant salary demands could never be met by the English producers.

Present at the moment in the various British studios are quite a number of well-known Hollywood players. Jon Hall, who made such a hit in "The Hurricane," has been loaned to Alexander Korda for "The Thief of Bagdad."



Kenny Baker has just finished "The Mikado," in which he plays the role of Nanki-Poo.

Rosalind Russell is finishing "The Citadel." Jack Whiting, who appeared with Jessie Matthews in "Sailing Along," and returned to Hollywood for a film with Paramount, is back in London and will probably appear in Jessie's next film.

June Lang has the leading role in "So This is London." Mary Maguire is in Gracie Fields' new film, "Keep Smiling," and so is Asta, that famous pup of "The Thin Man" and other films.

Yes, England is fast becoming the mecca for movie talent. Bebe

Daniels and Ben Lyon have been in London making pictures for the smaller companies for some time. Their latest together is "Not Wanted on Voyage." Roland Young and Brian Donlevy have just returned to Hollywood after appearing in "Sailing Along" and "We're Going To Be Rich," respectively.

June Knight, famous Broadway musical comedy star, and well known on the American screen, recently completed "Break the News," with Maurice Chevalier (who went over from France for the occasion).

June Clyde, another one-time Hollywood actress, is so charmed

with England that she has bought a lovely old English home where she plans to settle down permanently.

Dividing their time between Hollywood and England are Marjorie Oberon, who has a two-way contract with Samuel Goldwyn and Alexander Korda, and Annabella, who has a similar agreement to make pictures in Hollywood for 20th Century-Fox and in England for New World Productions. Annabella will appear in "Let's Go to Paris" and "Frenchy" before returning to Hollywood. Miss Oberon is to make two films for Korda after finishing her present Goldwyn assignment "Wuthering Heights."



● American athlete Jon Hall, who made a hit in "The Hurricane." He has signed up with Alexander Korda, English producer, to make "The Thief of Bagdad" in England.

By JOAN McLEOD
from Hollywood

They Grew Up In Pictures

POPULAR CHILD PLAYERS OF
YESTERYEAR WHO HAVE REACHED
THEIR MATURITY ON THE SCREEN

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, Deanna Durbin, Freddie Bartholomew, and other child stars are growing up successfully on the screen — because movie producers have discovered the entertainment value of the adolescent.

But in the past, infant prodigies were paid off as soon as they began to grow up unless they could assume long skirts or trousers at a phenomenally early age.

A few, however, managed to stay on the screen and win adult laurels.

Among these is Anita Louise, now only twenty-one. She has been playing in pictures for fifteen years, and has literally grown up on the screen—from a charming baby star into one of Hollywood's loveliest and most promising ingenues.

Anita was born in New York City on January 9, 1917. The ethereal beauty possessed by Anita to-day is a heritage from her toddling days.

At five years she had already become an unusual photographic type, and she was kept busy posing for magazine covers. At the age of six she made her first picture, appearing with famous personalities of the silent screen

MITZI GREEN'S COMEBACK . . .

DO you remember Mitzi Green, the quaint little bob-haired child impersonator in films a few years back?

When she entered her teens she retired from the screen and went into vaudeville. Last year, aged seventeen, and quite sophisticated, she returned to Hollywood with a contract to make a singing and dancing film.

But film musicals were out of fashion, Mitzi's picture was cancelled, and several months ago she packed up and went back to Broadway. She is now scoring new success as a dancer and singer in vaudeville.

in the persons of Charlotte Walker, Edmund Breese, and William Faversham in "The Sixth Commandment."

Then she appeared in "Lend Me Your Husband," and followed that with an outstanding performance with Alec B. Francis in "The Music Master."

When she was nine she played opposite a boy star of the day, Philip deLacey, in "Square Shoulders," and the next year was with him in "Four Devils."

At 11 she played the wife of Neil Hamilton, and 11 months later appeared in another picture with Hamilton—this time as his daughter.

Anita has been wavering like that between childhood and maturity on the screen ever since. She has played parts in which she has been a very serious housewife, and followed them with another 12-year-old characterisation.

Anita has been child and sister to nearly every other woman star on her "home" lot, Warner Bros.

Some of her films include "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Story of Louis Pasteur," "Anthony Adverse," "Green Light," "Call it a Day," "The Go-Getter," "That Certain Woman," "First Lady," and "Tovarich."

Her latest role is as Bette Davis' sister in "The Sisters."

Madge Evans is another former child star who became an adult screen actress. She, however, has not made a picture for some time.

Her latest was "Pennies from Heaven."

sitting on a huge cake of soap with her legs dangling was Madge's introduction to her public. She posed for the original fairy in the famous soap advertisement: "Have you a Fairy in your home?"

That was at the age of two, and she became famous throughout the country as the "Fairy Soap" baby.

Shortly afterwards she sponsored the Madge Evans hats for little girls, and still receives royalty cheques from this source. She was also the inspiration for the illustrations in a series of books for children.

She got her first opportunity to act when a film executive, in 1917, asked her mother if she could play in a picture. She appeared in several shorts, and her first full-length picture was "Sudden Riches," with Robert Warwick as star.

She played child parts with such favorites as Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, Montagu Love, and Holbrook Blinn. At the age of thirteen she was leading lady opposite John Barrymore in "Peter Ibbetson"—an experience which stands out in her memory because it was her first mature role. At fourteen she played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates."

After the Barthelmess picture she was given a stage contract, and made her Broadway debut at the age of seventeen. Stage plays include "Conquering Male," "Dread," "Our Betters," "The Marquis," and "Phillip Goes Forth." This last play brought her a new long-term contract in Hollywood.

Since returning to the screen she has played in over twenty pictures, including "Dinner at Eight," "David Copperfield," "Exclusive Story," opposite Franchot Tone, and "Piccadilly Jim" with Robert Montgomery.

Johnny Downs, youthful Paramount actor and dancer, was also a former child star.

He was born in 1915 and crashed Hollywood in 1921. His mother curled his hair and adorned him with large Lord Fauntleroy collars and

Veteran at Twenty-One

Lovely Anita Louise, Warner Bros. star, who is one of the few child actors to win adult screen laurels. She has been appearing in pictures without a break since she was five years old. Her latest film is "The Sisters."

took him to interview producers. But it was not for a year that he got his first job in a series of short comedies.

After that things became easier. He worked with Jack Dempsey and Noah Beery, and later played in a series of Glenn Tryon and Charley Chase comedies.

This proximity to comedians got him in touch with Hal Roach, then scouting talent for his first "Our Gang" series, and Johnny became the original juvenile in those early films, and later won the title of "The All-American Boy."

Finally outgrowing these roles, he played in "The Trail of '88," "The Crowd," and "The Valley of the Giants."

After this film he clipped his hair short, put on long trousers, and toured the country in vaudeville.

He appeared in various Broadway comedies,

and in 1936 signed a contract with Paramount which has given him a series of singing, dancing, and romantic roles. Some of these include "College Holiday," "Pigskin Parade," "The Plainsman," "Turn Off the Moon," and "Thrill of a Lifetime."

Most former child stars who leave the screen and attempt a comeback when they have grown up, however, meet with little success.

Jackie Coogan has tried on several occasions unsuccessfully for film work since he grew up, and is now earning his living in vaudeville and by personal appearances.

Wesley Barry, another famous child star of the silent era, now leads a jazz orchestra. The public which acclaimed him was aloof when he attempted to re-emerge as a mature actor.

"Baby" Peggy Montgomery, as popular as Shirley Temple in her day, at seventeen unsuccessfully tried a comeback. Now she is married.

Ben Alexander, who starred as a child in the "Buster Brown" series, skyrocketed for a moment in "All Quiet on the Western Front," then gradually disappeared from public view.

When child stars retire in their adolescent years they rarely make successful comebacks. It seems it is only when they manage to grow up on the screen that they can achieve stardom as adults.



ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO—Gary Cooper good in pasteboard spectacle set in medieval China. (United Artists.)

♦♦♦ **ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD**—Smashing action entertainment in technicolor, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland. (Warners.)

♦♦♦ **ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND**—All Irving Berlin's famous tunes share stardom with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and Don Ameche in an orchestra story which covers years of entertainment history. (Fox.)

♦♦♦ **ALGIERS**—Brilliant and sometimes brutal drama of French criminal in African hide-out, with Charles Boyer and beautiful Hedy LaMarr. (United Artists.)

ALL-AMERICAN SWEETHEART. College rows to victory. (Columbia.)

AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Edward G. Robinson in oddly effective mixture of science and crime. (Warners.)

♦♦ **BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE**—Rousing Western, stars Wallace Beery, Virginia Bruce. (M.-G.-M.)

BARONESS AND THE BUTLER—Annabella disappointing in plushy story of Hungarian politics. William Powell grand. (M.-G.-M.)

BAR 20 JUSTICE—Hopalong Cassidy saves gold mine, and "Windy" supplies good comedy. (Paramount.)

♦♦ **BLOCKADE**—Vivid scenes of Spanish war suffering, plus routine spy drama, with Madeleine Carroll. (United Artists.)

BOOLOO—Jungle monkeys and melodrama. (Elliott Special.)

♦♦ **BREAK THE NEWS**—Maurice Chevalier and Jack Buchanan teamed in unexpectedly straight

PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Guide to All Films]

★★ Two stars—
above average
★★★ Three stars—
excellent

comedy of publicity-seeking chorus men (G.B.D.)

BREAKING THE ICE—Another for Bobby Breen's fans, with ice- skating by baby Irene Dare. (R.K.O.)

BRINGING UP BABY—Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn, and leopard in another crazy comedy. (R.K.O.)

BROADWAY MUSKETEERS—Ann Sheridan, Margaret Lindsay, Marie Wilson meet melodrama. (Warners.)

CALL OF THE YUKON—Don't bother to answer. (B.E.F.)

CASSIDY OF BAR 20—Season's poorest in series. (Paramount.)

CHASER—Newcomer Dennis O'Keefe in fair racket drama. (M.-G.-M.)

♦♦ **COCOANUT GROVE**—Attractive comedy, with tunes, of a dance-band Hollywood-bound. Fred MacMurray with baton. (Paramount.)

CONDEMNED WOMAN—Frank, rank, and effective crime melodrama. (Monogram.)

♦♦ **COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN**. Rowdy, musical fun for an unusually comic Dick Powell, Priscilla Lane, and Pat O'Brien. (Warners.)

CRIME OF DR. HALLETT—Mediocre melodrama of tropical medicine. (Columbia.)

♦♦ **CROWD ROARS**—Tough, exciting boxing drama, presenting grand ring scenes, and Bob Taylor as a fighter from the slums. (M.-G.-M.)

♦♦ **DAD AND DAVE COME TO TOWN**—Bert Bailey goes to town in

modern, streamlined plot to mix city business with his own rich brand of broad humor. (Cinesound.)

DANGER ON THE AIR—A murder to miss. (Universal.)

DEVIL'S PARTY—Gangster plot for Vic McLaglen. (Universal.)

♦♦ **DIVORCE OF LADY X**—Saucy comedy, with witty lines, involving Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier in London scandal. (United Artists.)

♦♦♦ **THE DRUM**—Thrilling adventure on the north-west frontier, with Indian star Sabu, an excellent English cast, and an A. E. W. Mason plot. (London Films.)

ESCAPE BY NIGHT—Country life reforms crooks. (Republic.)

FLIGHT INTO NOWHERE—Jack Holt controls plane. (Columbia.)

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL—Pointless Parisian romance for Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet. (Warners.)

♦♦ **FOUR DAUGHTERS**—A "different" film details life and loves of a charming household, which includes the Lane sisters, and two



♦ **SISTERS** Lola, Rosemary, and Priscilla Lane, who are screen sisters also in Warner Brothers' drama, "Four Daughters."

newcomers—engaging Jeffry Lynn; brilliant John Garfield. (Warners.)

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Rowdy musical set in luxury hotel: Pat O'Brien out-talks cast. (Warners.)

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Different type of crime melodrama. (Warners.)

♦♦ **GLADIATOR**—Funny Joe E. Brown in funnier farce, with Man Mountain Dean. (Columbia.)

GO CHASE YOURSELF—Joe Penner, more and less comic. (R.K.O.)

♦♦ **GOLDWYN FOLLIES**—Technicolor musical with brilliant fooling by Ritz Brothers, beautiful dancing by Zorina. (United Artists.)

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Rudy

Vallee sings three hit tunes, and Hugh Herbert toasts in gorgeous fooling. (Warners.)

♦♦ **GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT**—Stirring saga of ranchers against gold miners in old California, starring George Brent and Olivia de Havilland. (Warners.)

GREAT GARBICK—18th century satirical comedy, features Brian Aherne. (Warners.)

♦♦ **HOLIDAY**—Throws a new and charming light on romance involving two wealthy sisters and one poor young man. Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn the lucky—and likeable—stars. (Columbia.)

(Continued on next page.)

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— 831 said stockings !

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PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Film Guide—CONTINUED]

NEW THIS WEEK

Spawn of the North

(Best Release of the Week)

A BIG sprawling lusty picture grabs its theme from the Alaskan fishing industry, and sets its melodrama against wide bay and glacier. The friendship between Henry Fonda and George Raft and the feud between Fonda and fish-plate Akim Tamiroff make the theme.

Director Henry Hathaway, exulting in the adventure, finds time to cool upon the men's romances—Fonda loves Louise Platt, a plain girl awaiting young actress, and Raft has a bickering love for Dorothy Lamour.

Sergetic onlookers, John Barrymore and Lynne Overmann, represent the fishing-town civilians, adding inevitable civilisation to what Barrymore calls "the last frontier."

The gutsy humor of the opening sequences—shared by a pet seal—gives way to smashing action when the ice-shedding fishers set out to break the pirates, and director Hathaway shows the spectacular close which has made such other big-budgeted films as "Souls at Sea."

Two-star entertainment, which would have swept into the three-star class if it had been cut more ruthlessly, "Spawn of the North" has had magnificent production by Paramount.

The realism of the sea and glacier scenes and the power behind the action had been caught in superb photography. As to the cast—Akim Tamiroff takes the honors from the young men, and Barrymore steals every scene in which he appears.

LATEST RELEASES

Challenge—Alpine adventure, based on the first ascent of the Matterhorn, with some magnificent film and photography, and especially straightforward acting from Lila Trenker and Robert Douglas.

Guests—Immigrants detained on New York's Ellis Island provide half-comic interwoven dramas, with some like Maurice Moscovitch making appeal from innocents like Alice Whelan.

Good-bye Broadway—Alice Brady and Charles Winninger struggle between laughter and tears in an average comedy drama.

Head to Head—Madcap comedy, funny in patches, features the efforts of John O'Hara de Havilland to punish a pompous merchant Dick Powell for making her work off a petrol debt.

Wanted on Voyage—The return of film favorites of ten years ago. Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels are only interesting feature to this tedious thriller.

Wish Me—Elli Laurel, with one gloriously funny scene. Otherwise average Laurel and Hardy, with musical comedy accompaniment.

We Go Next—Finely acted, gritty setting drama of British army escape from German concentration camp, with personal tragedy in a minor key. Barry K. Harrison outstanding.

Who's a Crowd—Some uproarious comedy spiced a romantic change of partners which involves an imposter. Errol Flynn, a sprightly comedian, an appealing O'Hara de Havilland, and a bewildered Alice Keyes.

Jungle Love—Ray Milland, Dorothy Lamour and a chimpanzee in a comedy.

That Kiss—Pleasant romance between Maureen O'Sullivan and comedian Dennis O'Keefe, with some trimmings from small comic Mickey Rooney.

HURRICANE—Exciting and tender story of a South Sea island fugitive culminates in the screen's biggest and most breath-taking storm.

Law—A University professor sets out to smash the racketeers, and succeeds with unconventional and entertaining skulduggery. Edward G. Robinson is on the right track for more.

Million—Good farce idea based on wide-eyed whinsey comedy a former search for a million-dollar tramp disguise.

It's a Grand Old World—Ecuberant Lancashire comedian Sandy Powell makes poor film passable.

Jezebel—Bette Davis superb as the callous belle in old and lovely New Orleans, who is conquered only by yellow-fever.

Josette—Simone Simon's last Hollywood picture, and least.

Judge Hardy's Children—Lovable comedy from well-known series with Lewis Stone grand.

Jury's Secret—Just another crime drama.

Kentucky Moonshine—Laughs and lunacy from Ritz Brothers, who burlesque everything, from hillbillies to Snow White.

Kidnapped—Sugary travesty of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous adventure, with Warner Baxter an aged Alan Breck, and Freddie Bartholomew a petulant David.

Lady In The Morgue—Muddle of a murder.

Last Gangster—Edward G. Robinson again plays terrorising gunman, with newcomer Rose Stradner unusually effective.

LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—Paul Mun's penetrating and brilliant biography of the great French novelist and Dreyfus case.

Live, Love, and Learn—Lovely acting by Rosalind Russell and Robert Montgomery in comedy mood.

Love Finds Andy Hardy—Latest and best in Judge Hardy Family series. Mickey Rooney, assisted by Judy Garland, separates Christmas holiday romances.

Love, Honor, and Behave—Bette Davis and Leslie Howard take a slap at conceited stage-stars.

Mademoiselle Docteur—Spy drama set largely in Salonika, with oddly-effective atmosphere, and pretty effective performances from Dita Parlo and your old friend, Eric von Stroheim.

MARIE ANTOINETTE—Norma Shearer, lovely, emotional, charming, returns in a blaze of glory and a stupendous period drama. Film follows career of French Queen from girlhood to guillotine: lays forceful emphasis upon romance, realism, and human appeal; and allows a group of Hollywood's finest character actors to be outshone by English Robert Morley as Louis XVI. Whole production glitters.

Maytime—Lovely songs for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in sheer romance which reveals fated love of famous opera singer—and gives John Barrymore brilliant supporting role.

Meet The Girls—Uninteresting introduction to new comedy series.

Men Are Such Fools—Young Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris as newly-weds.

Merrily We Live—Antics of an eccentric household; not very funny. Constance Bennett and Brian Aherne starred.

My Dear Miss Aldrich—Veteran Edna May Oliver scores in feeble film.

Nurse From Brooklyn—Sally Eilers efficient in more or less efficient melodrama.

OWD BOB—England's best for some time, this staunchly human sheep-dog yarn is set in the wilds of the Cumberlands. Will Fyfe outstanding for his shrewd study of a wily Scots shepherd.

Painted Desert—George O'Brien and a Western gold-mine.

Panama's Bad Man—Smith Balow's best Western and Stanley Fields' comedy chance.

Paradise for Two—English musical frolic with Jack Hulbert and Patricia Ellis.

Parnell—Unfortunate attempt to cast Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in period drama.

Peg o' My Heart—Revival of one of Marion Davies' most successful pictures.



• FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW escorts Judy Garland to a Hollywood preview. They are working together on the new MGM film, "Listen, Darling."

Perfect Crime—but not a perfect film.

Perfect Specimen—Joyful tale of sheltered heir with Errol Flynn and Joan Blondell.

Personal Secretary—Stupid story of astrology and murder, with William Gargan.

Port of Seven Seas—Human story of Marseilles waterfront, with unusual cast headed by Wallace Beery, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Frank Morgan.

President's Mystery—Henry Wilcoxon scores in ingenious story, simply told, of millionaire who deliberately disappears into small-town business.

Pride of the West—Fine example of the Hopalong Cassidy series, has a new twist to old coach-robbery theme, a lively Bill Boyd, and an even livelier George Hayes ("Windy").

Rage of Paris—Introduces captivating French Danielle Darrieux in gay comedy, supported by Douglas Fairbanks, Jun. Mischa Auer, Helen Broderick.

Rascals—An irrepressible Jane Withers plus a gipsy band, and Borrah Minevitch and his harmonica players.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—Shirley Temple sparkles in a streamlined musical version of the old Kate Douglas Wiggin story, and Randolph Scott gives neat assistance.

Reckless Living—F.a.q. race-track story for Nan Grey and Robert Wilcox.

Renegade Rangers—George O'Brien takes trail.

Renfrew of the Mounted—Foil Canadian counterfeiter, James Newill lifts a rich baritone.

Rich Man, Poor Girl—Aimless comedy romance; Lew Ayres scores.

Road to Reno—L. A. R. Wyllie's romantic drama altered out of recognition into a comedy with lavish farce touches. Randolph Scott and Hope Hampton.

ROMANCE FOR THREE—Delightful comedy set in Alpine resort, with mistaken identity the plot, and Frank Morgan the genial lead. Robert Young and Florence Rice handle the romance.

Rosalie—Lavish but heavily-moving musical. Nelson Eddy's voice, Eleanor Powell's feet, Frank Morgan's fooling just compensate.

Rose of the Rio Grande—Swashbuckling musical romance. Dominated by baritone John Carroll, as a Mexican Robin Hood. Movita charming.

Rose of Tralee—English Binkie Stuart and Irish tunes.

Safety in Numbers—Jones Family outwits visiting swindlers.

Saint in New York—New type of detective thriller, based on the Leslie Charteris books, with Louis Hayward making an attractive rogue. Killings abound.

Scrappier—Plain and pathetic tale of small town's bad boy gives Mickey Rooney chance to show how sincerely he can act when he wants to.

Screen Test—Semi feature-length film on Hollywood try-outs has had Australian section added by Charles Chauvel.

Sea Racketeers—Moderate thrills while coastguards trail smugglers and romance.

Secrets of an Actress—Kay Francis and Ian Hunter in another misunderstood drama.

Shadow—Second-rate murder in sixth-rate circus.

Shopworn Angel—Poignant drama of Broadway actress, manager friend, and an idealistic private, in 1917 New York. Jimmy Stewart, Margaret Sullivan fine.

Sing, You Sinners—Pleasantly mad tale about pleasantly mad family consisting of Fred MacMurray, Bing Crosby, and Elizabeth Patterson, with newcomers Ellen Drew, and Donald O'Connor added for very good measure. Plot moves from home-town to race-track, with cabarets thrown in.

Sky Giant—Richard Dix in a competent melodrama with aviation thrills.

Sky's the Limit—And so is this musical.

Slight Case of Murder—Broadly funny burlesque of gangsters. Edward G. Robinson takes off his own sinister self.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—Walt Disney's first feature-length cartoon, based on the well-known fairy tale, is sheer enchantment—and a new milestone in screen history.

South Riding—Sincere and staunch drama of English provincial life makes Ralph Richardson new star.

Speed To Burn—Thoroughly entertaining race-track drama, with Michael Whalen in the thick of things.

Stolen Heaven—Novel drama set to classical music tells how a band of jewel-thieves are reformed by an old concert pianist. Setting is Continental, stars Olympe Bradna, veteran Lewis Stone.

Strange Boarders—Tom Walls blends impudent entertainment with thrills of stolen political documents. French Renee Saint-Cyr is charming.

Student Doctors Can't Take Money—Cumbrousome title worst part of forceful melodrama, with Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck concerned.

Swing Your Lady—Breezy farce of hillbilly wrestlers, with Louise Fazenda.

Telephone Operator—Artless tale of noble-hearted switch girl ends up with a perilous flood. Judith Allen the complacent heroine.

TEST PILOT—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy in drama which zooms from romance on ground to thrills in the air. Fine shots of plane adventure.

Texans—Struggles of southern cattle-ranchers after the American Civil War, presented on grand and exciting scale. May Robson the best player.

This Way, Please—Unless you are a Buddy Rogers fan, ignore the invitation.

Thoroughbreds Don't Cry—Youthful comedy plus race-track drama. Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney lift picture from newcomer Ronald Sinclair.

(Continued on Next Page)



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures]

While Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, Robert Morley, John Barrymore, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut, Gladys George and scores of other players in "Marie Antoinette", are drawing capacity audiences to the St. James Theatre, Sydney...

While Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney, Terry Kilburn, Charles Coburn and Herbert Mundin are delighting Liberty Theatre, Sydney, picture-goers in "The Boy From Barnardo's"...

While Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, in "The Girl of the Golden West"; and Robert Taylor, Edward Arnold, Frank Morgan, Maureen O'Sullivan, William Gargan, Jane Wyman and Lionel Stander, in "The Crowd Roars"; and other great M-G-M stars in other great M-G-M pictures are entertaining audiences everywhere...

While these new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer releases are being enjoyed currently throughout the Commonwealth, we turn our thoughts to the immediate future. And here's what's coming:

Clark Gable and Myrna Loy—the King and Queen of the Screen—return again in the fastest, funniest, most thrilling picture of their career: "TOO HOT TO HANDLE".

Gable as a newswriter cameraman; Myrna as a dare-devil aviatrix; the world as a background for their adventures; Walter Pidgeon and Leo Carrillo as two of their care-free pals; Walter Connolly as "the boss"; these are but a few of the factors that make "Too Hot To Handle" such a grand entertainment. Watch for it; don't miss it!

Yours for the best in entertainment,
LEO, of M-G-M.

Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

If you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When cure is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment to-day.

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By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success.

"Thanks for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Eucrasy. He says he will never touch it again." writes a grateful woman.

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE, Booklet, and many Testimonials. Dept. E. EUCRASY CO., 207 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Here's Hot News From All the Studios!

JOY HOWARTH is seriously considering returning to Australia in a few months. In recent weeks she has received several attractive offers from Australia to appear on stage and screen. "I want to be quite sure of myself before I make any definite move," says Joy. "The thought of seeing my family again is most attractive, but it's a long trip and I don't want to get over there only to feel after a few weeks that I should be returning to Hollywood."

ERROL FLYNN has left the hospital, and will complete recuperation from his serious illness at Director Eddie Gouling's home in Palm Springs.

FUNNIEST sight in months was **Carole Lombard** zipping across the Selznick lot on the little motor scooter she uses for travelling between stage and dressing-room. She was clad in a long, shapeless hospital gown, her hair bound up in a towel turban.

HOLLYWOOD will soon boast another luxury night club, the grandest night-spot in the world. It will be called the Earl Carroll Cafe and will seat 1000 diners.

On an enormous revolving stage, dozens of gorgeous dancers will entertain the guests and two famous bands will furnish the dance music.

JOHN BARRYMORE is taking his wife, Elaine Barrie, to New York for a long-promised visit.

From **JOHN B. DAVIES**, New York; **BARBARA BOURCHIER**, Hollywood; and **JUDY BAILEY**, London.

Ice-Skating Vogue

ALL the male stars are going in for ice skating, not of choice, but because they have to. Robert Taylor and Jimmie Stewart will have to play ice hockey in "Hands Across the Border," in which they are both being teamed.

Clarke Gable also joins the ranks of ice artists, since he will appear as a professional hockey star in "The Great Canadian," which goes into production after "Idiot's Delight."

DURING the making of "Trailer Romance" Lucille Ball had to fall into a creek, get drenched with a fire hose, knocked down by a Great Dane dog, and drive an open car through a studio-made duststorm! She's now in bed nursing a record collection of bruises.

FOR the wig she wore in "Marie Antoinette," Norma Shearer had to have part of her hair shaved off, to give her that lofty brow effect. Now she is wearing a long page-boy bob with a bang. The heavy fringe on her forehead must remain until her hair grows in properly.

JOAN BLONDELL wants more time to play with her children, so she will not renew her contract with Warner Brothers.

BURGESS MEREDITH, the talented actor who achieved success in the stage and screen versions of "Winter set," is resuming his screen career in the male lead of MGM's "Spring Dance."

Lew Ayres gets another good chance with the second lead. Franchot Tone refused this role because he felt it was not suitable for him.

ADOLPHE MENJOU is famous as the world's best-dressed man, but the source of his inspiration is his wife—Verree Teasdale—who helps him select all his clothes. He seldom even buys a tie without his wife's approval.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT wears her very becoming "Zaza" hair-do off-stage.

WILLIAM WYLER, the famous director and former husband of Margaret Sullivan, and Margaret Tallichet were quietly married at Running Springs, California.

Margaret, a former stenographer, was discovered by Carole Lombard. It was her unusual beauty and charm that aroused Carole's interest and, through her, David Selznick's. Selznick set Margaret to studying dramatics, and she learned so well that she has been given the part of Scarlett O'Hara's younger sister in "Gone With the Wind."

BETTE DAVIS has moved back to her little house in Hollywood and, in accordance with the present-day vogue that husband and wife remain friends even though separated, her first guest was Harmon Nelson.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By **CHARLES BRUNO**



EVELYN KEYES' FILM CONTRACT TO **CECIL B. DEMILLE** GIVES HIM THE RIGHT TO SAY WHAT SHE MAY WEAR... HOW SHE MAY DO HER HAIR AND WITH WHOM SHE MAY GO OUT ON DATES!

WILLIAM CORSON, LOCKED IN AN ICE BOX FOR A SCENE IN "THE MAD MISS MANTON", KEPT WARM BY WEARING TWO SUITS OF UNDERWEAR... ONE OF WOOL... ONE OF CELLOPHANE.



DICK POWELL and **WALTER CATLETT** COULDN'T SING A DUET SONG ENOUGH TO SUIT THE DIRECTOR OF "GOING PLACES"... SO THE SCORE WAS REWRITTEN COMPLETELY OFF-KEY.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has persuaded Lawrence Olivier, popular English actor, to come to Hollywood, and appear opposite Merle Oberon in "Wuthering Heights." Olivier was in Hollywood some years ago, but made little impression. He will arrive in Hollywood in time to start work with Miss Oberon when she returns from a yachting jaunt to Ensenada, in Mexico.

GIGANTIC Victor McLaglen is the smallest of six brothers.

VIVIEN LEIGH, attractive little star of several English pictures, will probably come to Hollywood to play lead in Cecil de Mille's "Union Pacific." She probably will not remain in Hollywood for long, as her husband's law practice keeps him in England.

RICH—RED—RELIABLE



HORSE SHOE BRAND SALMON

This delectable summer dish, contains the freshness of Alaska, where it is caught and canned.

Paramount's "SPAWN OF THE NORTH," starring **DOROTHY LAMOUR**, brings a vivid picture of adventure amid iceberg-laden Alaskan waters, where men of steel risk their lives to supply the world's demand for **HORSE SHOE SALMON**.



FREE! One Salmon Recipe Book and a 10in. x 5in. Photo of **DOROTHY LAMOUR** Send your name and address, together with label from a 1lb. tin of **HORSE SHOE SALMON**, to Box 4306YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

When you see "SPAWN OF THE NORTH" think of **HORSE SHOE SALMON**.

PRIVATE VIEWS

(FILM GUIDE CONTINUED)

♦♦ **Three Blind Mice**—Synthetically sparkling comedy of three girls who plot to capture millionaire. Loretta Young, luxuriating in costly clothes, lets Blinnie Barnes steal show.

♦♦ **THREE COMRADES**—Beautifully haunting performance by **Margaret Sullivan** in heart-shaking drama of youth lost in a post-war world. **Franchot Tone**, **Robert Taylor**, and **Robert Young** all fine as the ex-soldiers.

♦♦ **Three Loves Has Nancy**—Breezy comedy of two New York men and one country girl, with Janet Gaynor scoring in a perky role, and **Robert Montgomery** sharing honors with **Franchot Tone**.

Thunder Trail—Melodrama of the mid-west, with **Gilbert Roland** romantic he-man.

♦♦ **Tovarich**—Suave comedy of Russian exiles in Paris, starring **Claudette Colbert**, **Charles Boyer**, and witty dialogue.

♦♦ **Toy Wife**—Lulise Rainer as frivolous belle of old New Orleans, who coquettes herself into tragedy. **Melvyn Douglas**, **Robert Young**, exquisite setting—for those who like tearful entertainment.

Trader Horn—Revival of African adventure film.

♦♦ **Tropic Holiday**—Mexico contributes gay tunes and settings to romances of **Dorothy Lamour** and **Ray Milland**, **Bob Burns** and **Martha Raye**. Comedy riotous.

Typhoon Treasure—Melodramatic Australian adventure filmed on **Barrier Reef** by **Noel Monkman**, remarkable for fine backgrounds and easy

acting by **Gwen Munro**, **Campbell Copelin**.

♦♦ **Valley of the Giants**—Peter B. Kyne's well-known story adapted to red-blooded drama of timber-sealing in California's redwoods country. **Wayne Morris** and **Claire Trevor** lead a fine cast.

Wallaby Jim of the Islands—George Houston sings and slashes through pearling melodrama.

Way Out West—Laurel and Hardy seek gold mine.

♦♦ **We're Going to Be Rich**—Robust drama with song, set in Australian and African goldfields, with **Gracie Fields**, **Victor McLaglen** and **Brian Donlevy**.

When G-Men Step In—Is time for the audience to step out.

White Banners—Uplift drama by author of "Green Light," with **Jackie Cooper** present.

♦♦ **Yank at Oxford**—Bubbling comedy made in England with **Bob Taylor**.

♦♦ **Yellow Jack**—How they conquered yellow fever down in Cuba, with Irish comedy from **Robert Montgomery**, ordinary comedy from **Buddy Ebsen**, and a serious view from **Virginia Bruce**.

You and Me—**Sylvia Sydney** and **George Raft** in uneven drama of young love on parole from American gaol.

Young Fugitives—Civil War veteran plays fairy godfather to boy and girl.

You're Only Young Once—Judge Hardy family on holiday.

♦♦ **Youth Takes a Fling**—Joel McCrea, with **Frank Jenks**, **Dorothy Kent** enlivens charming romance of girl who goes wooing her man. **Andrea Leeds** looks beautiful.

TIVOLI TWICE DAILY CHANG

2.30 and 8

Miracle Man of the East with his 30 workers in Magic; also **EMILE BOREO**, **PEG-LEG RATES**, **ROY BENE** ("MO") and **SADIE GALE**; also 80 on the stage.

Rinso WASHING SAFEGUARDS COLOURS



MAKE rich, lustrous Rinso ends and gives coloured articles, silks and woollens a few minutes' gentle treatment. Squeeze and swish around to loosen and remove the dirt. Don't rub, twist or wring. Rinse well and dry in the shade.

And for sparkling whites... the special **RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD**

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Light, uncrushable material.

SPORTS EYE SHADE

Cellophane wrappings make them ideal Christmas gifts. When winds blow an adjustable band over the top keeps your hair tidy and helps the shade to stay put. The peak extends to the back of the head, giving extra shade on both sides, and complete comfort. All white, white with green underlining, navy, canary, green. Price, **6/11**

On the air-conditioned Lower Ground Floor.



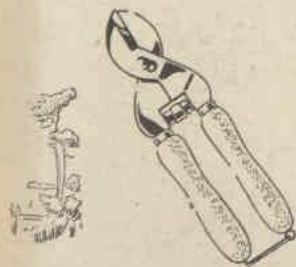
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is all for a

NEW BLOUSETTE

Two brand new styles in georgette blouses all priced at 4/11. In white, cream, pink, blue and hosts of others. Sizes SSW, W only. Worth far more than 4/11.

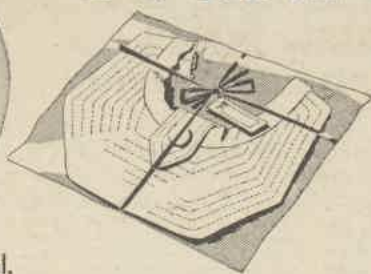
Blouses on Ground Floor.



FLOWER-CUTTING SNIPS

The 'De Luxe' pruning shears have an improved spring action with shaped polished wood handles to ensure comfort. The blades (which are made in Sheffield) have an excellent cutting edge. Now at **1/6**

On the Lower Ground Floor.
Country Carriage Extra.

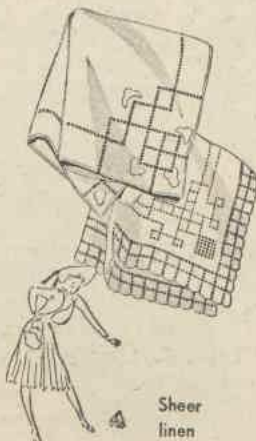


Boys and Girls.

ANNUALS

Give them annuals—they're always favourites... you can lay-by. Illustrated, Chums (12/-) and Chicks' Own (5/6). Others from 3/11 to 15/11.

Elevate to the Fourth Floor.
Country Carriage Extra.



Sheer
linen

HANKIES

Misty dainty hankies to slip in Christmas envelopes. Hand embroidered and hem-stitched, usually 1/11 each, now only 9/6 dozen. Applied Linens, usually 2/3 ea., now 12/6 doz.

On Ground Floor.

MAIL YOUR ORDERS to P.O. Box 497A.A., Sydney. Farmer's extends the same courteous attention to distant country customers that has built up a lasting reputation in the city.

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FROM AMERICA

Summer sauntering cottons

Fresh, unburied prettiness in hurricanes of heat... charming little-girl-crisp cottons, flowered like a meadow or gaily striped.

Dirndls, flowered or striped, in red/navy, blue/yellow, red/yellow, 32-38. Us. 15/11. Special 8/11

Striped Pet, high necked, with pleated skirt and a pocket, red/blue, green/yellow, 32-38. Special 7/11

Town or Country frock in several designs and colours, sizes 32-40. Usually 25/-, Special 13/11

Elevate to the Second Floor.

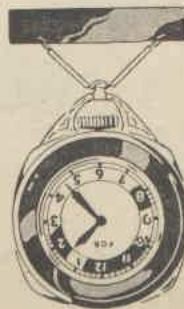
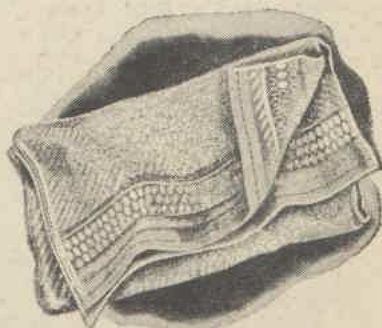
COME TO "SANTA CLAUS CAPTURED BY RED INDIANS" — Farmer's big Christmas Entertainment for Children in the Blaxland Galleries from Thursday, 1st December. Staged in a real Redskin atmosphere with the "Pony-whizz-around", the "Sioux Slide" and the "Iron Horse" to take you to Santa. See the "Last of the Mohicans" and the dozens of other surprises. Admission by docket, 8th Floor.

Christy Towels

THIRD OFF!

Soft thick pastel loveliness in towels such as only Christys can make, the ideal, original Christmas gift. They're monogrammed and cellophanned free.

23" x 45", usually 6/11. Now only 4/5.
30" x 52", usually 10/3. Now only 6/10.
40" x 58", usually 15/11. Now only 10/9.
Slightly imperfect. Elevate to First Floor.



WEAR A NEAT

American Fob

It's crazy but a whole lot of fun to wear one of these tiny little watch fobs that keep time perfectly. They look smart on the lapel of your suit, in pretty greens, reds, white or black. Lay-by one of these. Price just **27/6**

Art Jewellery on Ground Floor.



ISABEL AND JEAN PORTUS, identical twins, of Wahroonga. We're sure of this picture, because we can see Isabel's tooth that identifies her.

Introducing the Switch-is-Switch Girls!

Twenty-year-old Twins Have a "Double" Life

It's fun being twins.

Isabel and Jean Portus, of Wahroonga, Sydney, find it so. They've been enjoying twindom for twenty years.

CAN you imagine—calmly—spending your whole life in the company of yourself—meaning another individual who is simply you over again? Lots of people complain loudly

that they can't live with themselves; they shirk for other company after half-an-hour's solitary confinement.

Not so the Portus twins. Similar in looks, temperament, and tastes, they are inseparable.

Neither feels resentment at being

one of a pair; each thanks fate for providing her with the perfect companion.

These twins are so much alike that even their own mother has made a mistake or two in a dim light.

The only clue to the which-is-which problem is one of Isabel's teeth. She broke it years ago, and there's a slight trace of the mend.

Dressed alike, this pair cause a mild sensation.

They know it and confess to choosing identical outfits, when they "want to make an impression."

Until a year ago they always dressed alike; now they are choosing different clothes with mutual approval.

This plan enlarges their wardrobe considerably because they can wear each other's frocks. Having similar tastes in clothes, they throw out any small differences of opinion that may arise on the subject quite easily.

They say that during schooldays at Abbotsleigh, Wahroonga, they were even more alike than they are now. Seems impossible!

Isabel played cricket in an inter-house match for Jean, and Jean has done detention for Isabel on occasion. They frequently changed places in class without any fear of detection.

When one pays a visit to the boy office where the other works, confusion reigns, because the boss does not know which is his secretary.

At the age of nine they were separated for a month as a result of illness, and cried themselves to sleep in despair.

Even now they miss each other if parted for one day.

At the tender age of four, they made a pact that if one died the other would poison herself so as to join her sister in the happier land above.

Only one disadvantage occurs to them. It's harder for twins to make friends with outsiders.

People are slightly daunted by a combination that seems so complete in itself that it needs no outside companionship.

But they wouldn't change places with other sisters for anything.

BON MARCHE

Open their 9/11 (one price) Frock Shop!

Each one illustrated an actual reproduction from the range!

- Long or short sleeves
- Styles for sizes S.S.W. to O.S.



The grandest array of "under-10/-frocks" ever! Silk slub-lins, suede matona crepes, flat Hungarian crepes, white pique and white spun sports frocks, long-sleeved or short-sleeved. O.S. sizes and snappy styles for the S.S.W., S.W., and W. fittings. Values to 29/11. SPEC. 9/11

Pleats in profusion, covered buttons, sashes, buckles, action back styles in some. Styles and colours by the dozen. Shop early!

Country Customers: Use the Lay-by System or pay C.O.D.
Metropolitan Customers: 2 Frocks for 2/- Deposit, 1/- Weekly.
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Fill in this coupon & mail early!

Bon Marche Ltd., 1 Broadway, Sydney

Please send me frocks.

SIZE: COLOUR: STYLE

2nd Colour Choice

Name

Address

Enclosing £ s d

Dancer Seeks Release

AVIATOR HUSBAND IMPRISONED IN SPAIN BY FRANCO

By Air Mail from Paris

Blonde 34-year-old Edith Dahl has been working as an entertainer in Paris while seeking the release of her American aviator husband, Harold Dahl, who is a prisoner in Spain.

DAHL was captured by General Franco's forces at the outset of the Spanish Civil War.

His wife, a beautiful brown-eyed dancer, is practically penniless. She admitted that she had given up all hope of securing his freedom.

"My money is practically gone, and so has my hope of seeing Harold before the Spanish war ends," she said. "I no longer believe General Franco will release him."

Expressing deep concern for his welfare, Mrs. Dahl said:

"They have stopped all of his letters, and I have not heard from him for more than a month. I am very worried because until now I have received letters regularly."

Although Jimmy Molison's proposed flight to Spain to rescue Dahl never materialised, because of international complications, Mrs. Dahl is still eager to fly over the frontier and into the war zone.

"I will go at the first moment a competent pilot offers to fly me there. Before I had money to offer for such a flight, but now I have none."

"I have tried to go by train and boat, but the American Embassy in Paris steadfastly refuses to give me a passport for Spain."

Hope that Dahl will be released when the international commission finishes its task of withdrawing all foreign combatants from Spain is not shared by the blonde dancer.

"Although I hate to say it, I do think he will be released until the war is all over," she said.

Mother Writes a Poignant Cameo...

Spectre That Hovers Over Her Home and Baby

Here is a mother's poignant real life story, dealing with a situation that will raise a heart throb in every woman.

For obvious reasons, The Australian Women's Weekly withholds the author's name. The mother writes:—

BOBBY has just left in his stroller, rosy, chubby and radiant at the prospect of an outing.

And tragedy goes with him. Born 20 years ago, that healthy, happy baby would have been a victim to the white spectre. In other words, I have T.B. and my baby has gone to the hospital to have a skin test. He is too young for X-ray. So, with perhaps a dozen other little "contacts," he will be sent to see if he has collected a legacy from me. I, who love him more than my own life; I, who, before his birth, have always looked so carefully over his well-being.

It is not a month since I was an active, happy housewife. True, my cough was troublesome. But every winter brings its colds. I did shake it off.

Then someone suggested it might be whooping cough. That stirred a hint of my complacency. Bobby was not going to catch any infection from me.

When I went to the Chest and Throat Clinic up at the public hospital. An X-ray—just as a matter of course. An examination. Then a talk with that kindly doctor. "I feel sick, even now, when I read that conversation."

"Fiddling with a paperweight; why did you come here?"

"Well, my cough was so troublesome!"

"Have you any idea what is the matter with you?"

Smiling: "I came to you to tell you that!"

"Have you thought you might be seriously ill?"

"How can I be? I am so well, I never before weighed so much. All my life as I did until a few days ago!"

"Well, you are."

"No longer smiling: 'What do you mean? Tell me honestly!'"

"Just that. You have had it for some time past."

"I got out my X-ray and sat at it. A kindly, human man in a silent room. But my shattered world was loud in my ears."



BEEN, with stiff lips, I managed to say: "Is there any hope?"

He looked shocked: "Oh, of course not. You are not an early case. It may take three years, but we can certainly heal you!"

How many others has he seen that news without being able

to add that blessed hope of life? It was but a lucky chance that I went to the clinic when I did.

An attack of measles, influenza, or similar complaint may result in damage to the lungs, and, in view of the fact that a tuberculous infection not infrequently follows an attack of one or the other of these diseases, medical advice should always be obtained whenever a patient, after passing through such an illness, does not soon regain his normal health.

Tuberculosis can be cured if taken in time. It is of the utmost importance that the disease be discovered in its early stages. Anyone suffering from the following symptoms should consult a qualified medical man or attend one of the dispensaries without delay:

Loss of energy. Easily fatigued and breathless after no unusual exertion.

Loss of weight and appetite—without apparent cause.

Feverishness: Any unaccountable and repeated increase of temperature, particularly at night.

Cough, however slight, if persistent.

Blood-spitting—whatever the amount or supposed origin.

Pain in chest or side (from booklet on T.B. issued by T.B. Division, Department of Public Health, Page 5).

What I have noticed most in my visits to the hospital clinic is the apparent health of most of those that come. They are nearly all fine, well-built men and women, sturdy, chubby children.

T.B. attacks the flower of our youth. Those whose enjoyment of living leads them to excess of any sort. Athletes, of all kinds, are among its victims.

HERE then am I, finding myself a hobby and settling down to rest—rest—rest...

Life surges by. My baby grows more adorable every day, and I must let another care for him... It is useless being rebellious—it's a choice between two or 40 years of life.

Roast Beef Won the Day—and His Heart

By Air Mail from Our London Office

Cooking has again proved its worth as the way to a man's heart.

ELDERLY Judson Vanarsdale, carpenter, advertised for a bride to share his neat little home at Matawan, New Jersey.

There were two applicants—Mrs. Nellie Davis and Mrs. May Meyers—and Judson could not decide between them.

But the two women knew the quickest way to a man's heart, and they staged a cooking marathon.

First Mrs. Davis produced a perfect dish of ham and eggs, and Mrs. Meyers whipped up a delectable plate of scones. Judson liked them both equally.

When Mrs. Davis made pancakes by a secret recipe Mrs. Meyers made a luscious apple pie. Still Judson showed no preference.

A fruit salad, delicately edged with "cookies" of Mrs. Davis' own make, Judson ate without comment.

Then Mrs. Meyers brought in roast beef, beautifully browned and surrounded by potatoes, onions and diced carrots. Judson grinned with delight.

So, while Judson and Mrs. Meyers were married, Mrs. Davis was on her way back to her lonely kitchen in Paris, Illinois.

Real Princess and the Dwarfs



PRINCESS MARGARETHA DESIREE VICTORIA OF SWEDEN, who is as popular in Scandinavia as Princess Elizabeth is in Great Britain, has just celebrated her fourth birthday. The Princess recently saw the Snow White film, and was so enthralled by the story that most of her birthday presents had to be Snow White characters, with whom she is shown.

So very smart...

So very accurate

In every Lavina Watch, you will find that smartness and accuracy so essential to watch satisfaction.

Ask your Jeweller to show you the full range of Ladies and Gentlemen's styles. Lavina Watches are specially made for Australian conditions.

Lavina WATCHES
Time For a Lifetime!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Contributors and artists: Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. They are at sender's risk, but if stamped addressed envelopes are enclosed every care will be taken to ensure return.

*Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

EVEN A LOVER'S ARDENT GAZE WILL NOT REVEAL A Skin Blemish

IF YOU APPLY

Coverspot

TO conceal any skin blemish so naturally that no one will suspect its presence, use COVERSPO! You simply rub it over the blemish just like an ordinary cream... and your appearance is no longer marred by an ugly mark.

Medical men recommend COVERSPO!

It does not fade, or easily rub off, nor do you feel its presence after application. There are four shades: Sun Tan, Dark Sun Tan, Rachelle, and Naturelle. A jar lasts a long time!

COVERSPOT frees you from the embarrassment of PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, ACNE (first stages), LIVER SPOTS, CIRCLES UNDER EYES, FRECKLES, SCARS, BRUISES, BIRTHMARKS, DISCOLORATIONS, and many other such skin blemishes.



Tasha Cosmetics Pty. Ltd., Sydney

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Sales Representatives: The British Harold F. Ritchie Co. Ltd. 25 York St., Sydney.

Coverspot
CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

Cannot harm the finest skin... Hygienic... SAFE!



IMPORTANT— Keep a jar of COVERSPOT handy to use in an emergency. COVERSPOT is perfect for all-over make-up, too!



Under the Nazi Heel. In Hitler's Austria burl stormtroopers force Jews to scrub pavements. Throughout Europe, particularly in Italy, Germany, and Rumania, Fascism preaches that Jews must be terrorised, expelled. Thousands have fled from a Nazified Europe to join thousands of refugees from warring Spain; thousands more clamor at the borders.



YOUNGEST REFUGEE in Australia is twelve-months-old Marion, who came from Germany with her Jewish parents. The Commonwealth may restrict Jews to a quota of 500 a year.



FROM SPAIN these refugee children came to Australia 18 months ago. Their parents lost all they had in the Civil War. The two boys, aged six and eight, now speak English, will grow up as Australians. Few Spanish refugees have come here.

REFUGEES FIND HA



FROM GERMANY came Mrs. Herbert Caspari with her husband. They will settle in Australia and raise a family. The ship they came in brought 43 other German refugees.

.... **IN** Paris a Jew
For that crazed act Germany is exacting
have been sacked, their money confiscated



in Berlin. Schmitt
homeless, despoiled

Others who
of Jews of Europe
secution. But the

Palestine. Zic
the refugee
countries and

Into Australia
were Southern
one ship brought
will leave Germany

These pictures
Australia. Most
one) was taken
Jewish refugees
out that their
anything critical

DECREES against Jews in
Germany made this woman
come to Australia. She has
opened a knitting shop.

Refugees
ence at Evian
being made to



HE WAS A LAWYER in Germany. Now he has a delicatessen shop in Australia. . . . An ex-German Socialist leader is a bricklayer.



A REFUGEE LETTER which followed its addressee across the world in his search for a home. After failing to find opportunity in South Africa he came on to Australia, where he is settled in employment. . . . A recent suggestion was to settle Tyrolean Austrians at Mt. Kosciuszko.



BORN IN AUSTRALIA of German-Jew parents. Most live in the capital cities. This is one of the. Even in America race prejudice flares. was Jewish Sir Isaac Isaacs, only



from Austria, and is working now in a chemical plant. Immigrants must have guarantees of money and employment before they are permitted to land in Australia.

EN HERE

shot dead a German diplomat. They have fled from "The Terror" sweeping the German countryside as the Jews.

to leave Germany as thousands have already left the lands of their parents.

"The East" is cleft with Arab war. So many southwards to South American lands.

7500 aliens. Most—5000 of them—were Germans, 670 Poles. This month it was said that a whole shipload of 900

of the immigrants now established in the East. The series of portraits (except the photographer, who is herself a German) are not given because it was pointed out they might suffer if they subscribed to

which 38 nations in solemn conference to action. Commonwealth moves are and admit only the best types.



"Where Can I Go? . . ." The world has hundreds of wandering Jews to-day. Here a German-Jew refugee seeks entrance to Czechoslovakia. The Czechs give him food and a night's shelter, then turn him back to Germany . . . Suggestions have been made in Australia that part of the Kimberley country (W.A.) or Melville Island, near Darwin, should be allocated for Jewish settlement. Difficulty is the time and money required to prepare such areas for settlers. . . . A scheme for Dutch migrants is also in view.



A DENTIST, he was denied the right to practise in Jew-hating Germany. He works in Australia as a dental mechanic. Most Jewish refugees settling here have small capital or are helped by local Jews in business.



THIS JEWESS, who had to leave Germany, now has a beauty parlor in Australia. With large-scale settlement improbable, Australian Jews hope to bring out co-religionists with capital, found new non-competitive industries in Australia.



one more to Australia's 30,000 Jews. where Jews are not persecuted. only Australian Governor-General Commander Jewish Sir John Monash.

... and all the time there was nothing wrong with me except "STARCH-HEAVINESS"

JOAN'S GONE HOME - I FEEL TERRIBLY GUILTY - SHE'S HAD A ROTTEN TIME - BUT SHE'S SO DULL!



JOAN - WHY DON'T YOU SWITCH TO VITA-WEAT - I DID LAST SPRING - FEEL A NEW WOMAN



PERHAPS SHE'S RIGHT-THIS STARCH-HEAVINESS IS PROBABLY MY TROUBLE TOO - I'LL CHANGE TO VITA-WEAT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



YOUNG LADY - YOU'VE FOUND YOUR OWN SYMPTOMS AND CURED YOURSELF - STARCH-HEAVINESS WAS YOUR ONLY TROUBLE -



YOU'RE SO GAY AND FULL OF DASH JOAN AND TO THINK THAT ALL THE TIME THIS HAPPINESS ONLY NEEDED REACHING OUT FOR!



STOP EATING STODGY STARCH-HEAVY FOODS!

make Vita-Weat your daily bread!

Most normal, everyday foods contain too much "unconverted" starch. This causes those unpleasant feelings of stuffiness and lassitude called "Starch-Heaviness." So change to Vita-Weat... the modern bread. It's made from the same good wheat as ordinary bread—without harmful "unconverted" starch. You'll love the ripe wheat flavour!

PEEK FREAN'S
Vita-Weat
CRISP BREAD



A 4 lb. carton of Vita-Weat costs only a few pence. Why not buy one to-day?

V25.8a

Woman of Sixty-Four Recovers from Arthritis —and goes on World Tour!



One of the most amazing recoveries from ARTHRITIS recorded in recent years by medical men is that of an English society woman, who at the age of 64 was advised to make her will and put all her affairs in order. Suffering from Arthritis, she was told she could not hope to get better. Her doctor recommended her to take a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. She has now made a wonderful recovery and has regained so much vitality that she has gone on a world cruise.

Wonderful Tribute to Amazing New Prescription for the Arteries and Blood Stream



This is but one of the many remarkable testimonials in our files, which tell how Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids have brought lasting relief and new health to pain-racked victims of High Blood Pressure, Rheumatism, Arthritis, Neuritis, and Kidney Trouble.

Patients all over the world are amazed how quickly a short treatment of Menthoids effects an all-round improvement in health, with even the most difficult cases. For years medical men have prescribed Menthoids as the quickest and safest way of cleansing the bloodstream of the poisons that cause High Blood Pressure and other painful ailments. If you suffer from Chronic Headaches, Head Noises, Dizziness, Fatigue and heaviness of the Head, Flashes to head and throat, Insomnia, and Nervousness, Failing Eyesight, Loss of Memory and Power, or Catarrhs, Fear of Impending Disaster, Irritability and Depression, Loss of Will Power, Bladder Weakness, Drunkenness and Loss of Energy, go to your chemist, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and begin a three months' course to-day.

Take one Menthoid occasionally before meals and see how quickly Menthoids bring your blood pressure to normal, drive away aches and pains, and give you a new sensation of youthful vitality. Menthoids cleanse your bloodstream of all poisons, rejuvenate your arteries, and strengthen your heart. Tasteless and convenient to take, this great pure, natural herbal prescription contains no harmful habit-forming drugs, and is safe for even the most delicate patients.

FREE DIET CHART

Every flask of MENTHOIDS contains the valuable diet chart which tells you what to eat and what foods to avoid. Be sure you get genuine MENTHOIDS in the green carton... refuse poor substitutes.

MENTHOIDS

15 Day Treatment 3/6
Month's Treatment 6/6
FROM YOUR NEAREST CHEMIST

Shadowed Wedding

Continued from Page 7

SEEN at the side of Gladys, as she poured tea from a heavy silver pot, Billy might have been born to the group; he had been so completely accepted.

But not Paul Armstead. Paul Armstead didn't, by any means, belong. There was something about him that the others lacked, and he lacked something that the others possessed. Perhaps it was the way in which he wore his clothes, so that they hadn't any especial meaning as clothes. Perhaps it was the feeling that he had heavy wires in his body instead of bones, and that the wires were electrically charged.

"This is an old buddy of mine," Billy Hilton tendered as a general introduction. "We fought through the war together, and we did the battle of the Marne side by side! We're such good friends that we swap tailors' addresses. Greater love hath no man."

Out of the flicker of laughter that rose from around the tea-table sounded Letitia's voice.

"Mr. Armstead," she said, "came while you were all playing contract, earlier in the afternoon. You were too busy to notice him, so I undertook the matter of his entertainment."

Billy turned to his friend. "If you were here earlier," he said, "why didn't you come over to the church with us for the rehearsal?"

Letitia answered the bridegroom's question. "Mr. Armstead," she said, "doesn't care for rehearsals. He'd rather wait and see the real thing. The bride in her green satin and emeralds, swaying down the aisle."

There was a veiled challenge in her voice as she paused. It was as if she expected Paul Armstead to answer.

But Paul didn't have a chance to speak. The bride-to-be was laughing gaily.

"Can't you see me, solid as I am, swaying!" she giggled. "And, oh, how I wish it were white satin instead of green. I'll look like a nice, healthy head of lettuce. Darn these old family customs!"

"You know" — it was the bridegroom speaking casually. "I've never seen the Seabury emeralds, though of course I've heard of 'em."

"Who hasn't?" interposed Letitia. "I've hardly ever seen them, myself."

Gladys told her fiancé. "They're only brought out on the greatest of state occasions. They're kept in the safe deposit box of our bank in town. A flock of plain-clothesmen are bringing them down here, in a sealed case, this afternoon. Daddy hates to have 'em in the house overnight, but with a noon wedding on our hands—"

Billy Hilton seemed to have forgotten the matter of the emeralds. He was looking deeply into the eyes of the girl who poured tea.

"Is it possible," he said so softly that not many of the guests heard, "that it will be to-morrow?"

"Darling!" murmured Gladys, in return.

Under cover of the clatter of tea plates, of the confusion of talking and laughter, Paul Armstead spoke to the blonde girl who balanced her teacup so carefully, and with such surprising ease.

"You're after my scalp, aren't you?" he asked. "Why, I wonder?"

The girl smiled. She very seldom laughed aloud.

"In a manner of speaking, I am," she said. "And you needn't waste time wondering about it, either. It's no secret that scalps are a hobby of mine. When people live in darkness—there was no hint of pathos in her tone—"they're apt to have strange hobbies."

Paul Armstead was leaning very close. "Who are you, anyway?" he questioned tensely.

The girl was still smiling. "I told you my name," she answered. "And I'm Gladys Seabury's cousin. To keep myself from being bored with life I collect impressions. Does that answer your question?"

"Not in the least," said Paul, "and you know it doesn't."

All at once the girl's face clouded. Her queer eyes were opaque.

"The average woman," she said, "has so many ways of fascination that I lack. Why not let me keep my air of mystery, retain my secret places?"

Paul Armstead was leaning closer. "You know darned well," he told her, "that you're the most fascinating woman in this house. You're so fascinating that I can't help wondering when I'll have a chance to

see you quite alone—away from the rest."

"It's as important as that, is it?" mused Letitia. She didn't refer to a meeting with herself, either, and Paul knew it. "Well, how about to-night? There's a dance to-night and for obvious reasons I don't dance. If you look west of the rock garden," she wasn't pointing, "you'll see a summer-house. I'll meet you there. There won't be any petting parties going on in the summer house, believe it or not! The rocks are too sharp for satin slippers, and we've very few men in our little group of serious thinkers who are strong enough to carry their ladies. Incidentally, be careful that you don't fall into the fish pool; there's a large one in the centre of the garden. I'd hate to have you nibbled by a goldfish."

"But how will you get to the summer-house? What about your own satin slippers?"

"The rock garden," the girl answered, "will be quite dark, but I'm used to shadows; I won't stumble. You said a while back that I had ears like a cat. Well, I can walk as softly as a cat, too. Do you



JANE BAXTER, of A.B.F.D., wears this simple evening gown of white and gold tinsel moire, with reversed halter neckline and white gardenias attached to the front. The bodice is self-supporting in the front, and joins on to a very full skirt.

remember Kipling's story? 'I, she quoted, 'am the cat who walks by herself. All places are alike to me!'

Paul Armstead was picking his way cautiously across the rock garden.

The summer-house loomed ahead. Not as a thing of definite outlines but as a black blob seen through the darkness. Paul approached it gingerly.

He pushed the door open ever so slightly and spoke.

"Are you there?" he called. No one answered him and so in the dark he seated himself. He found the seat with helpless groping hands.

"It's like this, always, for her!" he heard himself saying, as he relaxed. "I wonder where she is?"

And then, above the music and the buzzing, Paul heard voices. So low they were that he could not at first make out the words that were spoken; he merely knew that they were unfamiliar.

With a curious feeling of excitement tugging at his heart, Paul Armstead leaned forward until his face was pressed against the screen. After a second he began to distinguish words.

Please turn to Page 35

My New Way To End UNWANTED HAIR solves every woman's problem!



A great Scientist, after years of experiment, has at last found a quick easy way to end superfluous hair. You simply wash it away with plain water. No smell, no mess or bother. The amazing discovery has been purchased by the manufacturers of "VEET" and is sold under the trade-mark "VEET." Simply apply this delicately perfumed white cream from the tube and then wash off. Every trace of hair is gone! The hair is soft and velvety smooth. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. The razor method is out of date—hair grows faster and coarser. The modern scientific way is NEW VEET 2/6 and 4/6 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

FREE: By exclusive arrangement now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send ad. in stamp cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd., Dept. 267, 25, 194/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Gas in the Stomach is Dangerous

Daily Use of Salix Magnesia Overcomes Troubles Caused by Acid Indigestion

Gas in the stomach accompanied by a full, bloated feeling after eating is almost certain evidence of too much hydrochloric acid in the stomach, causing so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous. Too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leads to peptic ulcers, accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and creates the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to try to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get a little Salix Magnesia from your chemist or store, and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. It will drive out the gas, wind and soothe the stomach, neutralize the excess acid, and prevent the fermentation, and stop sourness, gas or pain.

Salix Magnesia (in powder or tablet form) is harmless, inexpensive and a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.

BRUNETTES use Amami No. 1



BLONDES use Amami No. 2

—and always remember—

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

If you have any difficulty in using AMAMI Shampoo please write to Ripley & Co., Macdonell Hall, Pitt Street, Sydney.

Shadowed Wedding

Continued from Page 34

"THE sealed box—" said someone, and mumbled the rest of the sentence. Another voice took up, and Paul Armistead heard the words, "wall wife." Again, "Little room..." off the place where he sleeps... old Seabury's there now. And then a slight foreign accent murmured something about trick combinations.

There was silence for a moment before the first voice again mumbled. This time it was about dancing until dawn, darn them. Then there was soft scuffling among the rocks and Paul knew that the owners of the voices were moving away.

He had a foolish desire to follow, even though it was dark, even though there were at least three of them and only one of himself. But he rose to his feet and started towards the summer-house door, walking noiselessly as he had walked earlier in the day, he was arrested by a small, amused chuckle. It came from so close at hand that he jumped.

"Really, it would be silly," said Letitia Grant. "They probably are flashes and everything, although you," the mirth had left her voice, "probably have flashes and everything, also."

Paul gasped. "Where'd you come from?" he asked.

"Oh," the girl's tone was grave. "I've been here the whole time."

Paul Armistead wasn't to be put off. "What were those men," he asked, "going outside the summer-house?"

Letitia Grant answered. "I wish I knew," she said, "whether they're friends of yours or competitors?"

"I'd rather like to know myself!" he said at last, but he tried to make his voice genial.

"It isn't possible"—it was the girl speaking, and there was a masked

The Only Thing

I cannot say that worldly things
Are valueless to me.

I fear I have an ample share
Of human vanity.

I love soft, clinging under-
wear,
And silk and creamy laces;

I love to visit coffee shops
And fascinating places.

I want to travel all the world,
And wistfully I rue it.

The only thing I haven't is
The cheque I'd need to do
it.

—Yvonne Webb.

eagerness in her tone—"that one of the gentlemen was your friend, Billy, the bridegroom!"

"Well, count that out. Billy Hilton's as straight as they come. I'd know his voice anywhere, and it wasn't one of those."

He stopped short. For from across the darkness of the rock garden came a sound that might have been a breaking violin string, save that it was louder.

"What's that?" asked Letitia sharply.

Paul didn't answer her. The answer was a woman's scream.

Now they got back to the house Paul couldn't have explained. It seemed as if they fairly flew through the rock garden—he and Letitia.

They could hear somebody calling: "Phone for the police. For heaven's sake get a doctor." They could hear somebody else cursing deeply.

They had gained the verandah when Paul heard his name spoken softly. The familiar voice had an urgent note in it.

It was Billy Hilton, strangely shaken and wide of eye, who had stopped him. "I've been looking for you, Paul," Billy said swiftly. "I'm in a devil of a fix." His voice broke. "Say, take care of this for me, will you?"

Letitia Grant was leaning forward. "What are you going to do with the revolver?" she asked in a hasty whisper. "It can't be found on you, you know. Not under the circumstances."

Paul Armistead, with what might be utterly damning evidence in his hand, answered.

"Why," he said, "I'm going to give it to you. You're the bride's cousin and you adore her. If there's any searching to be done they'll not bother you."

Please turn to Page 36

£500 IN CASH PRIZES FOR XMAS!



Here's your chance to get welcome cash for Christmas! A cheque for £250 or one of the other wonderful cash prizes may be yours when you just write a title for the picture below. Every entry will be carefully judged, and yours may be the very one to win the first prize. So get a pen and write your title now!

CLOSING DATE

This Competition closes on December 17th, by which time all entries must be received.

RESULTS

Main winners notified by wire and full results published under Public Notices in the "Sydney Morning Herald," Melbourne "Sun Pictorial," Brisbane "Courier Mail" on December 22nd.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

(1) Just write a title to this picture. Go to your store and buy a tin of "Ally" Salmon, remove the label from any size tin, and attach it to your entry.

(2) The "Give it a Name" Competition will be judged by the Advertising Manager of the "Australian Women's Weekly" and the Directors of Hodgson & Co. Pty. Ltd., in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £250 will be awarded to the title which, in the opinion of the Judges, is most original and apt. The second prize will be awarded to the next best entry, and so on, until all the prizes are distributed.

(3) One person may forward any number of entries on plain paper providing each entry is accompanied by a label from a tin of "Ally" Salmon.

(4) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this Competition.

"ALLY" SALMON COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE - - - £250

SECOND PRIZE - - - £50

THIRD PRIZE - - - £25

50 Prizes of £1 - - - £50

200 Daily Awards of 10/6 £105
(See radio details below)

Special Prizes for Children

Best Boy's entry (under 16 years) £10
Best Girl's entry (under 16 years) £10

Total Cash Prizes—£500

LISTEN IN FOR DAILY CASH PRIZES

Commencing November 27th, winners of daily cash prizes will be given every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday over Station 2UW Sydney at 9.15 p.m. and Station 4BK Brisbane at 10.5 p.m. Also every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday over Station 3DB Melbourne at 2.30 p.m. during the "Louise" session, and Station 3UZ at 10.30 a.m. during the "Penelope" session.

JUST GIVE THIS PICTURE A TITLE



CUT HERE

1 _____
2 _____

The Secretary,
"Ally" Salmon Competition,
Box 4232 XX, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is my Entry to your Competition, together with a label from a tin of "Ally" Salmon.

I agree to accept the Judges' decision as final, and legally binding.

NAME

STREET

TOWN STATE

A BRITISH EMPIRE PRODUCT

ALLY SALMON

— IT'S FLAVOUR SEALED —

IF BACK ACHES KIDNEYS MAY NEED HELP

Flush Out Your 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes—Get Quick Relief

Don't expect rubbing to make your aching back well and strong again—if the trouble is caused by tired kidneys. All the blood in your body circulates through your kidneys every 15 minutes to be washed of acids and wastes. Healthy persons pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of over 2 pounds of waste matter. When the kidney tubes become tired, bladder passages are often easily and difficult. Instead of being filtered out, wastes and acids get back-washed into the blood and may become poisonous. This is often the beginning of nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, hunchback, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Don't wait for serious trouble to lay you up. Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACK-ACHE KIDNEY PILLS and get the same quick relief they have been giving millions for many years. If backache is bothering you due to tired kidneys, try DOAN'S BACK-ACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day.

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No excuse for cutting corns

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Prozol-Ice, says grateful user. Only a few drops of Prozol-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get for 1/6 at any chemist or store, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain instantly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Prozol-Ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

"New Hairdresser, Mary?"
"Yes, Jack, MYSELF!"



Bring out the hidden Beauty of your Hair with a Roxine Permanent HOME WAVE

It is no longer necessary to go to the expense, time, and trouble of visiting your hairdresser to have your hair permanently waved. The Roxine Home-use Permanent Waving Machine is a complete outfit, which enables you to perm in the privacy of your own home, at a fraction of the usual cost.

THE ROXINE METHOD SAVES YOU POUNDS

Two or three permanent waves, done at home the simple Roxine way, and this marvellous that you can make money if you wish by waving and setting your friends' hair in your spare

time. There are no extras to buy—this compact, well-made little outfit comes to you complete with all appliances and waving and setting lotions.

ANYONE CAN USE IT

There is no need to be an experienced hairdresser to get results the Roxine way. An illustrated booklet of instructions comes to you with every machine, and these are so simple to follow that you cannot fail to get excellent results right from the very first application.

CANNOT BURN THE HAIR

There is no danger of burning or any undue drying of the hair with the Roxine method. Experts have tried and tested it under all sorts of conditions, and already hundreds of satisfied owners have expressed their appreciation of its efficiency.

A COMPLETE HOME-USE MACHINE To introduce the Roxine Home-use Permanent Waving Machine to Australian women, we are making a special offer of a complete Roxine outfit for 89/6!

Post this Coupon Today

FREE! Full instructions on waving and setting. Fill in this coupon and send it (together with 2d. in stamps to cover postage) to Home Appliances Pty. Ltd., Third Floor, 156 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and we will send you, free of charge, a most useful and instructive booklet on how to wave and set your hair to suit your particular type.

NAME
ADDRESS R 2/27

Shadowed Wedding

Continued from Page 35

take it there's no need," she paused ever so slightly, "of making an examination."

Carefully the doctor lifted the head, carefully laid it back on the floor.

"Right through the temple," he said. "It looks like suicide."

Letitia replied as quietly as ever: "It would look like suicide," she said. "If the gun were here, but—"

She paused and left the sentence unfinished. No one in that stricken group, thought to ask her how she knew that the gun wasn't there!

A medley of police and photographers and detectives were swarming through the stately house, searching for a missing weapon.

It amazed Paul to see how Letitia stumbled and groped as she made her way, in the sergeant's wake, from the dining-room to the library.

"You wanted us?" asked Letitia. The figure found tongue. "I do," he said. "My name's Doyle, and I'm in charge of this investigation. Take a seat, please; and you, too."

He nodded brusquely to Paul. Letitia, who knew the whereabouts of every chair in the room, hesitated. "If one of you gentlemen will find me a seat, please," she murmured. "It's such a nuisance to be blind."

Inspector Doyle, he was obviously and deeply impressed, was on his feet. It was as if someone had touched a spring which unwound his legs. Paul, watching, suppressed a smile as two policemen escorted Letitia tenderly in a chair. The sergeant said, in an aside to the man with the remembered voice: "That lets you out, Trent—a blind girl and her dumb beau!"

The man named Trent said sullenly: "What were they doing, then, in th' summer-house? Why were they apyin' on me and Mike and Frenchy?"

Letitia said ever so gently: "We were sitting quietly, resting from the day's excitement. Incidentally, the gentleness in her voice had become almost a coo, "what were you—and this Mike and Frenchy—doing out by the summer-house?"

Trent—he was stout and red-faced—made answer. "We had a right to be there," he growled, "or anywhere else on the place, for that matter. The three of us are detectives. We work for th' insurance company; we brought out the emeralds from the bank and put

PETER PIPER



THE strange yearnings of Inigo Impey are dealt with in this week's tongue-twister from Peter Piper's alphabetical antics.

INIGO IMPEY.

INIGO IMPEY itched for an Indian image.
Did Inigo Impey itch for an Indian image?
If Inigo Impey itched for an Indian image,
Where's the Indian image Inigo Impey itched for?
(Next week the J J J tongue-twister.)

"em in th' safe in th' boss' den, and we was guarding them."

"Yes?" queried Letitia. She still cooed. "Then why weren't you in the den—actively guarding?"

Trent's red face grew slightly redder. "Old Seabury sent us out to get the air," he countered. "He said he'd watch for a while and wouldn't let nobody past the door. It seemed foolproof."

Letitia sighed. Her sigh was far more expressive than words. Her head turned vaguely toward the desk.

"Oh, Inspector," she said, and regret made music of her words, "if you had only been here!"

Doyle's face had taken on a mooney expression. The fact that the fatality was almost too obvious didn't bother him.

It was while the right mood was upon the detective that Paul spoke. "Just why did you want to see us?" he asked. "What do you suspect us of, beyond a w-a-t-e-t-e? Surely not of murder?"

Doyle growled from behind the table: "I never did suspect you of murder. I knew you two women anywhere near the scene when the gun went off. But I thought you might know something about the jewels."

Letitia's face showed no surprise, but her body was suddenly erect and startled. "The jewels?" she questioned.

Doyle answered. "They're gone," he said, "although the safe was locked. We didn't examine the safe until after the body was moved. Then we got the combination from Miss Gladys—at first she was too dumb to remember—and opened it. The telling you that it was as bad as Old Mother Hubbard's panegyric. There's only one inference, as far as I can see. The thief must have been acquainted with Seabury—he was a friend, maybe—to get past him. Once in, he forced his host to open the safe and close it again. Then, with the emeralds in his possession, he must have shot the old man to keep him from squealing. At least, that's how I figure it."

They were dumfounded. It was as easy as that. But once in the hall, Letitia's hand felt for Paul's and clung to it.

"Now," she said, "we must find Billy Hilton and have it out with him."

In the dressing-room Paul Armstrong swung on his friend. "What the big idea, Billy?" he asked. "What about the gun?"

Billy Hilton's pleasant face was years older. "I took it on impulse," he said. "I was in the den, talking to Gladys's father. I thought I heard somebody in the corridor. I stepped out for a second to make sure. There wasn't anybody, and I was turning back when I heard a shot. I rushed to the den and saw . . . what you saw, later. It was all so quick I hadn't any time to make plans. I only realised everyone else was downstairs, and I had approximately thirty seconds leeway. I ran over to him, saw that he was done for, snatched the gun from his hand and eased myself out of the window. I rushed around to the front porch and became a part of the excitement, quite naturally."

"You know what happened from then on. Oh, I realise it was a foolish thing to do—don't eye me so, Paul—but I hadn't time to think. You see, I love Glad like anything. Her money never had anything to do with my feeling for her, and I couldn't bear to have her know that her father would take a walk-out powder on the very eve of her—"

"Why should he?" interrupted Paul. "Take a walk-out powder, I mean? Everything has gone according to schedule since I got out S.O.S. There wasn't any reason for suicide; there would scarcely have been an investigation after the first shock of the empty safe. The theft of the emeralds, except from the standpoint of the insurance company, would have been less than two days' wonder. I'd have laid them in a strong box in Paris or London in a week, and no questions asked. Why was suicide necessary when everything was smooth sailing?"

Billy made an impotent gesture.

Please turn to Page 37

★ WOMEN WHO WEAR GLASSES

(or ought to wear glasses)

MUST DO THIS!

An eye-bath with Optrex soothes your eyes after any sort of strain—strong sunlight, motoring strain, sea and sun bathing, glaring lights, etc. Optrex comforts the over-worked eye muscles just as a bath eases your limbs, and keeps your eyes clear and young-looking. Recommended by Opticians and Oculists all over the world. On sale at all Chemists, complete with Eye Bath, 4/9 and 6/9 per bottle.

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Shadowed Wedding

Continued from Page 37

"I WONDER, dear, if you really would squeal on me? Grand larceny, you know—it means a good many years behind a good many bars—"

She was silent for a long moment, and then she spoke.

"I'm afraid I couldn't, Paul," she said. "I'm such a coward."

Paul's hand dipped down into a pocket of his sack suit. He withdrew the hand and it was no longer empty. He said: "I only wanted to be sure."

And then he was kneeling by the pool. "Here, fishy, fishy," he called.

There was a shower of green fire, a film of white flaky stuff. The green fire sank—the flaky stuff floated on the surface and a swim of goldfish rose to it.

Letitia said: "That's the finest thing about you, Paul—you're a good sport."

Paul Armstead didn't answer.

The finding of the jewels—and what a clever thief to think of hiding them in a fish pool—brought sanity back to the eyes of Gladys Seabury, and sent the insurance men singing on their way.

Inspector Doyle wasn't so happy, but Letitia helped him in rationalising the thing.

Gladys didn't ask questions about her father or his business failure—not even the most obvious questions. Billy suspected that Letitia had told her as painlessly as possible not to worry about uninvolved crimes. Billy had had a long talk with Paul, and as a result of it Paul packed his smart British bags and was ready to go.

"To go where?" Letitia asked him.

Paul said: "I'm like the proverbial baby. I'm an out-of-the-anywhere-into-the-here boy. If I had any tie—" He broke off, and then: "Bill and Glad are to be married in a day or so," he said. "Where will you go?"

Letitia laughed. "Oh, I have my own place," she said. "I live in a studio apartment in town. Incidentally, I can beat up a mean omelette, if you're ever in the neighborhood."

Paul said a shade bitterly. "Better lock away the valuables if I call." He hadn't asked for an address. "I don't believe I'll take you up on that omelette, Letitia," he added slowly. "You're too—"

"Too what?" queried Letitia. "You needn't answer that one," she murmured.

Finally she said, "The first time I ever met you I spoke of the way you walked. I remarked that you'd be either a detective, or else—" she hesitated. "I think you'd make a good detective," she said finally. "That's why I wish you'd do a turnabout. You're too fine to live on the edge of civilisation. A soldier of fortune travels a lonely road as he grows older."

Paul said: "You've been reading mystery stories." He choked, hurried on. "It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks."

Paul closed his eyes; why, he didn't know. He felt the brush of something indescribably fragrant and warm and tender on his cheek.

But when he heard swift light footsteps running away from him down the hall he opened his eyes and went running after. And almost before she could voice a protest, Letitia was in his arms.

"If you wanted me to change the whole course of my life," gasped Paul Armstead. "Why didn't you kiss me earlier in the game? I'll sit at a desk nine hours a day and add columns if you ask me to. I'll be overlord of Bill's farm in Nova Scotia. I'll even learn to solve mysteries instead of creating them. Why didn't you let me know that I mattered in a personal way?"

Letitia tried to struggle from his arms. Her struggle wasn't much of a success. She said weakly: "How can a blind woman matter to any man in a personal way?"

"You'll see," he told Letitia at last, and his voice wasn't quite steady, "you'll see, my dear!"

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

November 26, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

INTRIGUING...



• THIN PLIANT STRAW in a rolled-edge toque with a cluster of starry daisies and a gossamer veil wafting over the shoulders.



• AN ORIENTAL TURBAN of black crepe satin with blossom-scattered veil arranged like an Eastern yashmak.

• SLENDER BLACK CREPE with dramatically wide bands of gold chain applique around the waist and sleeves, and a gleaming gold chain belt.



"I'm a **ONE** Brand woman now

I glory in the feminine charm and trim tailoring of these Kayser 'Jamas. As pert and pretty as you'd find. As lovely and lustrous as only fine fabrics can be.

From 9/11.



Illustrated Style No. 621. In Kaydream... 14/11.

"I insist on **KAYSER**"
for gifts — HOSIERY — LINGERIE — GLOVES

SIMPLE COTTON PRINTS



● ABOVE: Such a gay little dirndl, sweeping from collar to hem with a grand flourish. Criss-cross stripes sparkling engagingly in black and red—to bring out the gipsy in you.



● RIGHT: A sleek little frock made for action on sizzling summer days. White, cool as snow-flakes, fired with a saucy design in madcap-red. Tailored collar and puff sleeves are reminiscent of school days.



● ABOVE: Light as the shadow of a cloud—sheer jersey, milk-white and scattered with engaging summery little blossoms of red. The skirt is pleated and floaty, like a ballet dancer's, and the bodice cunningly draped.

● RIGHT: The cheeky pinafore frock that has swept to popularity on the Continent. The full black linen blouse is scattered with a drift of red dots, and in dazzling contrast the high-waisted suspender skirt is blithely tailored in fiery red linen, spotted with black.

Rams

PRINTS WITH A DIFFERENCE

PRINTS de luxe—exotic and dramatic against a foam of dazzling white. Adorable blossom prints to put you in the mood for summer — to give you that fresh, flower-like look.

● RIGHT: A romantic dance frock from the Edwardian era in chalk-white crepe with a flashing border print accented in the billowing skirt and repeated in the demure puff sleeves.

● LEFT: A mist of white marquisette patterned coolly with soft green leaves. The very full skirt is trimmed with rows of intriguing ruffles; and Paris is behind the cunning shoulder-line.



● ABOVE: Schiaparelli's current craze — brilliant floral print to minimise the waist and hips. Artfully used to contrast the cloud-whiteness of a softly draped sheer frock.

● LEFT: Whimsical pastel flowers printed in stripes on a ground of murmuring white taffeta. Favored new style for dancing and dining, featuring slinky frock and tailored coat, cut away in the front.

By Air Mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

Sketched by PETROY



SILK and cashmere jumpers are now being made with a large clock face on the front, the figures and hands of the clock embroidered on to the material. The idea is that certain jumpers should be worn for certain occasions, and each occasion is marked on the clock.

SMART Parisiennes sport these dashing little creations for their most important dates . . . for everything from sipping cocktails to lingering over luncheon.

IF the cashmere creation is intended for morning wear the hands point to 11 o'clock, while if it is a matinee jumper its hands are set at 2.30, and for cocktails that intriguing little clock marks the time at 7 p.m.

FROCK materials like organza, spotted muslin and striped velvet are being used in every Paris flat for dainty curtains and dashing upholstery.

It is most amusing at cosy dinner-parties these days to see the hostess



Only Pond's Creams give you the active "Skin-Vitamin"

THE
DUCHESS OF LEINSTER:
"These 'Skin-Vitamin'
Creams put new
vitality into one's skin."

Now Pond's Creams do more for your skin than ever before

FOUR years ago scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better. They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was the "Skin-Vitamin". This vitamin aids in keeping your skin beautiful.

How to Give Your Skin New Vitality and Loveliness.

If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "Skin-Vitamin", try these Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—to-day.

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. Now contains the active "Skin-Vitamin".

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• The Duchess of Leinster says: "These Pond's 'Skin-Vitamin' Creams give a look of vitality and freshness to the skin that is essential to beauty. A marvellous beauty treatment."

Creams are on sale everywhere—in the same jars at the same price. And remember, Pond's Creams cost no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.

• Listen to "Your Cavalier," 2CH, at 11 a.m. every Tuesday, 2KY, at 2.30 p.m. every Thursday; 3DB-LK at 3.30 p.m. every Tuesday; 3AW at 3 p.m. every Thursday; 4BK-AK at 10.15 a.m. every Tuesday; 5AD-MU-PI at 10.30 a.m. every Monday, and 6ML-WB at 11.30 a.m. every Monday.



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Name _____
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dressed up to match her chairs, lamp-shades or windows.

FOUR hats are going to be very fashionable this winter, I'm told, and already on the boulevards on several chilly afternoons high Cosack hats rather like a modified busby have made their appearance. The latest models are made like high nests of fur with a gaily-feathered bird perched on top.

SHOP windows in the Louvre colonnade—always noted for their sports wear—are showing golf and hiking brogues in suede of every hue, with soles and heels of leather and cork—a mixture that is supposed to ensure dry feet.

The soles are about half an inch thick and consist of four layers, a layer of cork next to the foot, then leather, then cork and finally leather on the ground. The inch to inch and a half heels are made in exactly the same way, except that the layers are thicker.



GLAMOUR

lives in clear eyes—dull, tired eyes ruin the most perfect make-up. "I.L.O." makes tired eyes bright and clear, with whites free of redness, in thirty seconds. "I.L.O." is the formula of a Great Eye Specialist—it soothes, clears, strengthens, and is prescribed by eye strain. Age signs begin at the eye—"I.L.O." arrests them and restores youthful clarity and charm at a cost of a few pence per week.

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JUMPER BLOUSE

WW2645.—Pleated edges and lace combine to make this very smart jumper blouse. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

CHARMING SIMPLICITY

WW2646.—Smart tailored style for afternoons. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART BOLERO FROCK

WW2647.—The pleated bolero is season's latest. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ to 5½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1-8th yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

MATRON'S MODE

WW2648.—Smart matrons will appreciate this afternoon frock. Sizes, 38-inch to 44-inch bust. Material required, 4½ to 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GLAMOROUS GOWN

WW2648.—Slimming mode for an evening gown. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 6½ to 7 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GRACEFUL SWATHING

WW2650.—Note charming cross-over bodice. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SPORTS STYLE

WW2651.—Neat mode for spectator sports. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR DRESSY OCCASIONS

WW2652.—Dressy style, deftly trimmed. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at 1, right, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department" to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

1. ADELAIDE—Box 382A, G.P.O. HOBART—Box 409F, G.P.O.
2. MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O. NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
3. SYDNEY—Box 4297Y, G.P.O. If calling, 108 Castlereagh St.
or Dalton House, 113 Pitt St. PERTH—Box 404G, G.P.O. TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney Office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 5.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Size

Pattern Coupon, 26/11/38.



TRIM FROCKS

OUR Special Concession Pattern this week features three dainty little Frocks and Bloomers. Sizes 2-4, 4-6, and 6-8 years.

To obtain patterns fill in coupon, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our office.

Material required, 36 inches wide:

No. 1 Frock and Bloomers, 7½ to 5½ yards.

No. 2 Frock, 2 to 2 yards.

No. 3 Frock, 2½ to 2½ yards.

SPECIAL PATTERNS

SPECIALLY CUT patterns of frocks sketched or illustrated elsewhere in The Australian Women's Weekly may be had to individual measurements. Prices of these are 1/6 and 2/6; and sports wear, 2/6; day and evening wear, 3/6. Send for a self-measuring form.

WW2649

WW2650



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EASY-TO-FOLLOW patterns of trimly-tailored little frocks sponsored by Hollywood's smart Younger Set.

Charming additions to your summer holiday wardrobe, which you can make at home at surprisingly little cost.

The simple patterns are cut by experts, and are exact replicas of delightful frocks worn by two talented young stars. Priced at only 1/1 each.

When ordering patterns, please make sure to specify the number.

FROCK WITH WHITE EMBROIDERED STRIPES

WW2673.—Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 7-8th yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

AFTERNOON FROCK WITH WHITE COLLAR AND CUFFS

WW2672.—Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 5-8th yards, 36 inches wide, and 4 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

To obtain patterns, follow directions given on our weekly pattern page.

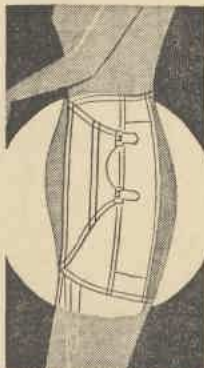


KEEP YOUR FIGURE FOREVER YOUNG

INSTANTLY REDUCE WAIST AND HIPS

Do not diet or deny yourself the good things of life to look slimmer, younger and smarter—take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises to secure a slender, graceful figure.

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The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET gives natural balanced support. It aligns your hips and waist and flattens your abdomen with positive cross-over frontal control. Its gentle, almost imperceptible, massage-like action, reduces your waistline and beautifies your figure with every move you make.

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Prove, quickly and definitely, that the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET will reduce your waist and hips, give comforting support and uplift to your abdomen, and lovely, slim, youthful grace and energy to your figure.

I want you to try the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET for 7 days at my expense. You'll be thrilled with the results. If not perfectly satisfied, you can return the Corset and the test will not cost you a penny. Post the FREE coupon. NOW.

POST THIS COUPON! SEND NO MONEY

Miss Florence Bradshaw, FIGURE CONTROL CORSET CO., 203a Castlereagh St., SYDNEY. Without cost or obligation, send me full particulars of the NU-FORM FIGURE CONTROL CORSET and your 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ W.W.

ABOVE: Constance Moore, Universal Moore, has white embroidered stripes running the full length of her frock at the front, and the same trim repeated over the shoulders. Also sketched immediately at right, WW2673.

TOP RIGHT: An afternoon frock featuring gathered front fullness crossed by a simulated belt as worn by Ann Rutherford, MGM starlet. Sketch WW2672, far right, shows frock in detail.



PENDULOUS ABDOMEN

interferes with correct functioning of vital pelvic organs. The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET corrects this danger.

TO REGAIN THAT SLIM FIGURE

HOW DO YOU KEEP SO SLIM? I'M ALWAYS PUTTING ON WEIGHT

JUST AN OCCASIONAL CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLET KEEPS ME SLIM AND ENERGETIC. THEY'RE MARVELLOUS FOR THE STOMACH AND LIVER, AND REMOVE FOOD WASTE POISONS FROM THE SYSTEM. TRY THEM AND REGAIN YOUR NICE SLIM FIGURE.

Chamberlain's TABLETS WHEN NATURE NEEDS HELP

NOT MADE OF RUBBER

The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET is definitely NOT made of rubber. It is tail-cut and carefully made of special corset materials to reduce and control the figure in absolute comfort and safety.



REDUCE TOO FLESHY HIPS AND THIGHS.

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

I LIKE—

Sheelah Lyle's red, blue, and white printed bolero, worn for beach wear with white shorts and a turquoise-blue swim suit.

Returned for Tudor House Sports

YOUNG Charles Hardy, son of Mrs. Sam Hardy, must feel an important young man. His aunt, charming Mrs. Henry Charles Osborne, returned from abroad in the Orion specially to be in time for the annual sports last Saturday at his school, Tudor House, Moss Vale. "Had it not been for Charles' sports day," said Mrs. Henry Charles, "I would have stayed in England for another month."

Mrs. Osborne drove down to Moss Vale with Mrs. Hardy, her twin sister. Perhaps Charles could tell at the sports day which was his mother and which was his aunt, but I am sure none of the other students could, so alike are they.

Before leaving town on Sunday for a month at Terrigal, Mrs. Gordon Bennett invited a large number of friends to play bridge last Thursday at the Forum Club.

Quiet Wedding

MANY of their friends will be surprised to hear of the wedding of Sister Caroline Morley to Mr. Denis Coombe, celebrated quietly at Scots Church on November 9. They returned a few days ago from a motoring tour of the South Coast, and will move soon into their home at Strathfield.

Anxious Time in Dresden

MOLLIE and Betty Wiesener and Betty Gowing, of Strathfield, who returned home on Sunday from abroad, were touring the Continent during the war scare.

They were in Dresden when the tension was at its height, and, after much cabling to obtain return passages to Australia, left as soon as they could for Paris. There they embarked on the very day that the four-power pact was signed.

Witty Play About Wives

MET Gwen Meredith of the Chelsea Club dashing around town during the past week, finalising arrangements for the sparkling modern comedy which the club is producing this Thursday. Its title is, "Wives Have Their Uses." Audrey Henry plays the part of Mary, who maintains that "a husband gives a woman an added prestige." Jack Love is Charles, who considers that "wives have their uses," and Gwen Plumb is Binnie—without a conscience, but such a darling.

Cool in Blue and White

COOL patterned frocks of blue and white and white accessories were worn by Lady Gowrie last week at every meeting, at show, or party she attended. On Monday, Lady Gowrie attended the meeting of the women's committee of the Celebrity Orchestral Concerts. This was her first official appearance since her return from abroad. Her last engagement before she left Sydney eight months ago was also a meeting of this committee.

All the while she was away Lady Gowrie was kept posted with the progress of the season's symphony concerts in Sydney, and she said at the meeting how delighted she was with their success.

She added that next year she would like to see the Town Hall booked out for every concert even before the season starts.

I saw Johnny Pye struggling into the Book Bush Club, in High Street, last Tuesday, his arms laden with his contributions to the annual collection day. Brave soul, I thought he was the only man present among scores of women.

Sailed for Hongkong

AFTER a visit to her mother, Mrs. Leslie Dunlop, of Neutral Bay, Mrs. Charles Atfield, with her two children, Valerie Ann and Michael, sailed in the Changste last week for Hongkong, where her husband, Major Atfield, is stationed.

Year Abroad

FREDA FARRAM, of Woolahra Point, is on the high seas bound for Australia. She is returning from England in the Orford, due in Sydney on December 14. During her year abroad she has visited Norway, Sweden and the Dalmatian coast.

To make home in Sydney

PRETTY, fair-haired Mrs. Alexander Schneider, who came to Australia last year with the Budapest String Quartet, will arrive in Sydney at the end of this month to make her home here. Her husband is violinist with the quartet.

Since leaving Sydney last year, Mrs. Schneider has been staying with her sister in Berlin. Writing to friends here she says that she wants to live in Australia because it is the most peaceful country in the world.

Mrs. Schneider's first visit to Australia was several years ago when she was on her honeymoon. She hopes in a year or so, after the quartet fulfil engagements overseas, that her husband will join her.

No Formality

THERE was a complete lack of formality about Nedra Ryrie's wedding last Thursday to Pat Levy. The ceremony at the Woolahra Registry Office, which took only a few minutes, was attended by Mrs. C. E. Ryrie and Mrs. Sep Levy, mothers of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Allen, Paddy Ryrie, Jean Kennedy, and Honor Kater.

Then they all drove around the corner to the Dick Allens' home in Wallaroy Road, where 100 guests waited to drink the health of the bride and groom.

Honor Kater was wished bon voyage by many of those present. She sailed this Monday in the Nieuw Zeeland for the East, en route to England. She will probably be away for a year or so.

Congratulations

WHEN the Orion reached Woolloomooloo there was a crowd of friends waiting to welcome Lindsay Sinclair and Sam Osborne, who announced their engagement in London. As the ship was berthing Lindsay and Sam heard occasional "congratulations" as it was shouted across the wharf by some of their friends.

Daisy Osborne, of Bundarbo, was one of the first to greet them.

Gay Party at Overthorpe

IT was a very gay party that Wal Anderson and six of his friends gave last Saturday at Overthorpe, the Andersons' beautiful home at Double Bay. The other hosts were Angus Macpherson, Bill Dawson, Tom Cree, Ben Arnott, Colin Hall, and Peter Malcolm Reid, an Adelaide bachelor who is living in Sydney.

Each host invited about 10 or 12 friends—in all, about 90 guests. Nea Arnott looked most attractive in the white sheer frock, the skirt appliqued in petunia flowers, which she wore as bridesmaid at Betty Weiher's wedding to Tom Peters last month. Also among the guests were the Harry Meeks, Bill Macpherson, Jean Kennedy, Molly Brearley, Bea Meeks, Claudia Beszley, and Phyl Reid (Adelaide).

Next Monday, Wal's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Anderson, and his sister Jean will return from abroad.

Smart Fobs

THE attractive fashion of wearing fob watches seems to be more popular than ever. Mrs. Henry Charles Osborne, Mrs. Jim Dickson, and Mrs. Jack Sinclair, three of the smartest arrivals from abroad in the Orion last Thursday, wore watches in the style. Mrs. Jack Sinclair's tiny watch was inset into the end of a bell-shaped fob—a very charming design, but it had to be turned upside down to tell the time.

Early Shopping

SHOP early for Christmas is a slogan being followed by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rowe, of Maitland. They were in town last week for this purpose. Their small son, Christopher, was with them, and he had his first haircut while in town.



Arnold Haskell's New Book

ARNOLD HASKELL, famous ballet authority, told me when he arrived in Sydney last Thursday that the book he is writing in Australia during this tour is not about the ballet, nor about Australia's outlook. It deals with interesting people he has met here.

After touring Australia early last year with the Monte Carlo Russian Ballet, Arnold wrote a book about ballet which has already sold a quarter of a million copies.

He told me, too, that the Covent Garden Ballet which arrives in Sydney this Thursday is probably the best in the world. It has had amazing success in Melbourne.

The Ballet's gala premiere at the Theatre Royal this Friday promises to be a brilliant occasion. The theatre was booked out weeks ago. Regular first-nighters who will be there include practically all of the Fairfax family, the Lord Mayor (Alderman Nock) and the Lady Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Meeks, Barbara Knox, and Noreen Dangar. Also Dr. Erik Fischer and Mrs. Fischer, who, of course, was Heleine Kirsova, leading ballerina of the Monte Carlo Ballet.

Cruising at Christmas

A FEW weeks ago Mrs. Tim Lloyd, of Kirribilli, was getting ready to sail this week for the East. Now, she has changed her mind, and, instead, will cruise to New Zealand in the Narkunda, leaving on Christmas Eve. While she is away her husband, Dr. Lloyd, will enjoy a fishing holiday.

At Julia Creek

MRS. HENRY HILL-OSBORNE has recently been entertaining her father, Mr. W. Gordon, at her home at Julia Creek, Queensland. He returned to town last week.

Mrs. M. Wormald, who returned from abroad last Thursday in the Orion, will give a cocktail party at her Rose Bay home this Tuesday to say "hello" to her friends.



DORIS WHYTE, of Glen Innes, who is staying with her aunt, Mrs. O. V. Cain, of Coogee, until her marriage to Dick Glaister takes place on December 6 at St. Jude's Church, Randwick. Her cousin, Phyllis Cain, will be bridesmaid.

Looks as though Bob is hitting it off with Betty these days. I thought he wasn't keen

He wasn't 'till I told Betty I use Lifebuoy regularly to avoid risk of "B.O." (BODY ODOR). She took the hint - and you see the result!

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CONSTIPATION KEEPS A CHILD BACK

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Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Caling' because they know that to cure constipation you must use a liquid laxative so that you can regulate the dose, as the bowels act naturally. You should never give harsh purgatives to children.

Give your children a regular weekly dose and see how they love it, how it helps them to grow and thrive.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/6 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Caling' on the package. Get a bottle to-day.

LOST 23-lbs. FAT NEVER FELT SO WELL

"Youth-o-form is marvellous," says Mrs. J. O.B. "In six weeks I have lost 23lbs. and never felt so well before. My husband is delighted, and says I should have taken Youth-o-form years ago."

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Get genuine Youth-o-form at any Chemist.

YOUTH O FORM

To all Scorpions (those born between October 24 and November 23) there seems to come at some time in life the wish, determination, or opportunity to turn their pronounced capabilities and cleverness into a channel which is definitely noble . . . or just as definitely ignoble. To these individuals must be left the full decision, for they are not people who are easily swayed (unless it be by love).

If they want to be bad, they'll be bad, and that's all there is about it, except that in their badness they will be outstanding and often lead others astray.

But if they desire to be good, they'll be just as outstandingly fine and humane. And having set themselves some high and splendid goals, they'll forge ahead to them through all kinds of difficulties and setbacks.

The most common type born under this sign is the "Scorpio" one. These people are clever, forceful and determined; a strange mixture of good deeds and kindnesses, and of bad temper, hardness, and cruel courage. They are excellent to have around in times of emergency or stress, for they are excellent leaning-posts and simply glitter with enterprise, optimism, common sense and encouragement.

If crossed or humiliated, they can

WRITER'S STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Scorpions seldom prove weak or mediocre. Nearly all of them are strong . . . as strong for evil as for good.

be very difficult to reason with or pacify. They rather enjoy bringing other people to heel, whether the misdeeds be fancied or real.

Yet when happy and confident, they can show the world what true good-fellowship really means. They can be gay, brave, kindly and wise, and thus prove an asset to any home or office or in any other walk of life.

Friends, relatives and business associates should learn how to handle these people wisely, for best results. The chief thing is to keep them happy and generally pleased with life.

Give them the respect they nearly always deserve. Praise them a little; love them a lot. Let them feel needed and appreciated and they'll reciprocate by heaping blessings on your own head.

But never antagonise them need-

lessly, for they can be obstinate, sarcastic and ruthless.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Now is the time to show the world (and yourself) how good you can be. The stars favor you on December 2, 3, and 4 (daylight). Seek advancement and begin new ventures. Ask favors, make changes.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Just fair on November 24.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Let your conscience be your guide this week, for trouble walks unwise Geminians, especially on November 30 and December 1. Take no risks, make no changes. Avoid losses and perils.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Be cautious on November 26.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): The sky is the limit on December 2 and 3, except

SCORPIONS respond wonderfully well to respect or flattery. But don't be too eager to cross them. They can be really nasty.

for love and social affairs. Plan schemes and new enterprises; ask favors and be confident. But be cautious on November 27, 28, and 29.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Let all the wisdom the fates have given you to stay out of trouble at this time. No duties, delays and worries can produce anything but disaster on November 30, December 1 and 2 (daylight).

LIBRA (September 23 to October 23): Quite fair for semi-important matters on November 27, 28, and 29.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): November 30 and December 1 just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 21): Work hard on December 2 and 3, and you can expect fair results. The sun shines your way then.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Just fair for you on November 29.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Fairly good results can follow hard work on November 27, 28, and 29, except in accidental affairs and changes.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20): Trouble will be hunting unwise Pisces during the next week or two. Let fame be your watchword. If important matters must be started, let it be on November 30 and December 1 only.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without assuming responsibility for the statements contained therein.—Editor, A.W.W.)

"I don't like putting blankets away dirty but I daren't wash them myself"



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Ten Thousand Attended Our Free Cookery School

Over 10,000 women and quite a number of men thronged the Sydney Town Hall for the three days' free cookery school conducted by Miss Frances Thompson, Director of the National School of Home Science, Canada.

THE demonstration was organised by The Australian Women's Weekly and the Daily Telegraph.

"The eager attention of those thousands of women was an inspiring experience," she said. "It was obvious, from the intelligent questions they asked, that most of them are good cooks, and will be able to put the hints and recipes they gathered at the school to good use. I know I learned a great deal myself from their questions."

There was a happy, informal atmosphere about the school.

It was just as if Miss Thompson had asked her audience to her own home, pushed the walls back, and made her kitchen large enough for everybody to gather round and watch her cooking.

Women of all ages formed the audiences. There were mothers and grandmothers who brought their knitting and tapestry; young brides and schoolgirls.

Nearly all of them had pencils and notebooks, and took notes throughout the demonstrations.

One of the most discussed innovations introduced by Miss Thompson was her method of roasting beef. She cooked it without fat, and placed it in a cold oven.

Another of Miss Thompson's hints, which made experienced pastrycooks sit on the edge of their seats, was to cover the rolling pin with the top of a child's white sock. This, she explained, takes up any excess mois-

ture in the pastry and prevents it sticking.

Her hands mixed and rolled the pastry with the grace and dexterity of the hands of an interpretative dancer.

"Don't push the rolling pin all over the place," she said. "Roll it a few times shortly and sharply forward, then sideways, and it will keep a good shape and be of even thickness."

Waterless Cooking

MISS THOMPSON'S witty commentary brought gales of laughter and at times jokes and sallies went back and forth over the footlights as if the cookery school were a theatre matinee.

At the close of each day's course, hundreds of women filed across the stage for a close view of the finished dishes in the attractive green and white stage kitchen.

All the dishes cooked each day were awarded as prizes to members of the audience.

Many hands went up when Miss Thompson asked, "Hands up those who cook their vegetables in lots of water."

"A lot of the good of the vegetable goes into the water and down the sink," she said. "If you cook them with no water and just a little shortening to prevent their sticking, the good stays in the vegetable where it ought to be. The lid of the saucepan should fit well to keep all the steam in."

TUDOR WRIST WATCHES

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Real Life Stories

Woman's Lone Stand Against Blacks

WHILE camping out with my husband on a big survey job about 90 miles from Onkaparinga I had an experience I shall never forget.

My husband had two assistants and they were accompanied by three black boys who had to attend to the five camels which were used daily in travelling from our main camp to the country my husband was surveying.

At times they would not return until late at night, but I did not worry as I had a good cattle dog and a 25-30 repeating rifle. I also had as maid-of-all-work the lubra wife of one of the black boys.

One night 9 o'clock came and no husband. I began to feel worried. Midnight and still no appearance.

Bluey, my dog, began to show signs of fear, and kept up a constant howling.

By this time I was completely unnerved, and, getting the rifle, I filled the magazine, which held seven cartridges, and made my way to the quarters where our three black boys were housed.

To my horror it was deserted.

Driven Off

I CALLED Mary, the lubra, and got no response. I did not know what to do.

Then my dog gave a frantic growl just as a spear flashed past my head.

Whether I deliberately aimed and fired the rifle I do not know, but I fired and the bullet found a mark. A scream from the darkness told its own story.

Without waiting I fired another four or five shots into the darkness as quickly as I could, and had the satisfaction of hearing the blacks scurrying away.

Retracing my steps to our own quarters I discovered our lubra badly wounded, with a broken spear projecting

through her left leg just above the knee.

She explained that the reason she had not answered my call was that she was afraid of drawing the attention of our attackers, who were after our food.

I had great difficulty in withdrawing the broken spear, but I eventually got it out, and dressed Mary's wounds.

Just as daylight was breaking I heard the echo of a rifle shot. I knew it was my husband, so I fired in reply in order that he might know that I was all right.

What an experience my

husband, his two assistants, and the black boys had had! They had been ambushed while having their midday meal. The camels were speared, two of the boys killed, and one of the assistants badly wounded in the shoulder with a spear.

My husband was slightly wounded in the arm, but was able to use his rifle, which he did to some purpose.

As soon as we could collect the remaining camels we set out for Broken Hill, where we arrived several days later.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. E. Corby, 41 Donald Road, Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

Prawners Scared

WHILE holidaying at Tuggerah Lakes, N.S.W., I went prawning with my sons.

It was already dark when we reached the beach, and there were so many other prawners, with their lanterns and torches, that we moved away to a sandbank covered with water.

Suddenly there was a splash. A shark was floundering in the shallow water on another sandbank to our right.

A feeling of helplessness glued us to the spot. A movement or a sound might mean a terrible death. All we could do was gaze at the appalling monster trying to get off the bank.

Time dragged on, until at last the shark fought itself free, slipped off into our channel, and began to swim down towards us!

Never before, or since, have I felt such relief as when it passed, and quickly, with a recklessness begotten of fear, I waded through the channel and back to the shore, my sons splashing after me.

5/- to D. Horne, 49 Arthur St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC. A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

That girl took the advice, and now she is married and an enthusiastic woman with no wish to return to the city.

5/- to Mrs. E. M. Staer, Box St., Clermont, Qld.

Friend in Need

WALKING down Rundle Street, Adelaide, during the depression I was startled by a voice behind me saying:

"It's awful to be down and out, and to feel nobody cares."

Turning sharply I said to a young woman: "Did you make that remark?"

"Yes," she said.

"Come and have a cup of tea with me, and tell me all about it!" I invited.

She had been in an office for several years, but as she was the only girl employed she was the first to go when retrenchment became necessary.

She had no home, but was living with a married sister who had three children.

This was all right while she was able to put her board, but now her savings were gone.

"Can you cook and do housework?" I asked her. "Why not get a job as a station or housekeeper or housemaid? You would have your fare paid both ways, and you could save nearly all your wages."



I FIRED . . . the bullet found a mark . . . a scream from the darkness told its own story."

Saved by Dog

SCENE: A farm called Gretna, Green in the Orange Free State, South Africa.

My husband was away on business and I was alone except for the native servants. On returning from a walk I saw a strange native seated on the doorstep and asked him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for you," he said. "I want something to eat."

"Go round to the back door," I ordered. But he refused, and, following me into the house, seated himself in the living-room.

"The Baas will be in any second," I warned him.

But he knew better. "He won't be home for a week," he remarked.

As nonchalantly as possible I went into the bedroom to get a revolver, but he attacked me and there was a struggle I will never forget.

Things were looking particularly serious for me, when my dog joined in the struggle. He attacked the native and this enabled me to get hold of the revolver.

"Go before I shoot," I told him and as he ran away I faintly.

Three days later the police arrested him. He was wanted for murdering a white woman in the Transvaal. But for my dog I would doubtless have been murdered, too.

5/- to Mrs. J. Caldwell, Burra, via Eastern Mail, S.A.

Wins hands down!
OLD ENGLISH



The Tasty Cheese in a Packet

ANY time husband and his cronies get together for a concentrated game, you can play the winning hand at supper, when you enter with coffee and biscuits and generous slices of tasty Old English Cheese.

Men go for Old English in a big way. It has such a rich, nippy

flavour . . . as tasty and well matured as any "cut" cheese you've tried, and much more convenient to use. Old English never varies in flavour. It cuts in smooth creamy slices without any crumbling, or any rind to waste. It stays fresh to the last bite in its tidy foil wrapping. Order Old English from your storekeeper today, 2, 4 and 8oz. packets at all food stores.

Try These Too!

KRAFT CHEDDAR, Mellow flavoured and creamy. KRAFT CELERY, Cheddar blended with crisp celery. WELSH RARE-BIT, Takes only 3 minutes to prepare. KRAFT GRUYERE, Little more than half imported brand prices.



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Please send me a copy of new Kraft Recipe Book "Cheese and Ways to Serve It". I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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DRI-GLO TOWELS

See the smart window displays everywhere.

Enter Nurse Angus

Continued from Page 6

"Nobody could stand up to that stuff," grinned Douglas as he struggled into his sweater. "It's a perfect education."

Finlay nodded in agreement. He accompanied his partner off the court with a sense of genuine pride. He was delighted to have won, and thrilled at the brilliance of Nurse Angus' game.

All his natural generosity acknowledged her superiority as a player, and exulted in the wonderful game which she played. He felt that once and for all it was time to make amends. And as they reached the pavilion he turned to her abruptly.

"Nurse Angus, you played marvelously, far better than I did. You'll have to take me in hand and give me a lesson before our next tie."

But, alas, though Finlay's intention was good, the result was unhappy, for, in the light of his previous behaviour to her, Peggy mistook his appreciation for the cruellest satire.

She flushed to the roots of her hair and looked up at him, her lips straight, her eyes strangely hurt. Then she said:

Countess Barbara's Tooth Came Out —It Cost £130

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

COUNTRESS HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW (Barbara Hutton) paid about £130 to have a tooth out recently. It was a wisdom tooth and needed stitches.

She entered the London Clinic for the extraction on a Tuesday, left on a Saturday. Her two-bedroom suite, with drawing-room and bathroom, cost £45.

Two special nurses cost seven guineas a week each. Dental operating-theatre fee was three guineas. Dentist's bill was about 50 guineas plus two guineas each for further visits, and the anaesthetist's ten guineas. At that rate it would cost over £3000 to have all one's teeth extracted.

Bouquets of flowers arrived all day long, and visitors were frequent.

The Countess' little son, Lance, was smuggled in the back way to avoid photographers.

"I've got to play through those ties with you. And, come what may, I'll do it. But don't you think it would make things a little easier if you let me alone?"

He saw in a flash that she had misunderstood him. Quite taken aback, he tried to set things right, but even before he could answer she had left him.

He did not see her until the day of the next tie, and then her attitude, reserved and cold, precluded all explanations.

In a strained silence they played through the tie, which they won easily. In like manner they played the next, which they won by an even wider margin.

By this time public interest, all unconscious of the internal tension, began to centre on Finlay and Nurse Angus, because of their fine play,

and a fair number of people turned out to witness their fourth-round tie. This Finlay and Nurse Angus also won, and amidst a buzz of congratulations it was agreed that their chance of going to the final was excellent.

The fifth round came, and the sixth, then the quarter-finals, and eventually the semi-final. Finlay and his partner went through them all formally, distantly, and with scarcely a word spoken between them. Indeed, Finlay determined to postpone all speech until the final tie was over and the trophy won.

It came at last, the day of the final, a fine, bright, sunny August day. Quite a stir was about, for the event always aroused interest and excitement in the town.

Even Cameron, at breakfast that morning, facetiously remarked—

"You seem to be going strong with Nurse Angus. Well, well, she's a fine lass. I'm not surprised she's taken a notion of you."

Finlay jabbed at the marmalade savagely.

"That's where you're wrong," he said. "I'm pretty sure she hates the very sight of me."

"Ugh!" said Cameron dryly. "Then, in that case, the pair of ye deserve to get beat."

But Finlay had no intention of getting beaten. Following a light luncheon he arrived early at the club and changed in good time for the great match, which was to begin at three o'clock.

Doggy and Miss Brown, full of confidence and spirits, were already in evidence, and, in company with some of the club officials, were exchanging good-natured banter on the verandah.

"Where's your partner, Finlay?" cried Doggy, boisterously. "She hasn't turned up yet."

"She'll turn up all right," said Finlay quickly.

"Perhaps she's going to let you down at last?" persisted the grinning Doggy.

"She's not the kind to let anyone down," retorted Finlay with sudden indignation.

But, indeed, when three o'clock came and there was no sign of Peggy, a whisper ran through the crowd, a rumor went round that Nurse Angus would not play. And at this a sensation of dismay, mingled with compunction, swept over Finlay.

At the same moment a shout went up from the crowd collected at the gate, and Nurse Angus made her appearance.

She did not quite look herself, somehow, for her face was extremely pale and almost drawn. It seemed as if she had been hurrying; at least, her distress was attributed by Finlay to this case, but he had no time to dwell upon it, for immediately she led the way towards the court.

Together, with Doggy and Miss Brown, they went out into the bright sunshine of the centre court, and their appearance was greeted by a cheer. Then began a warning-up in preparation for the match. But, as he tossed the ball towards her, Finlay observed that she wore a wash-leather glove on her right hand.

He eyed the glove oddly.

"You'll never play with that thing," he declared. "Why don't you take it off?"

She shook her head, moistening her lips slightly.

"I've blistered my hand," she answered rather uncertainly. "Oh, it's nothing at all. Probably from playing so much. I hope it won't put me off my game."

Her answer left him rather at a loss, but before he could pursue the matter Doggy sang out to him, and the game commenced.

One set all, and the final set to go. Excitement amongst the spectators knew no bounds. It was to be a match after all, and a grand one, too!

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HELP STOMACH DIGEST FOOD

With Triple-Action Remedy
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Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this week minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when you hurry nervously through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pains after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestives are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

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Dissolves film and stains
Never scratches Enamel

PLAINLY

unsettled, Doggy served to Finlay, who, encouraged by his partner's daring, returned hard to Doggy, who, making a weak backhand shot to Peggy, allowed her to run in to volley the ball away safely and win the point.

The score was now thirty-forty.

With an expression of anxiety on his face for the first time, Doggy served to Peggy. It was a fault. He served again. It was right, and Peggy, playing with the utmost determination, steered the ball short over the net, and Miss Brown was unable to return it.

An almost hysterical burst of applause from the crowd. Thanks to Peggy's brilliant play the scores had been levelled and now stood at eight games all.

The excitement was intense as Finlay served and won his service. Nine-eight in favor of Finlay and Miss Angus.

Miss Brown now served. She served to Finlay, who returned the ball and made the point. Love-fifteen. She served to Peggy, who made a brilliant winner and won the point.

Miss Brown, looking very worried, served to Finlay and in the rally

Enter Nurse Angus

Continued from Page 49

Peggy again made the point. The score was love-forty. It was set and match point.

A deadly silence settled upon the court as Miss Brown served to Peggy. The first service was a fault. The second was right, and Peggy met the ball firmly, and, with tremendous force, sent it right to the base line between Doggy and Miss Brown.

It was a marvellous shot, and it won the game, set, and match.

Cheer after cheer rang out. It had been a thrilling match, a magnificent recovery, and a marvellous finish.

The din was tremendous as Doggy and Miss Brown ran round to congratulate the winners. But all at once the general jubilation changed to a gasp of consternation. As Finlay turned exultantly to take her hand, quite quietly Peggy crumpled up and collapsed upon the court. Finlay rushed forward.

"Good Lord!" cried Doggy. "She's fainted."

"Bring some water," said Finlay,

bending down and supporting Peggy's head.

They brought a glass of water, and he held it to her lips. In a few seconds she opened her eyes.

"I'm all right," she said faintly; then, as though realising that he held her, she added, "Please let me get up."

"The excitement was too much for you," he muttered. "You shouldn't have played if you didn't feel up to it."

"A nice opinion you'd have had of me if I hadn't played! Even better than you have already!"

Then she insisted on getting to her feet, and, assisted by Miss Brown and some others, she went into the pavilion.

Finlay stood for a moment, alone, cut to the quick by her bitter words. Then he changed quickly and left the ground. The memory of her white, drawn face haunted him.

In this desolate fashion he turned across the common towards Arden House. And then as he entered Park Street he saw an agitated figure hurrying down the road, apparently making for the tennis club. It was



PRISCILLA LAWSON, M.G.B. player, wears a grey, sleeveless jacket over her dark woollen frock. A smart grey turban tops the outfit.

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In uncertain times—that's when the value of your investments is tested to its limit.

No greater measure of security can be obtained than that provided by Commonwealth Bonds—guaranteed by the Governments of Australia, and with the full resources of the Commonwealth behind them.

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LOAN

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TREASURER
Commonwealth Treasury,
Canberra, A.C.T.

Conversion

TURNING, Finlay surveyed her retreating form with a horrified expression on his face. It was that. That was why Peggy had fainted. He saw now the meaning of the glove, remembered how she had winced each time her racket had met the ball in that last thrilling match! "It's nothing," she had said, "only a blister."

Because of his behaviour to her at the beginning, because he had questioned her pluck, she had stubbornly refused to tell him. She had played the game with a badly injured hand, a hand that could hardly clasp the racket.

He wanted to turn, to run after the matron towards the tennis club to apologise to Peggy. Angus to get down on his knees, to say how sorry he was, to ask her pardon humbly. But he did not. How could he? She would not even listen to him now. So he turned, instead, and walked slowly towards Arden House, trying to take comfort from the thought that he would see her again, that perhaps, if the chance came, he could make amends.

He knew at last what his beating was, had been from the first, and always would be, for Peggy Angus.

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...get tired all day. ...feet feel like red-hot flat irons. ...blame stale foot acid! ...waste acid choke-up pores of sweat glands in your feet and pile up in the muscles. Feet get smart. Corns and blisters form. No wonder people get foot weary, irritable, dejected. You've got to shift that acid!

PRADOX

Freckles

...Wind Bring Out Ugly How to Remove Easily. ...Miss Freckleface, to remedy for freckles with the application of a reliable cream that not only gets rid of freckles, but gives you a clear complexion the moment it is applied. ...get an ounce of Kintho—its strength—from any chemist. ...applications should show how easy it is to rid yourself of freckles and get a beautiful complexion. ...Barely is more than needed for the worst case. ...ask for the double-kintho as this strength is a guarantee of money back to remove your freckles.

CORN REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

What Women Are Doing

Won Musical Honor

MISS WINIFRED McDONNELL, of Melbourne, who went to London three and a half years ago to take up a scholarship at the Royal College of Music for two years, and was awarded a further two years, has been successful in gaining the Associate of the Royal College of Music.

On December 3 she leaves London for home, and is to broadcast from Colombo on her way out on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day.

Miss McDonnell is a member of the Covent Garden Opera Chorus and soloist at the Church of the Angel, Bayswater.

To Present War Worker's Uniform to Canberra

AT the request of the Director of the Canberra War Memorial, Miss Bessie Davison, of Adelaide, is sending the khaki uniform she wore during the war as a member of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps to Canberra, to occupy a glass case with other reminders of women's war work. Miss Davison, who is a well-known figure among returned war workers in Adelaide, wore the uniform for the last time on Armistice Day this year.

She was famous during the war as one of 1000 women to stick to the regulation shoes, which she had hobnailed for extra wear.

Miss Davison is sending to England for the service shoes and overcoat so that her gift may be complete.

To Preside at Peace Conference

THE Lady Mayores of Brisbane, Mrs. A. J. Jones, who is much interested in the Queensland Women's Peace Movement, will preside at a conference to be held in the Lord Mayor's room in the City Hall on December 1.

The aim of the meeting is to bring women in every sphere together to discuss peace. It has been convened under the auspices of the Women's Commission on International Peace, and is a prelude to the all-Australian Women's Conference to be held in Brisbane next year.

Mrs. Nell McLeod and Miss Eva Julius are busy with the arrangements. Speakers will include Mrs. W. Purgess, Mrs. A. Dean, Miss Julius, and Mrs. A. E. Evans.

Keen Worker For Women's Organisations

MISS S. BANKS, of Brisbane, has given many years to working for various women's organisations in Queensland. For 28 years she has been associated with the Women's Christian Temperance Union and is State Honorary Recording Secretary.

She had a long term as president of the Central Union, the oldest branch of the W.C.T.U. in Queensland.

Miss Banks is also interested in the work of the Benevolent Society, of which she is president, and represents it on the National Council of Women.

For twelve years she was organist at the Brunswick Street Methodist Church, Brisbane, which she has attended for 30 years.

Gardening is Hobby Of Kindergarten Worker

FOR a hobby when she is not busy working for the Creche and Kindergarten Association, Mrs. F. G. Oldmeadow, of Brisbane, works in the garden of her home at Coorparoo. She specialises in crotons, and usually has a vivid display of about 30 varieties.



Mrs. Oldmeadow—Noel Matland

Mrs. Oldmeadow, who is president of the Piveways branch of the Creche and Kindergarten, has been interested in this work for a number of years. Always at the annual floral festival for the kindergarten she is one of the hardest workers.

She was also for many years convener of the house committee of the Brisbane Women's Club, of which she is a member.

AROUND AUSTRALIA BY CAR

MAN-EATING sharks and giant swordfish, 150 miles from the sea, in a lake near Fitzroy, Western Australia, were among strange sights reported by Miss Ruth Gunn, of West Maitland, New South Wales, in a recent solo motor trip around Australia.

Miss Gunn is the first woman to have made this trip alone by car. Her only companion was "Paddy," a sheep dog.

The journey of 9000 miles took nine and a half weeks to complete, and was made without mishap. No unfriendly natives were encountered, and Miss Gunn describes Central Australia as a scenic paradise.

Taught in Schools in India and Australia

A KNOWLEDGE of widely diverse types of students has been gained by Miss Elizabeth Macfie in the course of her career as a schoolteacher, for she has held appointments in schools in Australia and India, and recently took a refresher course in England.

Miss Macfie, who is at present on the staff of the Launceston Methodist Ladies' College, has just been appointed headmistress of Strathmore Presbyterian Girls' School, Melbourne.

She trained at the Teachers' Training College, Melbourne, and for a time was attached to the staff of the Kew Preparatory School.

After a course at St. Hilda's Training College for Missionaries, she was appointed headmistress of a school at Aurangabad, India, and later was associated with Runawal School for Boys at Maraudellas for nine years.

Women Artists Hold Joint Exhibition

TWO well-known Melbourne women artists, Mrs. H. W. Tilley and Mrs. Ethel Wardle, have joined forces and arranged a show of their work at the Stair Gallery, Melbourne.

Apart from her painting, Mrs. Tilley does pottery work and china painting, some examples of which are included in the exhibition.

Mrs. Wardle is known for her landscapes, which have been shown at the Victorian Artists' Society Exhibitions.

Will Study Almoner Work Abroad

MISS ISOBEL HODGE, chief almoner of the Children's Hospital, Melbourne, has been granted a year's leave of absence and is now on the way to England to study conditions there and gain experience of latest methods in the work.

Miss Hodge was one of the first three almoners to be appointed to the hospital, where she has held the position of chief almoner since 1931, after having trained at the Victorian Institute of Almoners.

During her absence Miss Elsie R. Champion will be acting almoner. A trainee of the Victorian Institute, Miss Champion was formerly at Prince Henry Hospital, where she has been assistant almoner for the past two years.

Miss Janet Payne, an English almoner who is visiting Australia, will assist Miss Champion.

Hospital Bed Endowed In Her Name

AS a mark of appreciation of the work of Mrs. W. M. Robins, a bed named the Emile Robins bed has been endowed at the Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne.

Mrs. Robins was one of the founders of the existing body of auxiliaries of the hospital and has been president since its inception in 1924.

During that time more than £50,000 in money and goods has been given to the hospital by the auxiliaries, who have also done a lot of voluntary aid work in many departments of the hospital.

Although she has retired from the office of president, Mrs. Robins has accepted the position of patron of the auxiliaries, and thus will continue her interest in the work she has done so much to make successful.

Working For Pre-School Child Development

THE first biennial conference of the newly-formed Australian Association for Pre-School Child Development will be held in the Arts Building at Melbourne University next year from January 30 to February 3.

Lady Gowrie will formally declare the conference open on January 31, and both she and Lady Huntingfield have announced their intention of being present at several sessions.

Sessions will be held every morning and afternoon. Speakers will include Dr. Anita Muhl, psychiatrist to the Melbourne University, Sir Stanton Hicks, Professor of Physiology at the University of Adelaide, Miss Mary Cooper, B.Sc., of Columbia University, and Miss Nancy Parsons, of Christchurch, New Zealand.

Subjects to be discussed will be guidance of children, physical growth and nutrition, methods and curricula activities.

Made Film of Koalas Used in Visual Education

THAT the koala is Australia's best advertising medium is the opinion of Mrs. Matthew Smith, an American who spent some time in Australia last year filming animal life.

She took several films back to America, but her picture of the life of the koala met with such enthusiastic approval among educational authorities that it is now shown in hundreds of schools throughout the States.

Films have not yet gained a great foothold in the English educational system, but the koala film has been shown in a number of the larger private schools there.

Photography was only a hobby with Mrs. Smith when she first visited Australia, where she bought a 16 millimetre camera, but when she returns next year she has an important assignment to make full-sized pictures for Universal, and also a series for the schools' Visual Education Library.

Interested in Home Dietetics and Nutrition Problems

TO Mrs. W. J. Sachs, of Brisbane, goes the distinction of being one of the first Arts graduates at the University of Queensland. Later she took up the study of Home Science at the Brisbane Central Technical College.

Mrs. Sachs is honorary secretary of the Queensland Nutrition Council, whose function is primarily to study problems of nutrition.

She is also convener of the nutrition study of the Women Graduates' Association, which produced a three-weekly menu plan for the winter in Queensland.

As a member of the Brisbane Mothercraft Association committee, Mrs. Sachs recently helped to arrange lectures and demonstrations in Home Dietetics and Housecraft as part of the association course for the training of infants.

Thousands



Surfer's Foot gets lurk on beaches, in surf-sheds and baths. For protection smear Iodex between toes before surfing.

of Men & Women



Summer days and perspiring feet cause Surfer's Foot to thrive and spread.

all over Australia



Look between your toes at night. If they itch and skin is broken, use Iodex promptly.

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Doctors say... 60 per cent. of population infected

Thousands of men and women unknowingly spread the germs of Surfer's Foot through their homes, or wherever they walk in bare feet on moist surfaces.

Apply Iodex at the first sign of trouble. It kills the fungus, the cause of the disease, and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues.

Prompt treatment with Iodex will stop red, raw, crippling sores developing, and prevent the infection spreading to other parts of the body.

Iodex is used by doctors the world over in treating various forms of Ringworm, and its active, antiseptic Iodine content has proved remarkably effective in the treatment of Surfer's Foot.

In serious cases see your Doctor promptly.

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NO-STAIN IODINE
From your Chemist. Price 2/-

She Wanted to Lose Weight

AND LOST EXACTLY 14 LBS.

"I was 12 stone 4 lbs., and too heavy and overweight," writes Mrs. R. "For a time I have been taking Pinkettes every night before retiring, and they have helped me a good deal. I am now 11 stone 4 lbs., and have lost exactly 14 lbs."

When unhealthy fat, overweight, sick headache, pimples, bad breath are due to a congested food tract, you cannot do better than take gentle Pinkettes, which are excellent for the treatment of constipation and sluggish liver. These tiny laxative and liver pills are compounded of safe vegetable ingredients, which clear away the waste digestive poisons and accumulations, banishing unhealthy fat, spots and pimples, bad breath, sick headaches, biliousness and liver-itch. See how happy, fit and attractive you look and feel after Pinkettes. Get a 1/3 bottle to-day—at all chemists and stores.

EVERY MOTHER should take the specialists' advice... use only Castile No. 4 for baby! Castile No. 4 is an olive oil soap that prevents dryness and chafing... keeps the skin soft... banishes cradle-cap and dandruff. Castile No. 4 is the **SAFE** soap to use... ask any doctor!

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GENUINE OLIVE OIL SOAP, APPROVED BY THE BRITISH PHARMACOPOEIA

CHOOSE THIS ASPIRIN FOR SAFETY.

Great benefit of taking the Original Aspirin.

You can always relieve that ache or pain harmlessly with Bayer's Aspirin tablets. Even those deep-seated pains that make a man's very bones ache. Even the distressing pains so many women suffer. They will yield to these tablets! Bayer's Aspirin has many important uses. Read the proven directions in every package of Bayer's Aspirin, and don't endure any needless pains from headache, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism.

Keep a bottle of these tablets in the house; carry the handy pocket box if subject to unexpected headaches, sudden colds. Quick relief, without any harmful effects; Bayer's Aspirin does not depress the heart nor upset the stomach.

Hayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, and they are prescribed by doctors the world over.

Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In boxes of 12, 3d.; also in bottles, 24 tablets 1/3, 100 4/- Bayer means Better.



Bayer means Better.

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If you want delightfully glossy waves that will stay "put" for days, just damp your hair and comb a few drops of Dampette through it; then finger-press waves into position—Chemists and Stores sell Dampette—2/- a bottle—Contains Vitamin F.



to the disturbing romance of the new perfume

The girl who wears "Mischief" gains a new allure... becomes a more exciting companion. For this delicious new fragrance is a riot! But a definitely smart riot all the same! In swagger black and chromium flasks—from half a crown to fifty shillings and the cute little novelty packs shown below.

Mischief



Moulded miniature Top Hats—Black or White. They make cute ash-trays; after the perfume bottle has been removed.

Handing size bottle nestling in white silk inside a miniature Lady's Flat Box—complete with gay travel labels from all the queerest places in the world.

A CREATION OF SAVILLE PERFUMERY LTD., WATFORD, ENGLAND.

Obtainable at all good Chemists and Stores.

CVS-61

"I GUESS I don't

make love very well without a script to go by," he said. "It's a cliché to be a Great Lover on the screen. You always say just the right things, and the girl always gives you just the right answers. But it isn't so easy when you find yourself up against the real thing. Look here, will you please stop watching your watch and listen to me? I'm supposed to be making love to you."

"I'm listening," said Kay. "But I must keep an eye on the time. I've an appointment at two sharp."

"I'll go with you," declared Eric. "It's for a massage."

"No. You mustn't. I mean it."

"What will you be doing for dinner?"

"Eating."

"With me?"

"No. I'm dining at home," said Kay.

"Must you?"

"Yes. It's Father's birthday."

"Well, while you're nibbling squab with Papa on Park Avenue, I'll be eating my heart out at the Lambs Club," stated Eric. "How about tomorrow night, the night after, the night after that, or—"

"I have engagements."

"Would you rather break an engagement or a heart?" he inquired.

"You'll excuse me for asking, Mr. Farwell," Kay said, "but have you a slight case of squirrels in the pent-house?"

"Oh, I'm crazy," he said. "About you."

"What do you know about me?"

"That you're beautiful and—"

"Perhaps a gangster's sweetheart or the queen of the gipsies," she finished. "We met"—Kay consulted her watch—"exactly forty-six minutes and thirty-two seconds ago."

"I've known you for forty-six centuries and thirty-two years," said Eric.

Kay clapped her hands as one applauding.

"Now the next line," she said. He regarded her blankly.

"Oh, come now, you must know it," Kay said. "You've said it often

enough—in 'One Night at Newport'; in 'Love on a Liner'; in all your pictures."

"What did I say?"

"I'll prompt you," Kay said. "It's either 'You're the girl of my dreams' or 'You remind me of my mother.'"

"Laugh at me if you like," said Eric, soberly, "but the fact is I was going to say that you do remind me of somebody. No, not my mother. She died when I was two and I was brought up by my Aunt Julia."

"So I remind you of an aunt," said Kay. "That's not very romantic."

"You're not the least bit like Aunt Julia," said Eric. "It's somebody else."

"Who?"

"I don't know. I just plain don't know," he replied. "I'm all confused and baffled about it. The instant I saw you I had a sense I'd known you sometime, somewhere. And I'd loved you then, too. Maybe it was in a dream. Or maybe I'm cuckoo."

"That's perfectly possible," said Kay. "I had a feeling I'd met you; but of course it came from seeing

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, November 23.

—11.45 a.m.: Serial, "Maison Rouge," by Dumas.

2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, November 24.

—11.45 a.m.: Serial, 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, November 25.

—11.45 a.m.: Serial, 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, November 26.

—2.30 p.m.: Meet the Band Leaders. 8.0 p.m.: Hits of Today.

SUNDAY, November 27.

—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital, Beniamino Gigli. 6.10 p.m.: Famous List Rhapsodies.

MONDAY, November 28.

—11.45 a.m.: Serial, 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, November 29.

—11.45 a.m.: Serial, 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Miss D. Vautier.

you on the screen. But you couldn't have seen me on the screen, or anywhere else. You're mixing me up with somebody else."

He shook his head.

"I couldn't do that," he said. "You stare must meet so many girls," said Kay. "You really should install a filing system."

"I do meet a lot of girls," he admitted. "It's all part of the game. But I never fell for any of them. I never even tottered a little. I was waiting for you."

Kay DeLane stood up suddenly. "Stop!" she cried. Her face had gone pale and her voice was trembling.

"Why, what's the matter?" queried Eric.

"I'm going. Thank you for lunch. Good-bye."

"When am I going to see you again?"

"Not ever."

"I must."

"You mustn't."

Quickly she turned and ran from the restaurant.

KAY went into that marble and chromium temple which houses the Waxwell store, through the employees' entrance, pausing to punch the time clock. She hurried to the top floor and entered the models' dressing room. Other girls, tall, slender, pretty like herself, were there, undressing and dressing. Mrs. Kohler, manager of the models, flitted about like a plump black carrier pigeon that has lost its message. She flew at Kay.

"You're late, DeLane," she snapped.

"Sorry."

"Did you go to lunch in that coat and dress?" demanded Mrs. Kohler, suspiciously.

"As if I would," replied Kay. "I know the rules."

She took off the fur coat and began to take off the dress.

"You're due on the third floor to

The Plush String Bean

Continued from Page 5

model negligees," Mrs. Kohler told her. "Get a wiggle on."

"I'm hurrying," said Kay.

At his window on Park Avenue an old man sat watching the trains go by. He lived on that part of Park they don't write stories about. His tenement window was not many feet from the tracks. Once he had been a giant, but now he was shrunken and bent, and the gnarled hand which had once pulled the throttle of the crack Chicago express could pull nothing now. He glanced at the watch on a peg beside his wheel chair, the thick, old-fashioned watch so prized by veteran railroad men.

"Twenty-two past six," he muttered. "No. 32 is late again."

A minute later No. 32 roared past, and the blue-denim engineer waved his cap at old Martin Delaney, who sat all day by his window, watching the trains go by.

A sound at the door made his face brighten. His daughter came into the little flat, a big bag of groceries in her arms.

"Hello, Katie, darlin'," he called out.

"Hello, Dad. How are you feeling to-night?"

"I can't complain."

"You mean you don't complain," she said.

"Sure, a daughter like you makes rheumatism a pleasure," he said.

"I brought you a little birthday present," she said. She handed him an emerald-green necktie.

"It's beautiful," he said. "But, Katie, you shouldn't spend money on me. It's you that needs things to wear."

"Why, I have a whole storeful of the most expensive clothes to wear," she said.

"And hardly a rag you can call your own," said her father.

They ate in the neat kitchen. Few dining-rooms are found in those dreary reaches of Park, north of 96.

"They have a new engineer on No. 6," Martin Delaney said. "It's

Bert, Delzer that was a cub engineer in my time. Old 17 was having a new Pullman car, called the 'Plush'—worthy! Now, where do the names come from? I wonder! I was a robin this morning and—why, Katie, dear, you're not eating. Is it that you are?"

"I'm not hungry," she answered listlessly.

"When a Delaney can't eat, it's news," observed her father. "I know, me, now, has that fat cat of a Kew woman been faulting you?"

"No more than usual."

She heaped more cabbage on her plate and as she did so she said: "I hope he's a railroad man like her father."

"What? Who?"

"That robin told me that Kew is here," said Martin Delaney. "The right and proper season for a girl to fall in love."

"Who said I was in love?"

"I know the signs," he replied. "It's a day I've been dreading—hoping for, Katie."

He set down his coffee cup.

"He'll be a decent young fellow," he said. "Martin Delaney said, 'you're no fool about people, but you've worked so long in a hard world, take care of me. Would you marry now, is he making enough to get married on?'"

"Three thousand a week?"

Her father laughed.

"It's moonshine you're talking," he said. "Why, the president of the road doesn't make that much."

"Eric Farwell does."

"Oh, so it's him, is it?" queried Martin Delaney. "Well, there's a kind of harm in that, I guess. I was a young extra fireman. I struck on Lillian Russell once, kept her picture on the wall of the cab. All Delaneys are romantic about their nature. But the day I saw your mother I tore that picture to bits, and you'll be doing the same. I'm thinking, when the right one comes along."

"Suppose Eric is the right one?"

Please turn to Page 54

Doesn't Stun 'em

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Live To a Budget

Radio Adviser On Married Happiness

Frank Sturge Harty, well-known radio adviser, is transferring to 2GB, and will be heard from that station on December 1, and regularly after that date.

During the past four years he has been made the confidant of 10,000 women, and their confidences have touched on almost every problem confronting the modern woman.

TODAY Mr. Harty, who has been medical student, journalist and clergyman, believes that beneath the more apparent problems of infidelity an incompatibility lies the real cause of the majority of marriage failures—money.

More real consideration for the needs and feelings of the marriage partner, more intimate understanding on both sides; and, above all, a determined financial planning at the outset of marriage—these three form an excellent basis for success in marriage, in Mr. Harty's opinion.

"Infidelity and incompatibility involve thousands of marriages each year," Mr. Harty said in an interview with *The Australian Women's Weekly*, "but I have yet to see more than a percentage of problems in which the infidelity, incompatibility and the unhappiness did not first arise from some problem of money."

Typical Cases

LET me cite two widely-different cases—

"A middle-aged man for 25 years had surrendered to his wife all his wages each week, and for 25 years he had been denied the fishing trips and the other simple pleasures which he craved."

"His wife wrote to me, shocked and pained beyond description when her husband rebelled, withheld his wages one Friday, and slipped away for a week-end."

"That might have been called unreasonable, but if that husband had had even a few shillings a week for his own unquestioned spending there might have been no such violent explosion after 25 years of repression."

"Fortunately I was able to offer some advice which I am glad to say helped to restore the marriage to a happy level."

"The second case is typical of thousands."

"In the early days of marriage the young wife allowed the husband to keep each week an amount which left her sufficient for the household expenses only, and nothing for herself."

"As so often happens, what began as a tribute of love became the husband's right, and inevitably resentment grew in the young wife's mind."

"And when such resentment reaches a grievance develops and happiness dies."

Make a Budget

"It does seem to me that if a couple are to make a success of marriage there must be a clear understanding of exactly how their income is to be spent, for marriage is essentially a partnership."

"If the husband is to enjoy freedom of spending, so also should the wife. She must have her own personal allowance—even if only a shilling or two can be spared over and above the household budget."

"And in that word budget is the solution of the problem."

"Nothing hurts the self-respect of a woman or a man more than to have to go cap in hand to ask for small sums of money for everyday personal needs."

"At the start of their married life a couple should sit down in an atmosphere of business, devoid of sentiment, and carefully allot the spending of the money which they will earn."

"They then start off their marriage on a partnership basis, which will give at least the promise of mutual trust and understanding."

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The Plush String Bean

Continued from Page 52

"It takes more supposing than I can do on a full stomach," her father replied. "Why should it be him any more than one of those other picture lads? They're all tall and handsome, with a quick tongue in their heads and a hefty right hook when needed. To me they're as alike as so many bananas."

"Not to me," Katie said. "Eric is the one—and I don't know why. The very first time I saw him in a picture, I seemed to know he was the one. Do I sound silly?"

"You do so," said her father. "And it's not like you to talk nonsense. It's the spring in the air that makes you so. Now, eat your cabbage like a good girl. That's real. He's nothing but a spook on a sheet."

"I guess you're right," Katie said slowly. "It's a waste of time to wish for the moon."

When they had finished their supper Martin Delaney propelled his wheel-chair back to his Park Avenue window, and watched the night trains go by. Katie washed the dishes, and then did the family laundry in the bathtub.

SHE had five o'clock feet. She needed no clock to tell her that she must walk for thirty more purgatorial minutes about the sportswear department in her tight riding boots and extremely smart tan riding habit.

"Come to life, DeLaney," Mrs. Kohler called out to her. "You've been moping all week. If you want to sit down, sit on the horse."

Kay climbed into the saddle of the wooden steed which stood in the corner of the sports shop, and was used to demonstrate the perfect fit of Waxwell riding breeches.

"Hello, Godiva," said a voice. It startled her almost as much as if the wooden horse had neighed. She looked down and saw Eric Farwell patting the horse's pine flank.

"Please go away," she said in a low voice.

"I will not," he said. "I've been looking for you all week. Spent a fortune in telephone calls. Tramped Park Avenue for hours. No luck—till now."

"Why did you look for me here?" Kay asked.

"I wasn't looking for you here," he replied. "I came here to buy a raincoat for Minnie."

He indicated the Bedlington which was contentedly nibbling the horse's painted hoof.

"I'd buy that habit you have on, if I were you," he said. "It fits you well, and you look lovely in it. Where do you ride?"

"England," said Kay. "I'm going there to-morrow."

"I'm going back to California to-morrow myself," he said. "There's grand riding there, too."

"So I've heard."

"Why don't you come to California?"

"Why don't you let me alone?"

"Oh, come off your high horse, literally and figuratively," he said. "Please let me talk to you."

"What do you want to say?"

"Lots of things," he answered. "But I can't shout 'em to a lady on horseback. So suppose you decide to buy that habit you have on, get dressed and meet me in the cocktail lounge at Raoul's. How does that appeal to you?"

"A splendid idea."

"I'll be waiting," he said, and turned away.

At closing time Kay took off the tan habit, escaped from the boots, and put on her old street suit. But she did not go to Raoul's. With tight lips and a set face she hurried past it, and swung aboard an up-town bus.

"And how's my Katie?" her father greeted her when she came into their flat.

"Never better," she replied.

"It's too bad you weren't here a minute ago when No. 431 went by," Martin Delaney said. "In the diner was the fattest man I ever saw, eating spaghetti. It got caught in his chins—"

"Now what on earth is the matter with me?" broke in Katie. "I was going to get spaghetti for supper to-night and I forgot all about it."

"Ah, well," observed her father, "when the air is full of spring, young folks don't think of spaghetti."

"I'll go right out and do the marketing," she said. "You must be terribly hungry."

"Only hungry enough to eat a mess of fried coupling pins."

"I'll hurry."

Katie Delaney was hurrying out of the tenement when she bumped into a man who was hurrying in. For a moment they stood staring at each other. Then he said, excitedly:

"It's you! It really is you!"

"Yes, it's me. How did you know I lived here?"

"I didn't," said Eric Farwell. "Do you?"

"I do. And what's more, I've lived here all my life."

"Then I was right," he cried, triumphantly. "It came to me while I was waiting for you. It was only a vague hunch but I had to follow it up—"

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Katie.

"You're Piggy," he said. "Little Piggy Delaney."

"She was startled."

"Why, yes," she said, "they did call me Piggy when I was a kid. But how did you know?"

"Because," he said, "I gave you the name myself. You wore pigtail and I used to pull them. Look at me."

In the hall's dim light she studied his face.

"Look hard," he said, "and you'll know me."

In a faint voice she said:

"You can't be Skinny Farrell."

"Oh, yes, I can be," he said. "I am, or at least I was, the gangling, dirty-faced kid that lived next door to you, and hero-worshipped your father and wanted to be a railroad man like him. I played in the streets with you, and we danced together to the hurdy-gurdy, and I was in love with you and I carved our initials on the door of Tony Pizzelli's coal cellar—"

"I remember."

"I cried the day I moved away," he went on. "So did you. Well, lots of things have happened to me since then, but I've never forgotten you—in my heart. That's why I knew you—and yet didn't know you—when I saw you in the store that day. My mind could not place you, but my heart remembered."

"I—I guess I have changed some since I was six," she got out.

"A little," he laughed. Then he asked, suddenly anxious, "Why is your name changed? Are you married?"

"I'm not a wife," she said. "I'm a fraud. I was out of a job, and needed one. They advertised for models at Waxwell's—only society girls need apply—and, well, somehow Kay DeLaney sounded farther down Park Avenue than Katie Delaney—"

"Just as Eric Farwell suggests a society type a bit better than Eddie Farrell," he said. "At least my studio seemed to think so. I'm afraid, Katie, we're a couple of frauds, you and I."

"Snobs, too."

"Snobs is the word for us," he said cheerfully.

"You're not a perfect snob."

"Why?"

"If you were," she said, "you'd never have come back to the old neighborhood."

ID go anywhere to find you again," he said.

"I didn't see you following me," she said.

"I didn't follow you," he said. "I followed my heart. I was sitting there in Raoul's, sipping my sidcar, and waiting for you, and thinking, 'That lovely creature can't be my Piggy, and yet she looks just the way I always dreamed Piggy would look when she grew up.' Then a voice said, 'It's Piggy you've always loved—'"

"Whose voice?"

"My own. And it also said, 'Find Piggy.' So there was only one thing to do, and that was to look for her, starting at the last place I saw her, right here in this very hall. We said good-bye here. Do you remember?"

She looked away from him.

"A girl never forgets her first kiss," she said.

"Neither does a boy," he said.

He took her in his arms.

"Katie," he whispered, "I love—"

The thunder of a passing train filled the hallway.

"I couldn't hear a word you said," said Katie.

"But you got the general idea, didn't you?"

"Perfectly."

"What do you think of it?"

"I think I'm in love with you," she began.

Another train smothered her words; but there are times when words do not matter much, anyhow.

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MUD THAT BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN!

IT comes direct from volcanic pools in thermal regions, and because of its unusual chemical properties is amazingly beneficial for the complexion.

By JANETTE

OF all the beauty culture processes for beautifying the complexion, that of spreading mud on the face would appear to be the most salubrious.

Yet strangely enough, it is one that gives more definite and immediate results than many other methods.

That is—providing you use the right kind of mud.

You've probably heard of and perhaps tried various face packs—some made of herbs and almond-cream and so-called mud packs made with tulle's earth.

But unless you've tried real thermal mud that is actually dug from the ground then you've never had a real mud pack and cannot have any idea of its unusual cosmetic qualities.

From Volcanic Pools

ONE of the best muds comes from the volcanic pool of Spa Pilsen, which is in Czechoslovakia, a little country that has been mentioned in the news.



ABOVE: Massaging the face with skin food. Special attention is paid to lines on forehead, round eyes and mouth.

LEFT: The treatment is over, make-up is applied and the client looks at her reflection in the mirror to find her complexion smooth, clear and soft.

The mud is pushed up by an underground current of sulphur-water at Pilsen, and is actually volcanic rock disintegrated to a fine powder free of bacteria. Impervious to decomposition, and high in radioactivity.

It is a strongly odorous of sulphur, but many leading beauty specialists overseas are now using this thermal mud instead of artificially-prepared ones because it gives quicker and more definite results.

Its value not only for skin beautifying, but for its remedial qualities, has been known in Europe for many years, but it is only recently that samples of this mud have been made available for beauty work in this country.

You can use it yourself at home, or you can have it applied by a beauty specialist. The mud is mixed with water and applied to the face direct or over a thin gauze

mask. It is allowed to dry, and is then washed off with lukewarm water.

Before the pack is applied, however, the skin is prepared by cleansing first with cleansing cream, and then by massaging with skin food, after which all surplus creams are removed with tissues.

Lighter and Clearer

AFTER the mud pack has been removed you are in for a surprise, for your skin will look brighter, clearer, smoother, and younger.

The action of the mud, which penetrates to the deep underlying tissues, is to promote correct nutrition and elimination of waste products.

Thus it aids in removing blackheads, pimples, blotches, roughness, and coarseness. It is also used for

IN thermal mud nature has provided a cosmetic unique in its therapeutic composition because it contains sulphur in a state of continued reproduction and radium, the inexhaustible element, in the form of salts. At the same time the mud is free from harmful bacteria and does not decompose.



PREPARING THE FACE for a mud pack in a beauty salon. A clean towel is wrapped around the head to keep creams away from the hair, and the client lies back and relaxes.

excess tissue and flabbiness under the eyes and in other parts of the face and neck. It is proving excellent, too, for age lines, wrinkles, and sagging cheeks.

Further, it will remove uneven suntan, and restore a sallow skin to normal.

The whole effect actually is to give the skin the transparent look of youth.

The mud pack can be used once to three times a week, according to the type of skin. A very sensitive skin would require treatment only once a

week, and with the mud applied on a thin gauze mask.

After two or three treatments you should notice a great improvement in your skin.

To get the greatest benefit from a mud pack treatment, try to set aside at least half an hour to an hour at some time during the day when you can be alone and undisturbed.

Of course, if you don't want to go to the trouble of applying a mud pack at home, you could have the treatment in a beauty salon.

Baby Welfare Clinics say:—

Keep baby more comfy in Bond's "NEVABIND" Shirts!

See, the sleeves are cut like this so that there are no seams to chafe or bind baby under the arms. Each "Nevabind" buttons right down the front. No pushing or pulling to get this shirt over baby's head. There's reinforcing all the way down behind the buttons, finishing with a firm little tab (where this arrow points) onto which to pin baby's nappy.

Silk-and-Wool, Short sleeves. All infants' sizes, 2/11. . . . Silk-and-Cotton, 2/6. Also without Sleeves, 1/11. Sold by all leading Infants' Clothing Stores.





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Don't Tamper With Facial Blemishes

What My Patients Ask Me By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: What is the best way to treat facial blemishes such as pimples?

FACIAL blemishes, such as pimples and furuncles on the face, can be a real menace to health.

There is a great diversity of opinion as to the treatment of this common infection, but all authorities are agreed that it is dangerous to squeeze or prick a blemish of this type on the face.

No matter how small or trivial the pimple may seem to you, bear in mind that faulty treatment may lead to serious blood poisoning.

A Temptation

THERE is always a great temptation to squeeze it. This is especially the case with girls who are anxious that no blemish mar their beauty.

Yet yielding to this impulse is the cause of many permanent scars of the face.

Also, as I have said, it has resulted in serious blood poisoning.

But why is it more dangerous to squeeze a pimple on the face than any other part of the body?

The face, especially around the mouth, differs from other parts of the body in that the muscles are not enclosed in sheaths.

This arrangement was made by nature to permit those muscles to have a large part in the movements of the face, movements that give the many expressions which so truly indicate our various emotions.

As the result of this difference of anatomy, it is possible for an infection to spread.

A break in the skin permits ready access to the deep tissues, including the muscles of the face.

There are many large arteries and veins around the nose, the upper lip and the angle of the mouth, as well as the chin.

It will be seen that infections of the face at any of these points may quickly spread. If the tissues are bruised and broken by squeezing.

The poisons are absorbed and serious general infection may follow.

Let me warn all of you against the danger of carelessness in handling any blemish of the face.

Leave Alone

LEAVE these infections alone. Let nature take her course. Keep the face clean and free of contamination.

If in doubt consult your doctor. He can best outline the needed treatment.

It is wise to avoid self-medication or self-treatment, whether it is for a pimple or a boil on the face, or for that matter anywhere on the body.



"Miles More Flavour in KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES"

— agree the Johnston family after making Kellogg's famous Blindfold Test.

399 people, including the Johnston family, have now taken part in Kellogg's Blindfold Test! Each person, blindfolded, tastes four well-known breakfast flakes including Kellogg's Corn Flakes (During the test each cereal is referred to by number only) . . . And every one of those 399 people has voted Kellogg's Corn Flakes first for flavour . . . it's that rich taste of corn which makes them so much more delicious!



SCIENTIFIC PROOF OF THE GREAT ENERGY GIVING POWER OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES.



Recent analysis made at the Sydney University showed that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes gives you as much energy as two eggs and one pork chop. That's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunchtime.



Kellogg's Corn Flakes are made from specially grown white Australian Corn, flavoured with malt and salt, baked crisp and crunchy in Kellogg's shiny acent!



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For Young Wives and Mothers

Cool Sponges for Baby

By MARY TRUBY KING

WHEN baby is six months old he may be gradually educated to enjoy a cool sponge after the bath. This paves the way for the cold shower later on in life, and is a great help if baby tends to be constipated.

After washing in the ordinary way with the warm water, sponge baby with water which is a few degrees colder than the bath water.

A small watering-can may be used for this process, and makes the process fun for the little one.

Each day slightly lower the temperature of the cool water till baby can take it just as it comes from the cold tap.

Should baby become blue or cold discontinue the cool shower for a time, commencing again with your doctor's permission.

A healthy child of over two years may be given a daily cold bath. This should be started in the summer, and the temperature of the bath reduced day by day, till at the end of ten days or so it can be taken quite cold.

Dried Quickly

IT is not necessary for the child to remain in the bath—it should just be an "in-and-out" process.

The child should then be dried quickly with a warm, large Turkish towel, dressed very quickly, and set to some active exercise. This exercise should occupy a quarter of an hour and should be followed by breakfast.

Some medical men recommend bathing every baby in warm olive oil during the first week of life.

Certainly for the premature or very delicate baby this is necessary, as it conserves the baby's body-heat, but with the normal baby water bathing may be commenced on the day of birth.

If oil baths have been ordered, baby is simply wiped over rapidly with a cloth dipped in warm olive oil. All the surplus oil should be wiped off, and the skin left clean and smooth. When baby is stronger the oil baths may be discontinued.

JOURNEY'S END FOR GIVERS



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Lenthéric also for lipsticks, eye powders and "Tweed," the most fragrant.

LENTHÉRIC

RECIPES FROM THE CONTINENT

By . . .
MARY FORBESCookery Expert to
The Australian
Women's
Weekly.

DELICIOUS SUGAR-CAKES made with flour, potato and yeast, and decorated with jam and chopped nuts.

Recipe for making is given on this page.



ABOVE: An Austrian confection, topfen kipferln. The dough is cut into crescents and spread with filling.

RIGHT: Chocolate slices in which the pastry is sprinkled with almonds.

15 minutes. While hot cut in pieces to your liking.

TOPFEN KIPFERLN (An Austrian Recipe)

Five ounces butter, 8oz. cream cheese, 8oz. flour.

Mix well together to make a dough. Roll out the dough, cut into pieces as shown in the picture. Spread with jam or nut filling and roll into the shape of crescents. Put on well-buttered baking tin and bake in a very hot oven for 20 minutes.

For nut filling use finely-grated nuts, a little sugar and one well-beaten egg. Mix all so that it is like thick porridge.

POTATO CAKE

One pound cooked potato, which is grated, 1lb. semolina, 1lb. sugar, 2 eggs, the juice and rind of 1 lemon, baking powder.

Mix potatoes with the sugar, then add the semolina, the yolk and lemon juice and rind, and the baking powder. Lastly add the well-beaten egg-white. Now put the dough in a well-buttered baking dish. Bake in a hot oven for 40 minutes.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Moisten 5oz. grated vanilla chocolate with 1 dessertspoon of water and allow to melt in a warm oven. Stir well and add 5oz. butter. Beat the butter and chocolate. Add yolks 6 eggs, 5oz. powdered sugar and whip mass until frothy, then add alternately stiffly-beaten whites of 6 eggs and 5oz. finely-sifted flour. Cook in sandwich tin in even heat. When the cake is cooked and cooled spread with an apricot glaze and ice with chocolate icing.

HONEY CAKES

Thirteen ounces flour, 8oz. honey, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. chopped almonds, grated quarter fresh lemon rind, 1 level teaspoon nutmeg, 1oz. citron peel, 1oz. chopped orange peel, pinch cinnamon, 1oz. soda.

Warm honey in a bowl and add the flour, stir well and add all the other ingredients, keeping the bowl in a warm place. Work to a smooth paste. Roll out on a floured pastry board to 1-inch thick. Shape according to fancy. Cook in medium heat. Ice if liked.

VIENNESE PASTRY

Knead two-thirds cup each of butter and flour with one-third cup powdered sugar, one-third cup grated nuts, a little lemon juice, and some grated lemon peel. Store in a cool place for thirty minutes. Roll out to medium thickness and cut into small cakes.

Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. When cooled, put together in pairs with jam and glaze with a mixture of eight tablespoons ground chocolate, one tablespoon sugar, and one tablespoon chopped nuts.

MAKING potato tart, which contains cereal, potato, and eggs. See recipe this page.

If you love trying out new recipes, then you'll enjoy making these delightful cakes and pastries from the Continent. They are new, unusual, and certainly delicious!

Have you ever tried cooking out for fun?

For it can be fun, even though you feel you are so fed up with the eternal preparing of three meals a day that you wouldn't care if you never saw a kitchen again—let alone go in and cook for the love of it.

It's a matter of getting really interested in your job—of just letting your head go occasionally and trying out some recipe quite out of the usual things that don't come into your ordinary repertoire of recipes for the family.

And here are some for you to try which have come from the Continent.

SUGAR CAKES

One pound flour, 4oz. cooked potato (grated), 5oz. sugar, 2oz. yeast, 1oz. salt and the juice of 1 lemon.

Mix the yeast into a dough by adding all the ingredients. Then roll out and shape into oblong pieces as shown in the picture on this page. Bake on a well-buttered baking tin, and place in a hot oven until a golden brown. While still warm decorate with sugar and jam.

CHOCOLATE SLICES

Three ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1oz. cooking chocolate.

Melt all these ingredients in little water. Stir until cold, and then add 5oz. finely-grated almonds, yolks of 6 eggs and the well-beaten whites. Add 1 tablespoonful of flour. Spread the mixture on a baking tin, sprinkle almonds over and bake for

HEINZ Mayonnaise

Meal times can't come quickly enough when crisp, cool salads deck the table, and when Heinz Mayonnaise "dresses" the salad. There's nothing to match such a salad — fresh, delightful, rich in vitamins and minerals — all blended into one gorgeous flavor with Heinz Mayonnaise.

You MUST try Heinz Mayonnaise. If you yourself could make mayonnaise under absolutely ideal conditions, with ideal ingredients, ideal experience, ideal facilities, and an ideal recipe, this is the mayonnaise you would make. Enjoy your salad days! Try some Heinz Mayonnaise, and if you don't agree with what we say about it, your grocer will give you back the purchase price in full — how's THAT for a guarantee!

A copy of a most interesting recipe book entitled "Salads and when to have them" will be sent you free on request to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Bendigo Street, Richmond E.1., Melbourne, Victoria.



ONE OF THE
57
VARIETIES
MADE IN
AUSTRALIA

- for Salads that Say



SALADS . . . SPELL HEALTH

SERVE them every day . . . use vegetables and fruit and in new, interesting combinations, and garnish with a rich, creamy dressing.

FOR perfect health you must have fresh fruit and vegetables in some form every day.

And perhaps there's no more appetizing way of serving these foods than in the form of salads.

It's a good idea to see that a salad dish appears on the table for every meal, in addition to the cooked vegetables you may be serving.

In summer nothing is more delightful for a main dish than a crisp salad of vegetables, fruit and cold meat, eggs, or fish, finished with a good dressing or mayonnaise.

This, for proper nourishment, should be made of pure olive oil, cream and eggs.

But rather than go to the trouble of blending these ingredients, buy the ready-prepared mayonnaise which contains these necessary foods. It is then always on hand and it keeps.

Now try these recipes:

MAYONNAISE SALAD LOAF

Cut the crust off a small sandwich loaf, then cut the loaf into 4

lengthwise. Cream some butter and spread 2 slices of the bread on both sides, the remaining 2 on one side only, using these for top and bottom slices. Arrange alternate layers of lettuce, sliced tomato and cucumber, well seasoned, between the slices, and finally press the loaf under a light weight. Spread the loaf with prepared mayonnaise, completely covering it. Decorate tops with sliced hard-boiled egg and stuffed

olives. When serving cut into slices about 1 inch thick.

STUFFED GRAPEFRUIT

Cut slice off top of each grapefruit, and scoop out all inside. Re-

SERVE LOBSTER on lettuce

garnished thickly with rich, creamy mayonnaise, finely-sliced cucumber, beetroot, chopped parsley, hard-boiled egg, and lobster claws.

move pith and seeds from this and cut into small pieces. Add cooked peas, chopped cauliflower, diced uncooked apple, nuts, mixing in a little tomato juice and the prepared mayonnaise. Fill grapefruit. Place on flat glass plate. Decorate with small lettuce leaves, watercress, etc., and the top of grapefruit with whole walnuts, or can be served on individual plates with small spoon.

ORANGE DAILY SALAD

Arrange some orange sections on lettuce leaves to look like the petals of a flower. Mash some cream cheese, add prepared mayonnaise, form into balls. Roll in chopped nuts and put ball into the middle of each orange flower. Serve on individual dishes with prepared mayonnaise.

POTATO SALAD

Cut up some freshly-cooked cold potatoes into cubes. Sprinkle over little onion juice or powder. Mix well in a basin with prepared mayonnaise. Arrange a mound on small salad plates. Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley.

NEW POTATO SALAD

Slice some cooked cold new potatoes and arrange them in layers in salad bowl. Sprinkle chopped mint and seasoning between each layer. Pour over prepared mayon-

FRESH FRUITS — bananas, oranges, and grapes — cut and mixed with prepared mayonnaise, and served on lettuce leaves make a delicious salad.

naise. Garnish with watercress and shredded lettuce. Serve at once.

APPLE SALAD

Core some good red eating-apples and take out a little of the inside. Cut into dice and mix with small quantities of grated carrot, chopped celery, and cucumber. Mix in prepared mayonnaise, then fill the apples with the mixture. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Serve as individual dishes garnished with small lettuce leaves.

GRAPEFRUIT AND CREAM CHEESE

Peel grapefruit, remove all pith and seeds. Cut into rounds about 1/2 inch thick. Shred some lettuce, arrange on small plates, place slice of grapefruit on each. Mix cream cheese and prepared mayonnaise. Put some in centre of each slice of grapefruit. Sprinkle with finely-chopped nuts. Serve with prepared mayonnaise in small jug.

PINEAPPLE AND CREAM CHEESE

Use pineapple slices instead of grapefruit.

CHICKEN MAYONNAISE

Cut the white flesh of chicken into cubes, add diced celery, gherkin, olives, season to taste, blend with prepared mayonnaise. Pile on bed of shredded lettuce. Garnish with sliced tomato, hard-boiled egg, cucumber, and lemon.

FRENCH FRUIT SALAD

Skin some white grapes and remove the seeds; take out the pith from orange sections, and cut a banana into thin slices. Chop some walnuts and mix all the ingredients together with some prepared mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Watch the children rush for COCONUT TRUFFLES made in five minutes—no cooking needed with COPHA

There's only one thing you may not like about Copha Coconut Truffles — they get eaten so jolly quickly! They're certainly good to eat — and fun to make, too. There's no cooking involved, nor do you need any particular skill. So buy half a pound of Copha to-day, and see for yourself how quickly and easily you can make Coconut Truffles. Copha is all pure vegetable shortening, and only Copha will give you the true mellow flavour and texture which Truffles ought to have. For more Copha cookless recipes ask your grocer to give you the leaflet entitled "Quick Party Specials that Need no Cooking."

COPHA
COOKLESS
DAINTIES
No. 7



Recipe for Copha COCONUT TRUFFLES

5 ozs. Copha (melted)
Essence of Vanilla to flavour
8 ozs. Icing Sugar
1 heaped dessertspoon Cocoa
1 Egg
3 ozs. Desiccated Coconut.

Mix together the sifted sugar, cocoa, egg and vanilla. Then stir in the hot (not boiling) Copha. Rub or mix in 2 ozs. desiccated coconut, then roll small cylinders or balls of the mixture in more coconut. Allow to harden. (Any kind of nuts or dried fruits, whole or ground, may be substituted for the coconut).

ANOTHER
COOKLESS
FAVOURITE

COPHA CHOCOLATE BISCUIT CAKE

5 ozs. Pure Copha (melted) Essence of Vanilla to flavour
1 lb. Icing Sugar 1 lb. Coffee, Malt or any suitable Biscuits
1 heaped dessertspoon of Cocoa (These should be softened by exposure.)
1 Egg

Mix together the sifted sugar, cocoa, egg and vanilla. Then stir in the hot (not boiling) Copha. Line cake tin with greaseproof paper; place alternate layers of the mixture and the biscuits until the tin is filled, beginning and finishing with the mixture. Stand in cold place until set.

COPHA

100% PURE WHITE SHORTENING

47 50 17

By . . .
Mary Forbes
Cookery Expert to
The Australian
Women's Weekly



Hooray! it's Mira Plum

The most delicious Plum Jam you have ever tasted.

There's a delight in store for the family when Mother uses the true fruit, Rosella Jam and Jellies on Baking Day. For Baking or Table, remember Rosella Jam. Extra quality, extra flavor, and 100% Australian.

36 varieties (include) Kofus, Apples, Raspberries, Seville Orange Marmalade.

These Novel Recipes Win Cash Prizes

AND for our specials this week we have selected cherry recipes, as this fruit is now in season and is so delightful for summer dishes.

You, too, can enter this fascinating best-recipe competition. All you have to do is write out your pet recipe, attach name and address, and send to us. First prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe every week, with consolation prizes of 2/6 each for every other recipe published.

REFRIGERATOR DISHES

Nectar: Mix in a basin the pulp of 1 pound fruit (6 will do if necessary), 4 tablespoons condensed milk, and 2 teaspoons sugar. Stir well, pour into tray with plate and chill in refrigerator half an hour.

Add 1 cup of cold milk, stir well, and pour into tray without divisions, and

Selected as the best entries for the week in our Best Recipe Competition . . . And all worth trying, too!

The entry that wins first prize this week gives recipes for several refrigerator dishes—summer novelties that are thrilling to make and delicious to eat.

freeze 1 hour. Then stir thoroughly to prevent seeds from sinking to the bottom, and freeze again 1 hour.

Regulator not more than 4 or 5.

Nectar can be made in an ice-chest, using only half the quantity of condensed milk. Chill several hours, stirring occasionally, and serve with jelly, any flavor preferred.

Orange Water Ice Blocks: One cup water, 1 cup sugar, bring to boil to dissolve, cool and add 1 cup strained orange juice, 2 tablespoons strained lemon juice and 1 level teaspoon gelatine dissolved in a little water.

Stir, then pour into tray with divi-

sions and freeze 1 to 2 hours. Regulator not more than 4 or 5.

Lemon Milk Sherbet: Half cup sugar, 1 cup cold water, stir until thoroughly dissolved, add 3 tablespoons strained lemon juice, stir again, and add very slowly, stirring all the time (to avoid curdling), 1 cup of cold milk. Pour at once into tray without divisions, and freeze 21 hours. Regulator not more than 4 or 5. Should be served when just fluffy, not hard.

Milk Ice Blocks: Two cups cold milk, 1 small cup fruit cordial, either strawberry, pineapple or passionfruit flavor.

Stir and pour into tray with divi-

sions, freeze 2 hours. Regulator not more than 4 or 5.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Upcroft, 54 Prospect St., Rosehill, N.S.W.

MUSHROOM CAKE

Cake Mixture: 2oz. butter, 3oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. plain flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder.

Almond Paste: 3oz. ground almonds, 2oz. castor sugar, 3oz. icing sugar, about 1 egg-white, little lemon juice, almond and vanilla essence, apricot jam.

Chocolate Butter Icing: 3oz. chocolate, 2oz. butter, 4oz. sifted icing sugar, 2 teaspoons water.

Cream butter and sugar, and add gradually well-beaten eggs. Sift flour twice with baking powder and add gradually to mixture. Put into a greased tin with sloping sides (a tart plate is a good shape to use), and bake in a moderate oven until done, 25 to 30 minutes. Leave until cold. Make almond paste by first sifting icing sugar, then adding the ground almonds, essence, lemon juice and enough egg-white to form a pliable paste that will not stick to the hands. Warm a little apricot jam with hot water and spread the underside and sides of cake with it, then press the paste on to it, keeping a little of the paste for centre stalk.

Make the butter icing by creaming the butter and icing sugar together. Dissolve chocolate in the water and add to the creamed mixture. Decorate cake to resemble a large mushroom by putting the chocolate icing into an icing forcener with a star tube, and force out brown ridges from the outer edge to centre. Make a stalk with the small piece of paste, and place in the centre.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Redpath, 60 Graves St., Kadina, S.A.

LITTLE OLD LADY JELLY

One pint packet red jelly, glace cherries, whipped cream.

Make jelly. When cool, but not set, whip jelly into stiff froth, then put into cups. When set turn out on plates and insert cocktail stick into centre of each jelly. Fix on this two glace cherries, one folded over the other to represent body. On top of cherries put a small portion of cream to form head. The hat is merely a small circular piece of white paper topped with cream. The crinoline skirts can be decorated with cream or mashed jelly, using an icing bag if desired.

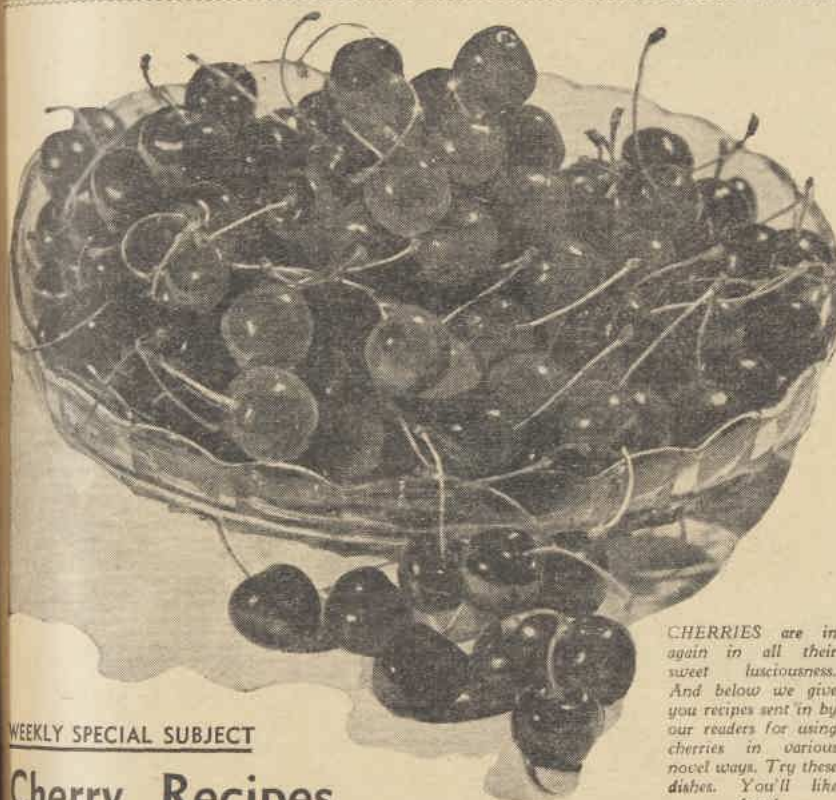
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Joseph Goffon, Goffon St., Seaford, Tas.

AMERICAN CUTLETS

Six tablespoons white bread-crumbs, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon parsley, salt and pepper to taste.

Mix ingredients. Spread a little on each side of cutlet, wrap round each one a fat slice of bacon (rind removed). Egg and breadcrumb. Bake 40 minutes in a greased dish covered with paper greased on both sides. Moderate oven. Serve with brown sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. C. Holt, 48 Captain Piper's Rd., Vaucluse, N.S.W.



CHERRIES are in again in all their sweet lusciousness. And below we give you recipes sent in by our readers for using cherries in various novel ways. Try these dishes. You'll like them!

WEEKLY SPECIAL SUBJECT

Cherry Recipes

VENUS SLICES

Two egg-poles, 3oz. castor sugar, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup fresh cream, vanilla essence, raspberry essence, 1oz. chocolate.

Beat egg-poles with sugar. Boil milk, add 1 lb. to beaten egg and sugar, reduce to three and stir until it thickens. Add the three parts. Add raspberry essence to first, mixed chocolate to second, and vanilla to the third. Whip fresh cream, divide it equally between the three parts, and freeze each portion separately. Place in layers in mould, and when firm, cut into slices and serve.

Preserved Cherries.—Empty a bottle of preserved cherries into a small pan, heat and add 1 wineglass of brandy. Set away in the sun and when brandy has dried, pour off the brandy and add 1½ tablespoons liquor. Serve in small glass dishes with flaming brandy poured over.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. H. Kellert, 84 Kellert St., Auchenflower, Qld.

CHERRY FLAN

One tablespoon gelatine, 1½lb. rich almond sugar, 1 medium-sized tin condensed milk, 1 egg-white.

Soak gelatine in water. Trim with a sharp knife. Prick the bottom with a fork and brush with beaten egg-white. Bake in a hot oven 450 degrees F. till brown. Add 1oz. red wine brandy and finish with cherries. When pastry is baked and cool, add some sugar and brandy and beat well. Mix gelatine in the syrup, and when it is thick, pour over cherries. The flan can be decorated with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, if liked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. Bennett, Carence St., Bellerive, Tas.

TO CRYSTALLISE CHERRIES

Put every pound of stoned cherries allow 1 cup of water and 1 cup of sugar. Make a syrup and boil about 10 minutes, put in cherries and boil another 10 minutes. Put in a bowl. Next day drain cherries and boil again, while the syrup is being poured over fruit. Do this for 2 days. On fourth day pour with an extra 1½lb. of sugar

in every lb. of fruit. Put cherries in this and boil for 10 minutes. Drain them on a sieve for a while and put them on a sheet of white paper and sprinkle with coarse sugar. Put them out in air until they become hard. Rub them in castor sugar and store in airtight jars.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. E. Burdock, Wenke St., Walts Walts, N.S.W.

SPICED CHERRIES

Have ready stoned 1lb. good ripe cherries. Boil together 1½lb. sugar, 1 cup vinegar (white for preference), 1 dessert-spoon wholepepper and pepper (mixed), a few cloves and a little cinnamon. Boil the cherries in the syrup 15 to 20 minutes, lift cherries into jars, cover with syrup, seal down and store in a cool place. Delicious with cold meat.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Ed., Peterborough, N.S.W.

CHERRY SALAD

Take some large white cherries and remove stones, replace with a blanched almond. Serve on a lettuce leaf with a spoonful of salad dressing, to which a plentiful supply of whipped cream has been added.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Wain, 30 Angio Rd., Campsie, N.S.W.

SAVORY CHERRY SHAPE

Put 10oz. cherries (when stoned) into a pan with 3oz. sugar, lemon juice to taste, and 1 to 2 dessertspoons water. When cherries are tender, drain them. Mix 10oz. fresh cream cheese with 1 tablespoon sugar, and ½ pint fresh cream. Soak few dessertspoons gelatine in hot water. Bring the juice strained from the cherries to the boil, dissolve the gelatine in it, and when cool mix juice and cherries into cream cheese mixture. Set in a buttered dish, turn out and garnish edges with fresh cherries attached to stalks.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Falconer, Hudson St., Armidale, (West), N.S.W.

CHERRY MOULD

One pound cherries, stoned, 3oz. castor sugar, 2 tablespoons brandy or a little vanilla, 1oz. isinglass, rind and juice of 1 lemon, cochineal, ½ pint water.

Put sugar, ½ pint water, rind and juice

for NURSING MOTHERS



Benger's Food should be taken throughout nursing time. It maintains and enriches the natural supply of milk. Benger's Food

— is always prepared with fresh new milk,

— partially digests both Food and milk during preparation,

— is highly nourishing and so easy to assimilate that it is quickly converted to supply baby's needs.

"Benger's Food is quite distinct from any other food obtainable."—British Medical Journal. Send postcard for Benger's Booklet explaining why. Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England), 350 George Street, Sydney.



Prices in City and Suburbs: No. 1 tins—1s. No. 2 tins—5s. Made in Cheshire, Eng.



He needs a blood purifier regularly every week. Give him BARKO Condition Powders.

Whenever your dog's coat becomes dull, loose or ragged—when his nose is warm and he is moody, miserable, listless, loses his appetite and is constantly scratching himself—you should lose no time in starting him on a course of BARKO Condition Powders. This is the one sure way of keeping him healthy and fit. BARKO Condition Powders purify the blood and tone up the whole system.

BARKO
CONDITION POWDERS
Price: 1/6 per box 20 powders at all chemists

MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY



Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says—

"Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lank, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy, curly.

Get a 2/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today.

Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET

CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT VINEGAR
BREWED FROM MALTED GRAIN
THE VINEGAR COMPANY
OF AUSTRALIA
SYDNEY N.S.W.
1 PINT & FLUID OUNCES

For a Salad Success

The most enticing salad dressings are made with the sparkling flavour of this fine old Vinegar. You can always rely on Cornwell's Pure Malt Vinegar.

CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT VINEGAR

IN QUARTS AND PINTS



RADIANT HEALTH!

thanks to **FIGSEN!**

NEW health, new happiness, and new enjoyment of life awaits all who realise what **NYAL FIGSEN** can do in assisting nature to stimulate normal bowel action and end constipation. Constipation is serious, yet it can be banished without purging, gripping or forming a habit, by taking this pleasant tasting **NYAL FIGSEN**. For children or adults, for people who are delicate or those who are strong, there is no more gentle and effective natural laxative than **NYAL FIGSEN**. Why not be entirely free of headaches, sleeplessness, depression, blotchy complexion, etc., which are so often the symptoms of constipation? Call in at the next pharmacy you pass and buy a tin of **NYAL FIGSEN**.

1/3 a tin.

**NYAL
FIGSEN**

NEW LUNCHEON LINENS....

CLOTH, place mats, and serviettes in a luxurious grapevine design that is fascinating to work.

HERE is a really beautiful luncheon set in which the design makes the most of the graceful lines of the grapevine—its leaves, stems, and the fruit itself.

The luncheon set is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

You can obtain the set in either thirteen or nine pieces. You can also obtain serviettes to match.

Or, if you prefer, you can buy the various pieces separately.

The prices are:

Thirteen-piece set comprising one centre mat, 14 by 14 inches, six plate mats, 14 by 8 inches, and six cup mats, 5 by 5 inches, 7/6 complete set.

Nine-piece set, comprising one centre mat, 14 by 14 inches, four plate mats, 14 by 8 inches, and four cup mats, 5 by 5 inches, 5/9 complete set.

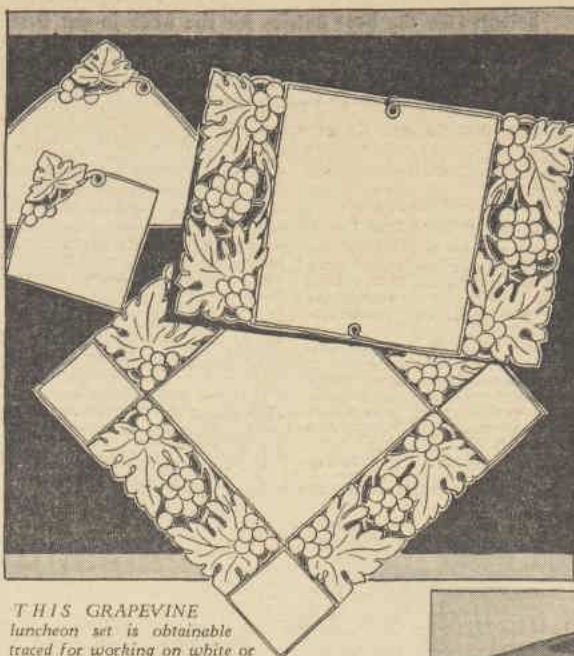
Serviettes, 11 by 11 inches, 1/- each.

Purchased separately, prices of the various pieces are:

Centre mat, 14 by 14 inches, 2/3. Plate mats, 14 by 8 inches, 1/3 each.

Cup mats, 5 by 5 inches, 6d each.

Bleeder cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department at 3d a skein.



THIS GRAPEVINE luncheon set is obtainable traced for working on white or colored linen. The various pieces include centre mats, plate mats, cup mats, and serviettes.

Send To This Address!

A DELAIDE: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4007, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 183, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 4910, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4288Y, G.P.O. If calling, 108 Castle-rough Street or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O. Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



SO DAINTY—organdie tea aprons, adorned with hemstitching, edged with ecru lace and stamped with design ready for working.

Organdie Aprons for Tea-time

DAINTY little items that would make delightful Christmas gifts for your friends.

Why not embroider one of these dainty organdie tea aprons for a friend for Christmas?

The apron is complete, being finished with a pretty lace edging, and stamped with design for working.

So you see all you have to do to complete the apron is the embroidery.

You have a choice of colors, the aprons being obtainable from our Needlework Department in white, blue, yellow or green organdie with ecru lace hemstitched round the edges.

Price of the apron complete is 2/9 postage included.

Stranded cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 13d a skein.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

To Embroider Grapevine Set

THE leaves and grapes in this design are worked in buttonhole and the stems of the leaves are stitched.

The edges are buttonholed.

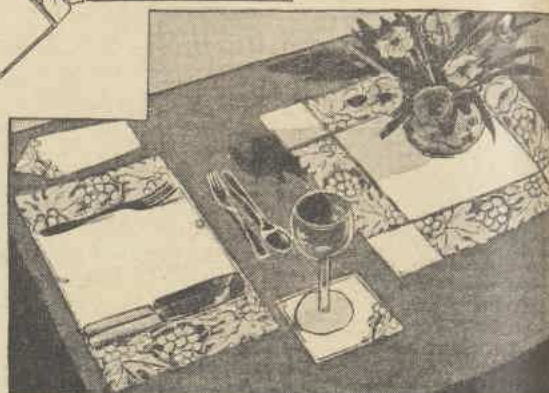
Do not cut the work before completing the embroidery and also be careful to thoroughly press the work before cutting away material.

This grapevine design would be very beautiful worked in all white or all cream or in ecru or white or cream.

If you like your linens in color then you could obtain lovely effects by working in matching colors, or in contrasting tones such as the design in yellow on green, blue on yellow, green on white or cream, green on yellow, or blue on pink.

You can order one of these luncheon sets now. If you have a friend who adores doing fancy-work, she would be sure to appreciate a set complete with cottons for working.

If you are a bride-to-be, then one of these sets worked by your own fair hands would be a most graceful addition to your glory-box.



WORK ONE of these lovely luncheon sets in the grapevine design now. You can obtain 13 or 9-piece sets with serviettes to match from our Needlework Department.



NEW CHARM IN YOUR HANDS!



TRY THESE EXCITING NEW SHADES
Clover Thistle Old Rose Tulip Laurel Heather

REGULAR SIZE NOW COSTS ONLY 2/-

For economy buy the Regular Size Cutex Polish. It is usable to the last drop, and contains nearly three times the quantity of the 1/- Trial Size.

NEW SHADES! A NEW POLISH!

Greet this season with one of the five gay new Cutex Nail Polish shades . . . Clover . . . Tulip . . . Thistle . . . Laurel . . . Heather. They're carefully designed to harmonize with the current favorites in fabric colours.

Important: All Cutex shades are now available in a new type of polish that wears days longer without chipping, peeling, or fading. It flows on to the nail smoothly and easily—leaving a jewel-like lustre on every fingertip.

CUTEX
Nail Polish

THE STAR HITS RADIO

MYSTERY CRIME!
CHARLIE CHAN

YOU KNOW THEM!
FRANK AND ARCHIE

REAL LIFE DRAMA!
I WANT A DIVORCE

MAY ROBSON
LADY OF MILLIONS

HEROISM IN HISTORY
SACRIFICE

NEWS.. DRAMA!
LADY COURAGEOUS

268

HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK...

BE SHOPWISE



EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD SHOULD DRINK A QUART OF MILK A DAY, BECAUSE IT IS A FOOD FROM WHICH WE ARE SURE TO GET THE AMOUNT OF LIME EACH OF US NEEDS DAILY.



TO TELL AGE, YOU LOOK AT A HORSE'S TEETH AND A CHICKEN'S FEET. A YOUNG CHICKEN WILL HAVE FRESH YELLOW SKIN ON ITS FEET.

TO FRESHEN STALE BREAD. To make stale bread fresh (and it gives it quite a new flavor), paint the whole loaf with milk, put it in a warm (not too hot) oven and bake for 15 minutes. The resulting bread is delicious.

RUST ON STEEL. To remove rust from steel rub with cut onion, clean with emery paper and polish with chalk.

LINO POLISH. Add a little gold size and turpentine to pale oak varnish. Varnish the linoleum with a thin coat of this mixture, and wash over with cold water next day. This will give a permanent gloss.

TO PEEL NUTS. Soak walnuts in cold water for a few minutes. Almonds left in hot water for five minutes will peel as you touch them.

SCREW-TOP JARS. When the screw-top on a jar will not unscrew, try gripping it with a piece of sandpaper. This will give a firm hold and prevent slipping. Or hold head down in hot water for a few minutes. The lid should then unscrew easily.

SALT AND PEPPER POTS. When filling use a funnel made by tearing a small corner from an envelope. This will prevent any spilling of the condiments.

HAIR TIP. To keep salt water away from the hair while swimming, take a piece of silk, soak in olive oil, then hang out in the sun to dry. Tie this over the hair to form a cap, and then put on the bathing cap. It will prevent the water penetrating to the hair and will not injure the hair.

MOSQUITO BITES. These can be relieved by using a styptic pencil, procurable at all chemists for a few pence.

LIGHT GLOBES. Don't throw away your finished electric light globe. Hold it under a running water tap for three or four minutes, wipe it thoroughly, and it is quite likely to light up again.

STARCH SUBSTITUTE. Next time you run out of starch, use cornflour or maizena. Mix in the same way as starch, then stir in (while very hot) one teaspoonful of white floor polish. This gives a nice gloss to the clothes when ironed.

WINDOW CURTAINS. When washing lace or net curtains, do not iron.

SMALL MARROWS. Very small marrows can be turned into an excellent vegetable by cutting round-side in slices about a quarter of an inch thick and simmering gently until nearly done. Then strain and fry in butter. There is no need to peel the marrows unless the skin has grown really tough.

NAIL VARNISH. If you have been giving your nails a rest from varnish—even if only overnight—wipe a little varnish remover over them before varnishing them again. It will then stay on much longer, and will not peel.

APPLE SWEET. The children will enjoy apples best if you fill the core space with demerara or brown coffee sugar, with a knob of butter on top. Sprinkle a little more sugar and butter round the baking dish, and you will have a nice caramel to serve with them. Bake slowly, then they will not burst.

CLEANSING WOUNDS. If you have a wound that you are dressing at home, add a good tablespoonful of hydrogen peroxide to the water in which you bathe it. This will gently cleanse the wound of all germs before you put on the bandage.

COOKING DUCK OR GOOSE. Before cooking, pour water which is boiling over the bird and through it. This tends to remove the oily flavor.

BACON TOO SALT. If your breakfast bacon is inclined to be too salt, treat the rashers as you would a piece of bacon for boiling, and put them in cold water before cooking. Three or four minutes is enough. Dry with a clean cloth before putting under the grill or in the frying pan. You will be delighted with the result.

CUCUMBER TIP. When serving cucumber salad cut the cucumber in very thin slices and sprinkle with castor sugar; then pour a little vinegar over sparingly. This is a pleasant change, and a great improvement on a plain vinegar dressing.

KITCHEN SINKS. To clean the kitchen sink, sprinkle a good handful of soda over and around it and soak well with vinegar. When this has dissolved, follow it with a kettle of boiling water, and finish with a sprinkling of whatever disinfectant you keep for household use.

FRUIT STAINS. An effective way to remove fruit stains from table linen is to dab the spot on the tablecloth with a drop of liquid ammonia. It will disappear in a few moments.

STAINED COPPER. When a copper becomes stained or "green," moisten some brick dust with kerosene, and rub copper well, then rub the obstinate stains with a cut lemon. Polish with soft-cotton rag.

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Pure and delicately medicated, Cuticura Talcum cools and comforts baby's tender skin and keeps it sweet and wholesome. Shaken on the skin after the bath it protects against chafing and irritation.

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Cuticura

TALCUM POWDER



THIN OR CROOKED STALKS OF ASPARAGUS ARE LIKELY TO BE STRINGY. THE BEST ASPARAGUS IS GREEN ALONG ALMOST THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE STALK.

but hang up again while damp and pull into place. In this way they will hang perfectly and without creases.

CLEANING TINWARE. You will find dry flour applied to tinware with a newspaper a good cleanser.

FINGER-MARKS. To clean finger-marks off doors, rub with a piece of flannel dipped in paraffin oil. Afterwards wipe with a clean cloth wrung out in hot water to take away the smell. This is much better than using soap and water, as it does not destroy the paint. This is also good for varnished hall doors and other paintwork.

HAIR BRIGHTENER. A dessert-spoonful of ammonia added to the bowl of water in which you wash your hair will help to cleanse the scalp thoroughly and leave you with a delightful feeling of freshness. It will also brighten the color of your hair. You can use it with any of your favorite shampoos.

SCORCH MARKS ON SILK. Should a white or light-colored silk garment be scorched while ironing or sitting at the fire, just touch the marks lightly with peroxide of hydrogen, and then run a warm iron over and the marks will disappear.

FIRE - LIGHTERS. Keep empty matchboxes and keep used matches in them, for used matches make adequate fire-lighters.

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

HYDRANGEAS. To make hydrangeas last from two to three weeks indoors, scrape the stalks and burn, then place head downwards in water for about 10 minutes.

STRAW HATS. Hydrogen peroxide diluted with an equal quantity of water will clean white straw or panama hats. Apply with a cloth, wetting only a small part at a time, and dry with a clean cloth.

KEEPING CHEESE. To keep cheese in hot weather cut the block into long strips and put in a glass jar, screwing the lid on tightly. It also keeps well in the ice-chest or refrigerator this way without harming other food.

RUST ON MATTRESS. If your wire mattress is beginning to rust, and is marking your ticking, try this. Brush well first with a stiff scrubbing brush. Spread a few sheets of paper on the floor to catch any splashes. Then paint the wire with aluminium paint. When finished, the mattress will look quite new, and will last much longer than if the rust remained unchecked.

TO CUT GEORGETTE. To cut a straight edge on silk voile or georgette, first dip your scissors into boiling water and dry.

CREAM PUFF TIP. When making cream puffs, cut the eggs into the dough with a stainless knife. When the eggs and dough are well blended, finish beating with a wooden spoon. Your cream puffs will taste much nicer.



Merely brushing teeth is not enough. Gums, too, must be kept healthy if dreaded Pyorrhea is to be avoided. FORHAN'S can be relied upon to do both jobs—to clean teeth and at the same time safeguard your gums against infection. Forhan's contains a special ingredient, used by dentists everywhere to combat gum diseases. Keep the beauty of your smile and keep Pyorrhea at bay—with Forhan's. Get a tube today.

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TERRIFIC PAIN ENDED

Mrs. H. A. Cane, of 45 Chapel Street, Norwood, South Aust., writes:—"Some time ago I started work, but after a week I had pains in my back. I tried numerous remedies but none were of any good to me. But one day I was about to give up when my mate told me about De Witt's Pills. I have tried them and found quick relief, and since, I have been in good health."

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used them too

MY grand-daughter is getting married, and she asked my advice about Sheets, Pillow-cases and Towels. I advised her to buy Horrockses. I know that they'll last because I've had time to prove the quality of Horrockses' products—and because my grandmother used them too. I'm convinced that it pays to insist on Horrockses always just as every woman in our family has for seven generations.

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Horrockses

REGD.

SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

LET CARNATIONS SHED FRAGRANCE

THESE old-time blooms with their sweet, delicate perfume and variety of colors from fragile pastels to vivid modern tones are still favorites for the home garden . . .

Says THE OLD GARDENER.

NOVEMBER is carnation time, and, although in many districts we have had adverse conditions during the spring, these plants are giving promise of a really beautiful display.

During October carnations were massed with tiny buds, which are now ready to bring a fresh, new charm to the garden with their attractive blooms.

And the really successful carnation grower will find, at this particular time, plenty to do to make that show come up to expectations.

The soil must be kept well tilled so that no weeds will get a foothold, and the plants must be thoroughly watered. In the event of scarcity of rain and also to keep them strong and healthy stimulants should be applied from time to time. Fertilisers or liquid cow manure should be given, especially to the old plants, and the correct time to apply these is when the buds begin to make their appearance.

A successful mixture is made from one part of sulphate of ammonia, two parts of sulphate of potash, and two parts of superphosphate, mixed thoroughly together.

Pour Round Roots

THEN to every gallon of water add one handful of this mixture, stir well, and pour round the roots of the plants, being careful to keep the liquid from the foliage.

One gallon should do six to eight plants, and should be applied about once a fortnight. Before using, see that the ground around the plants is damp. This little attention will reward you with large flowers, vigorous and healthy plants, and rich, true coloring.

In carnation growing another essential factor is the addition of lime—which will act like magic to the plants.

If you give the foliage a light dusting of lime from time to time it will help you keep down the insects.

The easiest way to do this is to



FROM OLD-FASHIONED English gardens such as this has come our heritage of fragrant carnations which are as popular to-day as they were many years ago.

put the lime into a piece of hessian, and then shake over the plants. By doing this the lime will come through the mesh of the hessian and cover the plants with a fine dust.

The amount to use for this treatment is about a handful of lime to the square yard. Repeat several times a year, but never under any circumstances apply the lime at the same time as the fertilisers and manure.

The buds of the carnation must be nipped off, as too many buds overtax the plants and result in small flowers of inferior quality. So pick off all the buds on the stems, saving only the top one.

You will probably find, at flowering time, that the buds may have a tendency to burst, but this may be prevented by fitting a rubber band or a wide piece of raffia around the calyx.

The plants will flourish best in a medium-light soil—that is, good, loamy soil, with a mixture of sand.

Very special attention must be given to good drainage when selecting a position. If the soil is poorly drained the roots will very soon rot, and if the plants are dull in color, and are gradually turning yellow, that is a sure sign of bad drainage.

Properly Staked

MAKE sure that all plants are properly staked and regularly watered, but by no means overdo the water. A good soaking once or twice each week is quite sufficient.

Carnations can also be raised from seed, struck from cuttings, or layered.

The latter process is generally carried out about the end of February, and the layers are usually made from tufts of grass-like shoots which spring from the flowering lead.

The tufts should have a small slit made in the end. The stem is then pegged down with a piece of wire below the ground with the top of the layer just above the surface. As many as twelve young plants may be secured from one of these stems. The layers will root in about four weeks.

If you wish to grow carnations from seed they must be sown in February and the young seedlings will be ready for the spring. The seed is usually very fertile, and no trouble should be experienced in raising them.

Good, well-sifted soil of a light character and a position where they will receive the morning sun are all these plants require.

Careful preparation of the beds is a necessary factor. The surface

should be made firm with a piece of flat board. Then sprinkle the seeds on, lightly covering with well-decayed manure rubbed through a fine sieve.

Be sure to keep the seeds moist, and germination will soon take place. If boxes are used for raising the young plants, then it will be necessary to crock the bottoms well, and, of course, make sure that there are plenty of holes in the boxes for drainage.

The grass shoots used for layering are also most suitable for cuttings.

Break these off, and firm into the nursery bed in a semi-shaded position, using a little sand on the surface of the bed. Keep moist, and in four to six weeks the young plants will be ready to move.

Carnations have been greatly improved during the last few years, and there are now dozens of varieties to choose from.

And you will find growing these attractive plants from seed is a most fascinating hobby.

Varicose Veins

If you or any relative or friend are worried or suffer because of varicose veins, or bunches, the best advice that anyone in this world can give is to get a prescription that literally hundreds of people all over the country are using with complete satisfaction.

Simply ask your chemist for a small two-ounce bottle of Emsol Oil, and apply night and morning to the swollen, enlarged veins, rubbing gently upwards and towards the heart as the blood in the veins flows that way. Soon you will notice that they are growing smaller, and the treatment should be continued until the veins are of normal size. Emsol Oil is a powerful, yet harmless, germicide, and results are guaranteed by its makers. You can get it at all good chemists, who will gladly refund the purchase price if you don't gain relief.

Pains In Back? Clean Out Kidneys

Your kidneys have nine million tiny filters which are endangered by poisons or drastic irritating drugs. However, they trouble or bladder weakness, may suffer from backache, getting up at night, Nervousness, Headaches, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Cloning, Stiff Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Nausea, Irritation, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigor, don't delay. Try the famous discovery called Cystex. Bothersome, cleans, and heals sick kidneys. Works fast in 16 minutes. Brings new health, tone and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex can be used a dose and is guaranteed to rid you of troubles or money back. At all chemists.



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CHAIRS PLAY A DUAL ROLE

... BESIDES being indispensable, these friendly items of furniture have a leading part in the decorative scheme of a room and give it character and charm, too.



By
Our
Home
Decorator

IT'S not likely that anybody knows when the first chair was invented or made.

Our cave ancestors probably sat upon stones after they advanced sufficiently to feel tired of sitting upon the ground.

Then somebody probably fashioned a stool, and later somebody still brighter hit upon the idea of putting a back to it—and so the chair came into being.

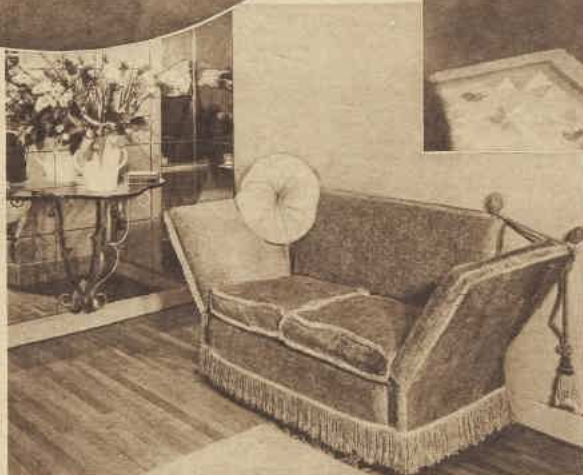
Great skill and artistry have been put into the making of chairs through the ages.

Those who collect period furniture reach heights of delight when they come across an unusually artistic chair made by a bygone craftsman.

Chairs of modern manufacture are as varied as it is possible to imagine.

Several types are pictured on this page. One is a quaint chair suggestive of old English peasant style. It has plain wooden legs, seat, arms and three-rail back. It acquires charm with upholstery and a frill of old-world chintz supplemented with a padded loose cushion.

Practical but highly decorative is the little telephone or hall chair. It is in rosewood, with upholstering in source linen fabric in light-toned



A NEW IDEA in seats in a couch with adjustable sides. It is covered with heavy furnishing velvet and finished with fringe.

check pattern. Notice the attractive design of the chair—the clean, straight lines and absence of decoration.

Perhaps you would fancy the light armchair in lacquered wood with seat and back covered in stitched satin. It would be a charming occasional chair for a bedroom, living-room or hall.

Another useful and artistic type is the armchair with loose sprung cushions for seat and back, set in a frame of wood which is in a



HIGH-BACKED, winged armchair for reading corner.

light natural tone and unpolished. The cushions are covered in a coarsely-woven fabric.

Rather luxurious and certainly unusual is the small couch covered in heavy furnishing velvet. It has two loose cushions, is fringed all around lower edge, while the sides are adjustable, being held in position by heavy silk cords which tie to the back portion.

There's romance in the easy chair in old-time winged style. Ideal for a reading or sewing corner, its high back and wings provide rest for the head, and its heavy tapestry covering plays its part in the color scheme of the room.



DESIGNED for comfort—a chair with loose spring cushions set in frame of wood.



CIRCLE: Chair in old-world style with deep cushions and frill in gay chintz.

ABOVE: Telephone or hall chair in rosewood.

RIGHT: Armchair of lacquered wood and stitched satin.

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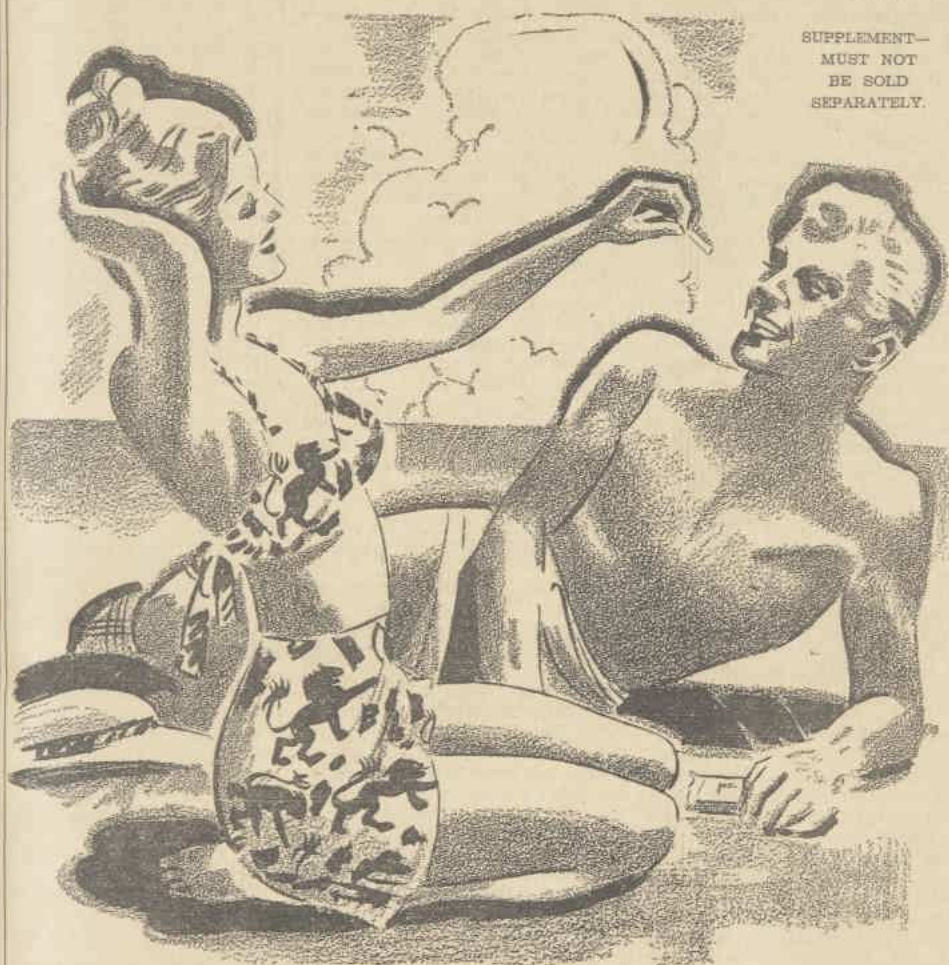
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ECHO OF A *Careless* VOICE

Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL,
November 26, 1938

SUPPLEMENT—
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.



By . . Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Echo Of A Careless Voice

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding



THE sitting-room of the hotel suite was in perfect order; the small grand piano was closed, the magazines on the polished table were arranged in a row, overlapping each other, the rose brocade curtain hung straight beside the closed windows. No flowers . . .

"I do think Leonard might have thought of flowers," she said to herself, with tears in her eyes.

Marty had gone into her own room and was unpacking a bag, singing in a loud young voice. A dear child, so good-humored, only her tireless energy was somewhat frightening, and her amiability was for everyone; it was so universal that it gave little comfort to Alma Ferrier.

"Not my child," she thought. "And this isn't my room. Nothing is mine."

She sat down by the little writing desk, still in her hat and coat, slender, pale and dark; a pretty woman with a gentle elegance. There was a neat little sheaf of letters on the desk waiting for her; very few letters, she thought, and none of them interesting. Then, on a memo pad, she saw something written in her husband's bold, black, small hand.

"Told the girl to see you at eleven—look her over. I think very satisfactory for Marty. Love, Leonard."

That was too much. Not a word about when he would see her. About being glad she had come home. He had picked out a tutor for the child himself; he wouldn't even leave that to her, she was a stranger, an outsider.

Marty came out of the bedroom, a very tall girl of sixteen, immature, awkward, slouching. In a sweater that was too small for her and did not meet her grey skirt in the back; she wore horn-rimmed spectacles, her brown hair stood out like the petals of a chrysanthemum, and still she was handsome and splendid.

"Isn't this yours, Alma?" she asked, holding up a string of coral.

"No, darling," Alma answered.

"You must have bought it yourself." "Oh, yes!" said Marty. "I remember now. It's what I got for the chambermaid."

"Your father's found someone to coach you for the summer, Marty. She'll be here any minute."

"Good!" said Marty.

"You'll want to talk to her yourself, won't you, dear? See if you like her?"

"Heavens, no!" said Marty. "She'll be all right. I wonder where Hope is? Pretty mean, I think, for her not to be home when I've been away nearly a month."

She went back to her room and Mrs. Ferrier rose, went into her bedroom and took off her hat and jacket. There was a photograph of herself in a silver frame on Leonard's chest of drawers.

"I wonder if he'd miss me . . . I wonder if he'd ever really miss anyone . . ."

The telephone rang and she answered it.

"May I speak to Mrs. Ferrier, please?" asked a steady young voice.

"This is Mrs. Ferrier."

"My name's Mayhew. Doctor Ferrier told me to come."

"Oh, yes!" said Alma. "Come up, please."

Here was another situation which she didn't know how to handle. She was only twenty-nine herself; and she had had no experience at all with this world; she had studied music, had lived abroad with her parents for years, in Italy and Germany and France, and had never employed anyone in her life.

The bell rang and she went to open the door. And at the sight of Miss Mayhew, dismay and a sort of anger filled her; she looked narrowly at the magnificent creature. Tall as Marty but holding her strong, slender young body straight as an arrow,

honey-colored hair, fine clear features, grey eyes with a calm direct gaze; the girl was beautiful as a goddess.

"Where did Leonard find you?" thought Alma. And aloud, "Sit down, Miss Mayhew. Tell me something about yourself."

"I was graduated from Gaylord College two weeks ago," said Miss Mayhew. "I'm twenty. My father's a clergyman in a small town near Boston. I've got letters and things from college, if you'd like to see them. And character references."

"I've just come back from the West Indies this morning," Alma said. "I haven't had a chance to talk to my husband yet. Does he know your family?"

"No," the girl answered. "He advertised and I answered. I saw him in his office, and he said he thought I'd be the right type, if you agreed."

"I don't agree," thought Alma. "I don't like her. I don't like these big—these overwhelming people." Aloud she said, "I suppose my husband asked you about your qualifications."

"Oh, yes."

"Did he speak to you about—a salary?"

"No. But a girl I know who took a job like this said she got sixty dollars a month."

Alma had no idea whether this was reasonable or not; she was about to say she would consult her husband, but her heart rebelled.

"Doctor Ferrier said that if you were satisfied, he'd like me to start now. He said he'd get a room in the hotel for me to-night."

"It all seems fairly well settled," mused Alma.

The girl rose, so tall and beautiful, almost stern.

"You'd better think it over, Mrs. Ferrier," she said. "I'll be home all afternoon—at the Intercollegiate Alumnae Club. Here's the address. She held out a card, but Alma ignored it.

"I don't need to think it over, Miss Mayhew," she said. "We'll consider it settled."

"Well . . . all right!" said the girl, and she laid the card on the table.

There was the sound of a latch-key in the door, they both turned instinctively, and Hope Ferrier came in. She, too, was tall; she, too, was beautiful, but in a fashion different as night from day. She was thin, something hungry, and passionate, and bitter in her lovely face with its high cheekbones and warm dark eyes, rich full lips, something subtle and disquieting in her.

"Hel-lo, Alma!" she said. "Terribly glad to see you. A nice trip?"

"Yes, thanks, Hope. This is Miss Mayhew, who's coming to tutor Marty."

The two girls looked at each other. "That's nice," said Hope. She picked up the card that lay on the table. "Basilda," she said. "That's an odd name."

Basilda said nothing, and Hope went across the sitting-room into the room she shared with Marty. Mrs. Ferrier rose.

"Then what time?" she asked.

"I'll be ready to come in whenever you send for me, Mrs. Ferrier," said Basilda.

She did not like Mrs. Ferrier, and she liked Hope still less.

"I wish I could go home," she thought, as she got into the elevator.

"They're not my kind of people. I'd hate living like that, in a hotel. I wish I could go home."

There was nothing in the world like her home, she thought; the shabby old house, the big, high-ceilinged rooms, with the fine old-fashioned furniture, the air of orderly cheerfulness.

"I'll have to get over this, if I'm going to marry Jim," she thought. "We'd have to live in New York, or Brooklyn, in a tiny apartment. And if I take this job for three months, that'll be a hundred and sixty dollars for my trousseau. That's if I save it all."

She went down to lunch in the coffee-shop, and that cheered her. There were girls that she knew and liked; it was noisy and lively.

"Get your job cinched, Basilda?"

"I guess so," she answered seriously. "I hope so."

On Jim's account. They had been engaged now for two years; he had wanted to get married long ago, but she was determined to finish college first, and to finish in a way to please

her scholarly father. Jim's ship had come in, most opportunely, in time for him to see her graduate, and he wanted to marry then.

"I don't care whether you have a lot of new clothes," Jim had said impatiently.

"Don't you worry about my having a 'lot,'" she had answered. "But I'm going to have a wedding dress."

When she had finished her lunch, she went into the writing-room to begin a letter to her father. Almost all her letters were to him.

"It pleases him so much," her mother said. "He's disappointed when you begin, 'Dear Mother and Father.' And of course I'll understand, dearie."

She and Basilda were eternally conspiring against the innocent man for his own welfare. They adored him. "Dear Father," she began, when a page-girl came in calling, "Miss Mayhew! Miss Mayhew!"

"That's me," said Basilda. "What is it?"

"There's a gentleman to see you in the Zodiac Room."

The Zodiac Room was the only one in which gentlemen were allowed, a circular room with a domed ceiling, and the twelve signs of the zodiac painted on the walls. Basilda hurried down the wide staircase.

"It couldn't possibly be Jim. His ship won't be in for ten days. Could it be Father? He loves to surprise people."

But it was Doctor Ferrier, standing there hat in hand, looking extraordinarily big and vital and male; a tall, stalwart man, with a neat little black Vandylke beard, a monocle, spats. Basilda went towards him, holding out her hand, impressed, a little disconcerted. He looked down at her, his eyebrows raised.

"I've done the wrong thing again," he said. "No finesse."

Basilda had a feeling of ineptitude, almost of helplessness, that was entirely new to her; she did not understand Doctor Ferrier, and she did not know how to answer him.

"I'm starting you under a severe handicap," he said. "I've been too enthusiastic about you. So that my wife's prejudiced already—"

"Oh, well . . ." said Basilda, the color rising in her cheeks. "I can easily—"

"And my elder girl, Hope, says you're too good to be true."

"All right! I can easily find another job," said Basilda.

He shook his head.

"You're the one absolutely right girl for this job," he said. "I'm telling you this as a challenge. I want you to come—and conquer. Will you?"

Basilda was angry at herself for being ill at ease.

"Well, I don't know," she said.

"I want you to try it," he said.

He was smiling, with a sort of super benevolence; there was undisguised admiration in his glance.

"You're like—Jupiter," said Basilda suddenly.

He began to laugh; he couldn't stop. And she laughed herself, a little.

"I knew it! I knew it!" he said. "As soon as I saw you . . . Now! If you're ready, I can drive you to the hotel."

"I can be ready in about fifteen minutes," said Basilda. "I'll just pack a bag and they can send my trunk."

"I'll wait," he said. "Why do you live in this horrible female sanctuary?"

"Father likes it," said Basilda.

"And it's quite cheap."

She packed quickly and competently; she went down again to the desk and paid her bill. Doctor Ferrier was still waiting in the Zodiac Room, a young couple were sitting there on a sofa, and from his arm-chair he watched them, and for a moment, Basilda watched him.

"I don't know whether he's good or bad," she thought.

THERE was nothing dubious about Marty, though. She was alone in the suite when the doctor brought Basilda in; she was sitting at the piano picking out a new song with one finger; she jumped up with a pleased look.

"Hello, Doc!" she said. "Can you possibly spare a couple of dollars? I've come back broke."

"I can," he said. "But here's Miss Mayhew."

"Hello!" said Marty. "I hear you're from Gaylord. I want to get into Barnard—if I ever can, because it's near home."

Her father gave her ten dollars, for which she thanked him casually; then she led Basilda into the bedroom.

"Hope always makes the darnedest mess," she explained, taking a pile of clothes off a chair. "I like things neat, but look—"

It was a hateful room, Basilda thought, all rose and white, the windows open on a court. There was little daylight and the air held some

faint, subtle perfume. Marty was getting books down from a shelf.

She brought out notebooks filled with essays and book reports, so crudely expressed, so misspelled, that Basilda was shocked.

"I think we'd better begin with more reading," she said.

Marty, sitting on the bed, leaned back against the pillows and took off her spectacles; her grey eyes were beautiful and gentle.

"I don't know if there's any sense in anyone like me trying to go to college," she said. "I hate studying. Only what else can you do? I couldn't stand a life like Hope's. Nothing but boys. I've never met a boy I liked very much."

"You're pretty young."

"It's not that," said Marty. "Most girls fall in love before they're sixteen." She was silent, staring at the ceiling; she lifted her arm and looked at her wrist-watch. "Getting near four," she said. "I guess we'd better get out of here. Hope will be coming home."

"Bringing friends?"

"Hope doesn't bring her friends home, ever," said Marty. "Can we go into your room, Mayhew?"

"I don't care much for 'Mayhew'!" "Basilda, then? I mean, Miss sort of spoils things. Father said I'd like you, and I do. I'd like to talk to you about a few things. You can stop me any time if I'm boring."

There was a room for Basilda on the same floor, a room of unexpected luxury. As soon as they entered, Marty lay down on the bed.

"Gosh! I'm glad to be home!" she observed.

"Home," thought Basilda; and aloud, "Is this where you live all the time?"

"Just in the winter. In the summer we have a place in Connecticut. I guess we'll be going out there any day."

"You like that better, don't you?"

"I don't care. I like any place where we're all together. Father and Hope and I." She paused. "And Alma. I feel sorry for Alma. She was nice to me on that trip. She didn't want to go one bit; but Father had the idea of my needing a rest and a change after school, so she went, and she was conscientious every minute."

"Do you want to take a walk, Marty?" asked Basilda.

"Yes!" said Marty. "But I think Alma's expecting you for cocktails."

"I don't drink," said Basilda.

"Well, you can pretend," said

Marty. "That's what I do. I promised myself I'd never take a drink until I was twenty-one."

There was a peremptory knock at the door.

"Come in!" called Basilda.

It was Hope, in a black suit with a silver fox scarf and a hat turned up from her forehead. She gave Basilda a sidelong glance.

"Look here, Miss Mayhew. Would you mind going somewhere else for a few moments?" she said. "I want to speak to my sister."

"Hey, toots!" cried Marty, springing up with an anxious scowl. "It's her room. You can't—"

"I want to speak to you."

"All right! We'll go back to our own room."

"No! Alma's got one of her darned musicians playing on the piano. I can't stand it! Miss What's Her Name can go down in the lounge—"

"If you want to use my room," said Basilda, "you can ask me, and ask me decently."

"Oh, don't be so—pompous!" cried Hope. "Just go out in the hall for a minute, while I speak to Marty."

"No!" said Basilda.

They faced each other, those two tall girls, both with an ominous hostility.

"Basilda," said Marty, taking her arm. "Listen! If you'll please not mind . . . If you'll please go out for just a minute. I know Hope's behaving like a boor, but please don't mind."

The child's eyes were filled with tears; she frowned and bit her quivering lip.

"It's just a family custom," she said, with a laugh.

Basilda went out into the hall, closing the door after her; she moved a little way down the corridor, and stood straight and still, trying to master her fury.

The sound of music came to her; someone was playing the piano in the Ferrier's apartment, and she moved nearer to listen. Playing magnificently, she thought. Pleased, her anger forgotten, she was so interested in the music that she did not hear the elevator door open, did not notice the approach of Doctor Ferrier until he spoke to her.

He had a black bag with him, and there was a look of strain on his face; he was more like a doctor now, she thought.

"What are you doing out here?" he asked.

"Just listening," she answered.

"Come in and listen, then. It's that Spaniard."

"No, thanks."

His eyebrows went up again, in that expression of half-amused speculation.

"There's a mystery here," he said. "Why won't you come in?"

"Because I don't want to, thanks. I'm going back to my room in a moment."

"What made you come out of it?"

"Marty's sister wanted to speak to her alone."

He was silent for a moment, not looking at her.

"Of course, you can't do anything with her," he said. "Nobody can. Hope's made up her mind to go to the devil in her own way."

"She's pretty young to have her own way, isn't she?"

"Nineteen," he said. "But that doesn't mean anything. She was the same at fourteen. She doesn't care for anyone or anything on earth."

The bitterness in his voice shocked her; she glanced at him and found his face heavy and sombre.

"I wish you'd come in, please," he said. "I'd like you to see this young genius."

He rang the bell, and took her by the arm. She could not very well pull away from him; she went in with him to the first cocktail party of her life. It was decorous, it was rather charming, she thought. Mrs. Ferrier had in some way changed the look of the sitting-room; there were flowers all about, there was an atmosphere of intimacy. The voices of the five or six people there were subdued, gay, light; a waitress moved about with a tray, bending deferentially; she came at once to Basilda with a cocktail.

"No, thanks," she said, absently.

She was looking at the young man who sat on the piano bench, a shallow young man with an undershot jaw and heavy-lidded eyes.

Alma stood beside him, lovely and elegant, in a black dress with a bolero jacket and a Roman sash about her waist. She talked to him, and he answered without raising his sullen eyes; suddenly he turned to the piano and struck a series of resounding chords.

"This is the last," he said.

Everyone stopped talking, waited in polite silence, clapped when he had finished. He rose and bowed from the waist.

"Thank you very much!" he said contemptuously. "If you will excuse . . ." He raised Alma's hand to

his lips; he bowed again, and made his way towards the door.

"Doctor Ferrier," he said.
"Senor," said the doctor, with a deliberately exaggerated courtesy. "Miss Mayhew, allow me to present Don Ramon Ortega."

Those heavy-filled eyes met hers for an instant, and she had a curious conviction that they were dulled by pain.

"Senorita," he said.

He took her hand in fingers like steel, lifted it almost to his lips. Then he took his hat from the console table in the foyer, and was gone. Alma came to her husband, with a bright, unmeaning smile for Basilda.

"You know everyone, Leonard? Will you stay, or are you too tired?" He glanced at the guests.

"Too tired, my dear," he said. "Please make my excuses."

"I'll introduce you, Miss Mayhew—"

Alma began.
"No, thanks," said Basilda. "I'll get back to Marty."

She was aware now that Alma did not like her.

"That's a complication," she thought.

The whole situation was complicated, and vague, very distasteful to her. She was not used to being disliked, she was impatient of vagueness, it was her impulse to cut through complications, make everything clear and straightforward. But this was beyond her. She opened the door and went out into the hall, and there she found Marty leaning against the wall, one foot twisted against the other.

"Listen, Basilda!" she said. "Keep aim, will you please? We'll go down and sit in the lounge—"

"Why?" Basilda demanded.

"It's honestly important. Hope's breaking off with Ramon, and I'm glad. Even if it does put you out for a while—"

"Do you mean that Hope's in my room with him?"

"Yes," said Marty briefly. "If you want to put your own pride first, okay. But if you care one bit what happens to Hope, you'll let them alone for a while."

"If it means a great deal to you—"

—said Basilda slowly.

"Well, it does," said Marty. "Hope's honestly—a sweet kid, and I'd love to see her break with Ramon."

"All right!" said Basilda. "We'll go downstairs."

Marty rang for the elevator, and they stood waiting in silence.

"Listen, Basilda," said Marty

abruptly. "I think—you're grand."

...

They sat on a sofa in the lounge.

"Where we can watch the elevator, and see Ramon when he comes," said Marty.

"Is he a professional musician?" Basilda asked.

"Well, he tries to be a composer, but he doesn't seem to make any money. I can't help liking him. He's always been sweet to me. But he and Hope fight like the devil. It's horrible."

People were coming and going past them all the time. It was getting on to dinner-time. Half an hour passed...

"There he is!" said Marty, springing up. She went to Ramon and took his hand in both of hers. "Ramon?..."

"All finished," he said.

He was in torment, and he made no effort to conceal it; he looked at the pale child with blank eyes, his face drawn and pallid.

"Ramon, I hope I'll see you again," she said.

"No," he said. "No. You will never see me again. God bless you. Good-bye."

She sat down beside Basilda again, her head bent; she was either crying or trying not to cry.

...

Basilda had arranged to meet Marty in the restaurant at eight o'clock in the morning; she was prompt, according to her habit, but Marty and the doctor were already sitting at a table. The doctor rose with a smile.

"This is perfect harmony," he said. "All three of us, so hearty, so normal."

"Do I like him, or don't I?" thought Basilda, impatient with her own indecision. He made her uneasy, she was glad to turn to Marty. "I don't believe she's brushed her hair!" she thought. "I'm not supposed to be a nursemaid, though. Mrs. Ferrier's the one to speak to her."

Marty was cheerful this morning, and in spite of her rough hair, she was very pretty, a fine color in her sunburnt cheeks.

"I've been talking to Father about going to the country to-day," she said. "I don't see what we're waiting for. Practically everyone else is out of town."

"That's for Alma to decide," said the doctor.

"Yes, I know," said Marty politely. "But I think she'll be quite pleased. She's never seen the place. If we

go to-day, everything will be ready for you to come for the week-end. We'll take Tyndall along."

"Is Hope going with you?" asked the doctor.

"I don't know," Marty answered, curtly.

There was a curious change now in the attitude of these two toward each other.

"She may," Marty went on. "I think she wants to come—"

"If she wants to, she will." He finished his coffee and rose.

"Speak to Alma, if you like," he said. "I'll ring her up later, and see what she thinks of it."

The child's efficiency was surprising to Basilda. After they had finished breakfast, she went to see her stepmother, and in half an hour came to Basilda's room with the information that it was okay. She then sat down at the telephone and rang up Tyndall Shawe, that "sort of cousin." She wanted him to pack a trunk and be ready by two o'clock; obviously he objected very much, but Marty went on with earnest good-humor. She even offered to go and pack for him.

"You'll be terribly glad, once you've got started, Tunny," she assured him.

Then she made a long distance call to Connecticut.

"Mrs. Pedersen? Hello! Yes! It's Marty!" She had to wait, listening to a speech that made her smile. "Well, we're coming!" she said. "We're leaving at two... I guess you'd better get enough food for four... So am I! Well, I'll be seeing you..."

She telephoned next to the garage.

"Listen, Macklin! We're going! Stop here at one-thirty, will you? Gosh, I hate to break it to you, but there'll be three trunks. And, Macklin, get your lunch, first..."

Basilda sat watching her, listening to her. She rang up a famous caterer's and gave a long order; cold roast chicken, a Virginia ham, foie gras, two loaves of bread to be sliced and buttered, fruit, three thermos bottles of coffee, and so on, with fluent accuracy.

She hung up the receiver, and leaned back in her chair.

"It's always safer to take food and drink along," she said. "Then people don't get so disagreeable if something goes wrong."

"Do you always attend to things?" asked Basilda.

"I like to," said Marty, with a trace of defensiveness. "I'm going to pack a trunk for Hope..."

"I'll have my trunk sent out by express—if I want it," thought Basilda.

At twelve, Marty came to fetch her; she was wearing a loose white coat and a white felt hat pushed carelessly back on her head; she was carrying her spectacles in her hand, and her grey eyes were troubled.

"Alma's backed out," she said. "She says she'll wait, and come out on Friday with Father. Hope's coming though," she added with no appearance of being pleased. "If only Tyndall doesn't start anything . . ."

"Don't they get on?"

"Oh, sometimes . . ." Marty answered. "Ready?"

Hope joined them at lunch. She greeted Basilda with a quick mechanical smile, and during the meal, she spoke to her once or twice, with an effort, as if it were difficult to remember her existence. It was an unpleasant half-hour.

They left the hotel promptly, and drove to a small, dingy apartment house in the East Twenties.

"You'd better go in and get Tinny," Hope said to her sister, and Marty got out of the car and ran up the steps, leaving Basilda and Hope sitting side by side.

Hope leaned forward and shut the glass that separated them from the chauffeur.

"Look here!" she said to Basilda. "We've only got a moment. I don't know what you're like. But even if you're a self-righteous prude, I don't suppose you'll give me away to Marty."

She looked ill, Basilda thought; her insolent and beautiful face was haggard.

"I'm not likely to say anything to worry Marty," she said with the same curtness.

"I've got to leave a note for someone at the Balsam Inn," said Hope. "We'll pass by there. If you'll find some excuse for getting out—"

"Why not you?"

"I can't! Not with Marty and Tyndall. You can say you've got to telephone—anything you like. Just take this note and give one of the bellboys a good tip to take it to Mr. Ortiz at once."

"No," said Basilda steadily. "I don't want to be mixed up in—"

"You must!" cried Hope, thrusting an envelope into her hand. "It's so urgent that if you won't, I'm sunk. Even if you hate me, you can be decent, can't you?"

"I will not—" Basilda began,

when the sound of a door slamming made her glance up. Marty had come out of the house, followed by a man with two bags, a tall, good-looking young fellow, in a slouching fashion, with untidy black hair and grey eyes that looked pale in his sunburnt face. He wore a grey flannel belted jacket, no hat, a necktie, striped flamboyantly in red and white; in spite of the bags, he had the air of just stepping out of the house for a moment, he strolled leisurely toward the car.

"Tinny!" said Marty, with an air of pride. "Here she is. This is Basilda! Was I lying?"

"If anything, you understated," he said, looking sombrely at Basilda. Then he held out his hand and smiled and the smile made his face very attractive.

"Come on! Get in, Tinny!" said Marty.

"I'll sit in front with Macklin—" "No! Sit with us, so that we can talk."

"If Hope's going to behave herself," he said, "but this is one of the days when I don't feel like being bullied."

Hope did not answer, or even look at him.

"Fine!" he said. "Sullen silence. Nothing could suit me better."

He sat in one of the forward seats beside Marty, leaving Hope and Basilda still side by side.

They were cheerful, very friendly together, and they drew Basilda into their inconsequent talk. No one spoke to Hope. She sat there in complete silence. Basilda glanced at her, found her staring at nothing; her mouth was scornful, but there was a strange sort of desolation in that pale face.

"Good heavens!" thought Basilda indignantly. "Hope's got everything. She's young and good-looking, she has plenty of money. She could do anything she wanted. And look at her!"

Look at her, so desolate. Their eyes met, and suddenly Hope took the other girl's hand; her fingers were cold as ice.

"Please!" she said, very low. "I wouldn't ask you if I could help it, but there's no one else. Please do it—out of charity."

"All right!" said Basilda.

The promise was given, and she would keep it.

She had no idea where the Balsam Inn was; suppose they went past it?

"Let's stop here and eat!" said Marty. "Isn't it sweet?"

The car had turned down a quiet road beside a shallow river fringed with willows; there was no house near, there was no traffic.

"The Balsam Inn's only a few miles farther along," said Tyndall.

"I don't want to be a basket-party, thanks," said Hope. "If Marty's got anything decent—"

"All right! We'll eat what Marty's provided," Tyndall said. "Who doesn't enjoy a picnic?"

Basilda had taken part in many picnics, but never one like this; never one so luxurious and at the same time so uncomfortable. They sat on the bank of the river, in the shade of the trees, and Macklin brought the basket, opened the bottles, carved the chicken and the ham; Marty made sandwiches, a great pile of them.

"The atmosphere's all wrong," Basilda thought. "It's—a sissy sort of picnic."

Marty and Tyndall were still cheerful, but subdued. Hope smoked and ate half a sandwich. When Marty had eaten, she lay back on the grass hands clasped under her head, and stared up at the sky; Tyndall leaned against a tree, and when Basilda glanced at him, she found him staring at her.

"Let's get going!" said Hope.

"No hurry—" Tyndall began, but Marty intervened.

"Hope hates sitting still. Come on!"

They all rose and went back to the car; they left everything for Macklin, they sat in the car talking while he repacked the basket, and neatly removed all traces of the picnic. When Macklin returned Basilda was ready for him.

"Will you please stop at the Balsam Inn for a moment?" she asked. "I just want to run in and see an old lady I know who is stopping there. I shan't be a minute."

She was surprised with the ease with which she uttered this lie, and by the perfect good faith with which it was accepted.

The Balsam Inn was a big old house standing well back from the road in a thick grove of pines; a gloomy place, Basilda thought. She pushed open the screen door and entered an empty hall with a polished floor, and a long counter with a cashier's cage at one end. She rang a bell that stood on the counter, and a red-haired boy in uniform came from somewhere.

"Will you give this note to Mr. Ortiz at once, please?" she said.

"He ain't here," said the boy.
"As soon as he comes in, then."
"He ain't comin' back. He's checked out."

"That's probably a good thing," Basilda told herself. But this chilly and silent place disturbed her.

"Did he leave a message?" she asked.

"Not as I know of," said the boy. She had fulfilled her promise as best she could; she went out to the car again.

"Did you find your old lady?" Marty asked.

"She's not there."

"It wouldn't be much of a place for an old lady—if she was respectable," said Tyndall.

Macklin drove steadily ahead. And as soon as Marty and Tyndall were not looking back Basilda slipped the envelope to Hope.

"He's gone. Checked out," she said in an undertone.

"Where?" Hope asked. "Where has he gone?"

"I didn't ask. I just asked if there was a message."

She thought the other girl was going to faint; she leaned back with her eyes closed, and a dreadful pinched look on her white face. But she recovered herself.

"Thank you, Basilda," she said. No mockery, no arrogance, in her tone, only a strange simplicity.

It was dusk when they reached the house, a long, low, white house standing in an expanse of meadow. It looked desolate, Basilda thought; the lights shining in the windows were faint and sad.

But inside it was lovely; the low-ceilinged drawing-room was simply furnished, tranquil, filled with a soft sea breeze; from the end windows she saw with surprise that the sea lay directly beneath, held in check by a high stone wall. She could hear its lap against the wall, heard the roar of breakers, far out, against some invisible reef.

Tyndall and Marty had gone into the kitchen with Mrs. Pedersen, evidently an old and cherished friend of theirs; Hope had run upstairs. It was a beautiful thing, Basilda thought, to stand inside a lighted room and look out at the sea in the gathering twilight.

Marty came into the room.

"Listen, Basilda. Is it okay with you if we eat in the kitchen? It makes things a lot easier for Mrs. Pedersen. She hasn't collected any maids yet."

"I'd like it."

"I'm going up to see if Hope would

like her dinner in her room. I wish she would. Tyndall isn't being nice to her." She paused a moment. "It's just sheer cussedness on his part," she said. "He can see, as well as anyone else, that she's upset to-day. You'd think that when he loves her he'd try to be a little bit kind."

"Does he love her?" asked Basilda, surprised.

Marty came and stood beside her at the window.

"Yes," she said. "He always has." There was a long silence.

"Well," said Marty with a sigh. "I'll whip up and see."

But Hope chose to come down to dinner; they sat, all four of them, at a table in the big kitchen, and Mrs. Pedersen went back and forth from the big coal range to the table, waiting on them. She was neat, and buxom, and blonde, with a pearl-like skin; she was hearty, friendly, completely at ease.

"Miss Hope, you're nothing but skin and bones."

"I think I'm rather handsome," said Hope.

"You're not s'handsome as you used to be," said Mrs. Pedersen.

"I'm not so young," said Hope.

It seemed obvious to Basilda that the girl was making an effort, a dreadful effort, to be as the others were, easy and cheerful. But it failed, that curious aloofness still surrounded her.

"Tyndall," she said, as Mrs. Pedersen set down an apple pie before her, "let's go over to the Balsam Inn after dinner."

"No. The Herr Doctor wouldn't like it."

"He'll never know. I want to go."

"That's the final word," Tyndall said. "You want it. Well, I don't. Anyhow, it's going to rain."

"I'll go with you, Hope," said Marty.

"Macklin can drive us. I know how it is, the first night here."

"You couldn't go there, Marty," said Hope, with a sort of gentleness.

"Tyndall, I want to go, please."

"Oh, all right then," he said wearily, "if you'll take Basilda along."

"I wouldn't be any help," said Basilda quickly.

"You'll give an air of respectability to the party," Tyndall said.

"Look here," said Basilda, in a sort of desperation. "I can't do things that Doctor Ferrier and Mrs. Ferrier wouldn't like. It's not honest. I'm here to tutor Marty."

"You go along with Miss Hope," said Mrs. Pedersen, standing close to her. "If she's got one of her wild

fits on. . . . Nobody can stop her, now her mother's gone."

"Oh, shut up!" said Marty roughly, and went hastily out of the room, followed by Tyndall. Mrs. Pedersen stood looking after them.

"It was the worst thing that could have ever happened to these girls," she said, a little unsteadily. "It's bad enough for any children to lose their mother, but it was just terrible for Miss Hope. Fourteen, she was, and she worshipped her mother. I've never seen anything like the way those two were together. Laughing together like they were two friends. And Mrs. Ferrier was so young-looking and beautiful." She wiped her eyes on her apron. "Killed, right in front of the child's eyes," she said.

"How?" cried Basilda.

"One of those automobile accidents. It was—"

"Ready?" called Tyndall.

"Yes," Basilda answered.

He had a roadster outside the house; they all three got into it and set off in silence. Tyndall drove like the wind; a shower of dirt and pebbles rattled against the wind shield. Basilda was not inclined to nervousness, and she enjoyed it, but she wondered about Hope. After what had happened.

"Park here, Tinny," said Hope. "We'll walk around to the side door. Everybody does."

There were three or four other cars on the grass under the pines at a little distance from the inn, all with the lights out.

"I hate this sort of thing!" thought Basilda.

They went across the grass to the gravel drive beside the house, and came presently to a glass-enclosed verandah, dimly lit, set with ten or twelve small tables. A few people were sitting there, eating, drinking, all quiet enough.

"You and Basilda go up there," said Hope. "I'll join you in a minute."

"All right!" said Tyndall amiably. But he halted at the foot of the steps and took an electric torch out of his pocket; the beam of light picked up Hope's slight figure, opening a door in the side of the house. She turned, and Basilda had an instant's glimpse of her white face before the torch was snapped off.

"Come on!" said Tyndall. "Aren't you ever going to have a drink? Just to see what it's like?"

"I've had drinks," said Basilda. "I don't mind taking one, now and then. But I won't make a habit of it. And I don't need them, either."

"Never? You've never wanted anything to make you not care for a while?"

"No," she answered thoughtfully. "I haven't had any serious troubles in my life, but if I did I think I'd try to take them—plain."

"Well, what about love?" he asked. "Everybody falls in love sometimes, and it's always depressing."

He was speaking seriously, and she answered him in the same way; there was a sudden sort of friendliness between them.

"I'm engaged," she said, "and it's not depressing at all."

"Where is he?"

"At sea. He's Second Officer on a ship."

"It must be awful," said Tyndall. "to be separated like that, if you love each other."

"It's not. We miss each other, of course. But it'll always have to be like that."

"Aren't you ever jealous?"

"If I were," she said, "I'd know I didn't love Jim, that we didn't trust each other."

"That wouldn't be my way," said Tyndall. "I'd be very jealous."

The pines rustled outside; the people at a nearby table began to laugh.

"Alma's jealous," said Tyndall. "But perhaps you've noticed that." Basilda said nothing.

"Basilda!" called Hope's voice from outside, and there was in it so strange a note that Basilda jumped up, pulled open the screen door and ran down the steps.

"I want to go home," said Hope. "I don't feel well."

Tyndall had joined them.

"Okay," he said, good-humoredly. "Let's go."

They got into the car again; the sky was heavily overcast, and an ominous little wind blew, steady and cool. The rain was coming down from the hills.

"Maybe we can beat it," said Tyndall.

But it came pattering down on them in slow, chilly drops; he put up the top, and they were sheltered for a moment. And then, with a rush, it came driving in at the sides.

"Any curtains?" asked Basilda.

"Worn out," he answered.

The car skidded in the mud, and he slowed down; he had to go carefully now. Hope leaned against Basilda's shoulder. . . . Basilda put an arm around her, and the other girl's head rested on her shoulder.

"Hope, are you ill?" she whispered.

"No. Don't talk. . . ."

Something wrong; something terribly wrong. . . . They went on forever, in the dark and the pattering rain, and Hope's head lay heavy on her shoulder. It was an unbelievable relief to see the lighted windows of the house.

Tyndall left them at the door while he took the car to the garage; the door was unlocked, the two girls walked in.

Marty was sitting at the table, playing double Canfield with Mrs. Pedersen; she jumped up at sight of her sister.

"Did you take the open car, you idiot? Your teeth are chattering! Hope, you've got a chill, or something."

"I need a drink," said Hope. "We never got to the inn. When we were almost there it looked stormy and we came back."

"Change your shoes and your dress, and the drink'll be ready when you come down."

Hope turned towards the door, and glanced back over her shoulder at Basilda.

"Coming?"

"I don't want to be alone with her," Basilda thought. "I don't want to hear—anything. . . ."

Hope went on without her, and Basilda had to run to catch up with her on the stairs. They were halfway up the stairs, on the landing, where only a dim light from the hall reached them.

"He was dead," said Hope.

"What—what do you mean?"

"Ramon was dead—in his own room. Shot. He said he'd kill himself. And he did."

"But are you sure?"

Hope laughed.

"Stop that!" said Basilda. "Are you sure nothing can be done for him?"

"Very sure!" said Hope, still with a tremor of that horrible laughter in her voice. "He's gone where I sent him. This is a bit hard on you, but I—had to tell someone. . . ."

"It's sure to come out."

"No. I knew where his room was. I just ran up the back stairs. Nobody saw me."

"People will know—"

"D'you know," said Hope, "that's not what's upsetting me. The idea of people finding out anything. Even a huge scandal. I'm just thinking about—Ramon being dead."

There was a moment's silence.

"Come on and get off your wet things," said Basilda, curtly.

She was ashamed again, and she did not enjoy it. They went into

Hope's room, and Hope lay down on the bed. She was shivering from head to foot.

Then Basilda knelt, and drew off the girl's wet shoes and stockings, got a towel from the bathroom and rubbed her icy feet.

"Sit up for a moment, Hope!" she said, and pulled off the wet jersey. "I'll change my own things," she said. "I'll be back in a moment, and we'll go down together."

They all played cards in the kitchen, with the rain driving against the windows. Mrs. Pedersen played with them, a childish sort of game which was, apparently, a sort of ritual with them. They spoke of past games, and past summers.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Pedersen said it was time to go to bed.

"I'll help you lock up," said Tyndall. "Good-night, ladies!" He laid his hand on Hope's shoulder. "Good-night—fool!" he said.

"Good-night, my hero!" she answered. They looked at each other, both smiling faintly, then she caught him by the hair, pulled down his head, and kissed him.

"All right! I'll remember that!" he said.

The three girls went upstairs; Marty was anxious to see that Basilda had everything she would want.

"We have to share a bathroom," she said. "But I'm honestly very neat—I don't think you'll mind." She lounged in the doorway. "You're getting to like Hope better now, aren't you?" she asked. "She's really a swell kid."

"Like her?" Basilda thought, lying awake in the dark. "She knows she drove Ramon to suicide. She's . . . I can't like her. But I'm terribly sorry for her."

She could not go to sleep for a long time, thinking of Hope lying awake with that to remember. But when she did fall asleep, she slept soundly and long; she opened her eyes to the sun high in a pure blue sky. There was a note on the bedside table.

"Would you like a dip before breakfast? I shall be on the beach waiting for you. I have left a bathing-suit on the chair for you in case yours is not unpacked.—Marty."

"A darling kid!" Basilda thought. She put on the bathing-suit, yellow wool with a halter neck; Marty had even thought to leave a pair of beach sandals for her.

"Certainly she's not selfish," thought Basilda; and the thought of Hope came back to her, a heavy oppression.

If it were not for Hope, and the tragedy of darkness she brought, what a happy morning this could have been! She met Mrs. Pedersen in the hall below.

"Good morning!" said Mrs. Pedersen, cheerful, even radiant. "I've got the very same maids we had last year—sisters they are. Real nice, respectable girls. The doctor's got a notion about always having local help. . . . And the same man—but of course he works around the place all the year. They're all on the beach, miss. And you just tell them that breakfast'll be on the table in half an hour."

There were stone steps leading up the wall and down on the other side to a strip of white sand. Tyndall and Hope and Marty were all sitting there in the sun, with a curious effect of friendly peace. Basilda's glance went first to Hope; she was pale, her lips without make-up had a different line; she looked fatigued and almost gentle.

"Hi, toots!" cried Marty, glancing up. "Isn't it a swell day! Come on! Let's go!"

The water was cold after the rain; it set Basilda's blood racing.

"Mrs. Pedersen said breakfast would be ready in half an hour!" Basilda called, swimming beside Marty.

"We can't tell when it's half an hour," Tyndall answered.

"She'll come out and yell," said Hope.

She did. She came to the top of the steps and shouted, "Breakfast!" with all her might. They turned to the shore, an obedient flock, ran to the house and up the back stairs, leaving a trail of water. Basilda dried herself, and dressed, and could not feel oppressed. She tried to; it seemed to her wrong and cruel to be happy and hungry, when Ramon, who was young like herself, was dead.

Only, last night was fading, like a dreadful dream. There was an excellent breakfast, strawberries with honey, hot cornbread, coffee, bacon and eggs; Marty in slacks and a pull-over was joyous; Tyndall had a look of subdued contentment. Hope was quiet, that was all.

"I'll get you cigarettes, Hope," said Marty.

"I'm off smoking for a while," said Hope. "And drinking. I'm going to get healthy."

"Then you'd better eat more," said Mrs. Pedersen. "There! That's Mr. Gallup about the chickens."

She opened the back door for a thin man with a grey moustache and melancholy blue eyes, wearing overalls.

"Good morning, young ladies!" he said. "Morning to you, Mr. Ferrier. Well, it seems they've got the police over to the Balsam Inn at last."

"Lands sake!" cried Mrs. Pedersen. "Was it a raid, Mr. Gallup?"

"Worse'n that," said he. "Seems there was a suicide. Some young Eyetalian or such like, he shot himself. Seems he'd been lying up there dead in his room, for nobody knows how long. There wasn't nobody heard the shot, nor knew a thing about it, till Annie Rogers went to make up the bed this morning."

"Maybe it was a murder!" cried Marty.

"No, miss. It don't seem so. He left a note, and there was the gun and all. Seems he was a musician, a pianer player from New York. Those people are terrible prone to suicide, I've heard."

It was dreadful to see Marty's face, that look in her eyes. She pushed back her chair and went out of the kitchen, and Basilda followed her. The child set off across the grass, and Basilda went with her in silence.

"Oh!" cried Marty suddenly. "Is that the way—life's got to be?"

"No," said Basilda. "Things like that don't happen often, Marty."

"If that's love. . . . Then it's a cruel, hateful thing. . . . I hope I'll never love anyone, and nobody'll ever love me."

"Marty, it doesn't have to be like that. I'm in love, I'm engaged to be married. And it's not like that."

"You don't know if it will last."

It was dreadful to hear the child speak with that bitterness.

"It does last, Marty. People all over the world love each other, faithfully and kindly."

They reached the road, and went along it for a mile or so to the small village on an inlet. Marty led the way to a boatyard; they went out on a rickety wooden pier.

"There's Tyndall's boat," she said. "He's a wonderful sailor."

"You like him, don't you?"

"I love him," said Marty simply. "I love every hair of his head."

She was more cheerful now; as they walked home, she told Basilda incidents to illustrate Tyndall's skill in handling a sailboat.

"That's our herd," she said, as they drew near home. "Aren't they pretty?"

Basilda stopped to look at the six or seven Guernseys, grazing. The quiet of the summer sun lay over everything.

"Look!" cried Marty. "That's a police car! Come on!"

She began racing across the

meadows towards the house, and Basilda with her.

"If only nothing's happened to Hope!" Basilda said to herself. "Oh, don't let anything else be wrong! For Marty's sake."

In a last spurt, Marty reached the house before her, pushed open the screen door and let it slam behind her; she stopped in the hall to get her breath, and saw Hope coming down the stairs.

"I'm receiving a visit from the Chief of Police, in person," said Hope. "I wonder what crime he's found out. D'you want to come with me?"

Unconcerned, casual, leisurely, she came on down the stairs, and went into the drawing-room.

"Good morning, Captain Ashe!"

"Good morning, Miss Ferrier! I'm very sorry to trouble you, but I'd like to ask a few questions. You've heard of the tragedy at the Balsam Inn?"

"Yes."

Basilda went into the room. Hope had asked her to come, and she might well need someone to stand by her.

"Basilda, this is Captain Ashe. Miss Mayhew."

Captain Ashe was a portly, clean-shaven man in a grey suit, polite and a little diffident.

"Miss Ferrier, I understand you were acquainted with Mr. Ortiz. If you could give me any information, . . ."

"You could get information about him from any of the New York newspapers," said Hope. "He was a rather well-known pianist."

"Yes. But that's not quite what I mean, Miss Ferrier. We have to do a certain amount of investigating in a case like this. We'd like to know, for instance, why he came here to the Balsam Inn. Have you seen Mr. Ortiz recently, Miss Ferrier?"

"He played at a little party my father's wife gave, the day before yesterday," said Hope.

"What I'd like to know, Miss Ferrier, is whether you noticed any unusual attitude recently in Mr. Ortiz? Any melancholy tendency? Any—"

A car was stopping before the house; he paused a moment. The screen door was flung open, and Doctor Ferrier entered the sitting-room with an unaccountably dramatic effect. There was an exuberant freshness about him, he smiled at the two girls, he shook hands with Captain Ashe.

"I read about poor Ortiz in the morning newspaper," he said. "I knew you'd be coming here, Ashe, giving my poor girl the third degree. So here I am! Go ahead and question me, Ortiz was more or less a family

friend. You'll be wanting to know if we noticed any suicidal tendencies. Well. . . . He stopped, as Alma entered. "This is Captain Ashe, my dear," he said. "My wife, Ashe. You needn't stay, my dear girl."

She smiled, rather vaguely, and sat down, fragile and charming in a gay little blue-and-white print dress with a ruffled collar.

"I wasn't surprised to hear Ortiz had killed himself," Ferrier went on. "Moody, melancholy sort of fellow. And I'm pretty sure he had financial troubles."

"I see," said Ashe. He looked unhappy. "That's interesting, Doctor Ferrier." He was silent for a moment. "Ortiz left a note," he said.

Nobody spoke, nobody stirred. After a moment the doctor broke the spell.

"Who was it addressed to?" he asked.

"Nobody," said Ashe. "It's in Italian, Spanish—some foreign language. I haven't had it translated."

"May I see it?" Alma asked.

"Certainly!" said Ashe, and took a folded paper from his pocket. She opened it and looked at it for a long time, her dark lashes lowered.

"It's in Spanish," she said, without looking up.

"If you could—"

"No puede vivir contigo," she read. "No quiere vivir sin ti! It means—I cannot live with you. I don't want to live without you!"

"Ha!" said Ferrier. "That looks . . . I don't suppose you'll give that to the Press?"

"Trouble is, that Ortiz was more or less prominent," said Ashe. "The newspaper boys have been around already. Of course, we have a good deal of latitude in these cases, but there'll have to be some sort of explanation as to why he came here to kill himself."

"That was my idea," said Alma. "Ramon was very tired and run-down; very worried. He needed country air, and quiet, but of course he had to have a piano. I suggested his going to the Balsam Inn, and coming here every day to use our piano. He was very much depressed about his bookings."

"He was very much depressed?" Ashe repeated. "This was a recent conversation, Mrs. Ferrier?"

"Yes," she said. "The day before yesterday. You won't need to use this note, I'm sure. It's of no significance."

"Well, it seems to have some bearing—"

—said Ashe, more and more unhappy.

"Not really," said Alma, looking up

at him. "He was young and romantic. He liked to imagine that he was in love." She paused. "With me," she said. "It didn't mean anything. Only, you see, he was always a little theatrical. It was a typically Latin gesture. It was financial worry and a sense of failure that made him take his life, Captain Ashe. You won't mind if I keep this note?"

Ashe thought for a time. "You—you're quite sure it was—" "It was meant for me," she said. "It's very sad."

She had, from beginning to end, shown no emotion except a vague little melancholy; she smiled now, with gentle appeal, and put the note into the purse she carried.

"You won't find it necessary to mention this, I'm sure," she said. "If you'd like me to make some sort of statement about poor Ramon's depression?"

"You can trust Captain Ashe not to mention your name, my dear," said the doctor. "There'll simply be a paragraph, 'Friends of Mr. Ortiz agreed that he had been greatly discouraged about his work.' That sort of thing."

He spoke heartily, but there was a definite change in his tone. He took Captain Ashe away with him, and Alma rose instantly and went out of the room.

"Well!" said Hope, with a laugh. "Father must have enjoyed that."

"Do you think he believed it?" asked Basilda, coldly.

"Certainly! She believes it herself. Ramon used to kiss her hand, and give her one of his smoldering looks. She adores that—being the heroine of a romance. Very romantic, Alma is. But that didn't stop her from marrying a man twenty years older than herself, for the sake of his money."

Basilda found her words, her flaunting, scornful air, intolerable.

"Maybe you're mistaken—" she began in the same cold tone.

"I hate her," said Hope. "She's —"

"Shut up!" whispered Basilda. But Alma must have heard; she was standing in the doorway, white as a ghost. Hope turned her head, and saw her, and deliberately turned away again.

"That was—beastly," said Basilda, when Alma had gone.

"Isn't it?" said Hope. "The tragedy queen got a shock. But now she can go upstairs and cry. She loves to cry."

"I'm not going to listen to any more of this," said Basilda. "It makes me sick."

"Basilda!"

She heard Hope call after her, with a curious urgency in her voice, but she did not answer or look back. She was going to find Marty, the one creature here who was honest, and faithful, and kind. She went along the hall, and out on the brick terrace.

Ramon Ortiz had shot himself in an obscure little country inn. Close friends—all anonymous—informed the police that he had been profoundly depressed by financial troubles. A celebrated French pianist, who had known him well, made a statement to the Press.

"Ortiz, in my opinion, was one of the most promising younger musicians, not alone as a pianist, but as a composer. He was, however, extremely sensitive and inclined to melancholy. . . . And so on. No mention of the Ferrier household, no more questions were asked; Ramon was buried, and that was the end of it."

Even Marty did not speak of him again. She set to work with Basilda with a dogged zeal that was touching.

"I couldn't stand more than one more year of school," she said. "I hate it so."

"But how do you know you'll like college?" Basilda asked her.

"It's not that. It's because I think, when you make up your mind to do anything, you ought to do it."

"All right! We'll get at this English again. That's your weakest point."

They were on the beach, under a big parasol. Marty lay on the sand, propped up on her elbows.

"Dad's going back to New York after lunch," she said. "Leaving Alma here."

"Is he?" said Basilda. "Let's get started."

Mrs. Pedersen was descending the steps to the beach.

"It's a telegram," she said. "For Miss Mayhew."

It was a radio message, and it certainly caused Basilda no alarm. It would be from Jim, of course, probably just telling her what time his ship would dock, and when and where he could meet her. Three days ashore after twenty-five days at sea; it wasn't much, and even that little time wasn't all his own.

"Arriving Wednesday. Laying up two weeks for repairs. Can you arrange to be in New York for that time, Jim?"

He wouldn't, he couldn't, add "love," when he gave his message to

sparks. It made her smile. She was delighted. Two weeks!

"I'm glad to see it's good news," Mrs. Pedersen remarked.

"The man I'm engaged to is going to have two weeks ashore this trip," said Basilda, but no longer with delight. She had remembered her job. She might ask for a week-end off, but no more. She put the message inside her belt.

"Let's get going, Marty," she said.

It seemed to Basilda that she was doing pretty well as a teacher. She was clear and definite, and she had an excellent memory. They worked together until lunch time, and then went up to the house.

"Don't change," said Marty.

But it seemed to Basilda that it was part of her job to change, to put on a blouse and skirt, instead of slacks and a bathrobe.

When she came downstairs again, Doctor Ferrier and his wife and Tyndall and Marty were sitting at the table. The two men rose, and the doctor pulled back her chair.

"Marty's been telling us about your sailor," he said. "We'd like very much to have him here for his two weeks."

"Well, that's awfully nice of you," said Basilda.

"You can drive in and pick up the young man and his luggage," the doctor went on. "We have plenty of room, you know, and we'll all be more than pleased."

"It was Alma's idea," said Marty abruptly.

Alma said nothing.

Doctor Ferrier rose.

"Sorry to hurry off," he said. "Alma, my dear, take care of yourself." He bent and kissed her cheek, and she merely suffered it.

"Good-bye," she said.

He kissed Marty, and she jumped up and hugged him.

"Come back soon!" she said. She whispered something to him; his brows went up again.

"Very well!" he said. "I'll see." He slapped Tyndall on the shoulder, and shook hands with Basilda, and off he went.

"Where's Hope?" Marty asked.

"I don't know, dear," Alma answered.

"What's this delicious drink?" asked Marty.

"It's three-quarters coffee, and one quarter chocolate, and cream and sugar, and ice."

"I bet it's your idea, Alma!"

"Yes, it is," Alma answered.

They were obviously, almost painfully, trying to be nice to each other,

Basilda thought, and they didn't know how.

"And I don't know how to be nice to any of them!" she thought.

Hope came into the room. Came in almost noiselessly, yet with an effect as disturbing as if a panther had entered.

"Oh! Just in time for lunch," said Alma, trying to be pleasant.

"I've been to Ramon's funeral," said Hope.

The words came with the force of a blow.

"Well, don't talk about it until after lunch," said Marty. "Have some of this."

"I've been in my room, waiting for Father to go," Hope went on. "Now—I want—that—note."

She was looking straight at Alma, and for a moment Alma looked at her.

"Very well," she said.

"I didn't say anything while Father was here. I let you have your cheap, little theatrical effect."

"Hope!" said Marty. "Don't!"

"Of course, your idea was that you'd seem romantic to Father, if he believed Ramon died of love for you. It didn't work, though. Father was just disgusted, that's all."

"That's a lie," said Alma steadily.

"It is a lie!" said Marty. "I told you, Hope—"

"Give me the note!" said Hope.

"It's mine."

Alma opened the white envelope purse she carried, took out the note, and held it out. Hope did not stir and Tyndall took it and brought it to her.

"Named Hope," he said, "because she's going to be the bravest thing—"

Hope struck him across the mouth, and went leisurely out of the room.

"Tinny, that was cruel!" said Marty, with a sob, and went out after her sister.

"Let me alone!" said Hope's voice, clearly.

Alma had risen and went out on to the terrace through one of the open french windows. Basilda still sat at the table.

"Come on!" said Tyndall. "The two maids and Mrs. Pedersen are watching and waiting, all agog. Let them clear away the feast. Come in here!"

He opened the door of a small morning-room that was never used; when she had entered he closed the door. "You're all of a tremble," he said.

"I'm nothing of the sort. Your lip is bleeding."

"I got off easy," he said, taking out his handkerchief. "I knew something would happen. I took pains to find just the right words to hurt her most."

"Well, I think that was — contemptible!" cried Basilda. "I know she spoke horribly to Alma. But anyone could see. . . . She'd been to his funeral. She'd tried to—dress in mourning. . . . She's—so unhappy."

There was a long silence.

"I want to give you the key," Tyndall said presently. "The key to the whole wretched tangle is a woman who died five years ago. Jacqueline Ferrier. She was unique. You hear a lot of rot about 'charm.' Well, she was enchantment. She made everything beautiful and gay, and didn't even know it. When she lived in a house, she was the soul of it. When she was killed, she ought to have gone to heaven and stayed there. But she didn't. She's still around. You can hear the echo of her voice, you can catch a glimpse of her disappearing around a corner. She wasn't serene, you know. Not the type that people call saintly. I don't believe she ever had a moral struggle. She was just good, without any trouble at all. Careless about it. Kind and warm, and laughing and beautiful."

Basilda glanced at him and found him looking steadily at her.

"Alma looks a little like her," he went on. "And that's Alma's bad luck. To look like a shadow of Jacqueline. Alma's a nice girl. She's kind, too, and honest. But nobody can forgive her for not being Jacqueline Ferrier. Nobody but Marty."

"Did Doctor Ferrier? . . ." Basilda began, not able to put the question bluntly.

"He married Alma on account of the girls. He's fond of her, but she loves him. Another bad break for her. Poor devil! She's tried, but she's failed completely. She wanted to protect Marty, and Marty protects her. As for Hope, you can see for yourself. She won't forgive Alma for being Alma. She won't forgive her father. . . . They ought to be fond of each other, Hope and her father, but it's all gone so wrong."

He stopped for a long time.

"Hope was—it's hard to find the right word—splendid, I guess. The most splendid kid you could imagine. Beautiful—not the way she is now, but strong—and gallant. . . . A sort of eagerness about her. She had talent, too."

"In what?"

"Music. She was always hard to,

handle. Dynamite. But after she'd mopped up the floor with you she was sorry, and cried. Generous and loving. . . . She loved her mother—the way only a kid like that can love. And you can imagine how her mother felt about her. That's the set-up, Basilda.

"Yes?"

She waited with a curious dread.

"You've been told, of course, that Jacqueline Ferrier was killed in a motor-car crash. But I don't suppose anyone's told you that Hope was driving the car."

"Oh!" cried Basilda. Her hand flew to her heart in an instinctive gesture.

"The kid was knocked unconscious. She didn't know what had happened, and the idea was not to tell her her mother was dead until she got back her strength. But the worst thing that could happen did happen. The doctor was speaking to me in the next room. It was the first and only time I've seen him let go. But he loved his wife—more than you'd imagine. Idolised her. He was half mad the first few hours. He said to me—'If it hadn't been for that reckless, willful child, Jacqueline wouldn't have died. It's her fault.' Then the kid came in. She tried to speak but she couldn't. She looked at him and then she passed out. I don't think they've spoken a decent word to each other since."

"The worst thing that could happen, did happen," thought Basilda. A child of fourteen, a sensitive, high-strung child, to hear from her father's lips that she had killed her adored mother.

"The doctor did what he could, after that," Tyndall went on. "He has drag here, and when the inquiry came off, it was established that the car had skidded on the damp road and whammed into a tree. That's what really did happen. It was a dangerous bit of road, old wooden blocks laid down long ago—somebody's crazy experiment. There'd been other accidents there. It could have happened to anyone. There was no reason to think the kid was reckless or careless. I'm well sure she wasn't. But there you are."

"Can't—anything be done?" asked Basilda.

"Well, what? And now, y'see, she thinks she's responsible for Ramon's death, too. That's not going to help much." He sighed. "I'm going over to the club," he said. "Want to come?"

She shook her head, mutely. He got up and went out of the room and she leaned back, closing her eyes.

She heard a step in the doorway and looked up to find Mrs. Ferrier standing there.

"Miss Mayhew?" she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Ferrier?"

"If I go away, can I count on you to stay here with Marty? She's so fond of you. You're so good to her."

"You're going away, Mrs. Ferrier?"

The sun was gone, the sky looked pallid, the trees looked dark.

"I'm afraid I can't go on at all," said Alma.

"But you can't quit!" cried Basilda, and then was abashed.

"It's—simply no use," said Alma. "I do more harm than good. Far more. You don't know what it's like to be hated. I shouldn't bother you with my troubles, but I'm absolutely alone here. Whatever I do is wrong. I've tried. . . . But Hope really hates me."

"I don't," said Hope's voice behind her.

She was standing inside the doorway, almost invisible in the shadowy hall.

"I don't hate you," she said. "I've reformed." Her face was stained by tears, her dark eyes heavy, there was a faint and sorrowful irony in her smile. "We'll all be one big, happy family."

She came over to Alma and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"I'll be good," she said.

Basilda profoundly distrusted this reformation.

Jim's approaching visit aroused an extraordinary amount of interest in the household; Alma was solicitous about the room he was to have.

"The room next to Tyndall's will be the best one for Captain Osborne, I think," she said.

"But he's not a captain, Mrs. Ferrier," said Basilda embarrassed. "He's only a second officer, and he doesn't expect anyone to bother about him."

Marty drove into the nearest town, and bought three volumes of Conrad.

Hope was the only one who had shown no interest in Jim's coming, and that, Basilda thought, was just as well. They were not likely to be congenial.

It was raining on Tuesday evening, and everyone was at home, Hope and Marty, Basilda and Tyndall played parchesi until they were bored, then Hope strolled over to the window.

"What time are you meeting the boy-friend, Basilda?" she asked.

"I'm taking the ten-eight train."

"I'll drive you in. We'll start at eight. Right?"

There was nothing to do but thank her, and agree. But it spoiled everything. She had wanted to have a little time alone with him before they came here.

"If it's going to keep on like this," she thought, ruefully. "All one big family . . ."

The rain ceased in the night, the morning was bright and hot. Mrs. Pedersen had an early breakfast for the two girls. Hope came down in a white linen suit, with a black shantung blouse, high-collared, a black turban, a look of half-swaggering elegance; she was silent, pale, but still polite. Basilda had naturally given considerable thought to her own appearance; she wore the sort of costume Jim liked, a plain flax-blue linen dress with short sleeves and a broad black belt, a wide-brimmed black straw hat, she had the look of well-bred simplicity he liked. But she was faintly dissatisfied as she got into the car beside Hope.

They were just about to start when Tyndall came out of the house, in dressing-gown and slippers.

"Basilda—" he said.

She looked at him with a questioning frown, as he stood in the road beside her.

"Sweet . . ." he muttered, and kissed her cheek.

The car shot forward and Basilda, amazed, looked back. But Tyndall was re-entering the house.

"Tinny was pleased," said Hope. "It really is sweet. I mean—you going off to meet your sailor sweet-heart."

She spoke without irony, with a sort of benevolence. But Basilda was not pleased.

"I don't want to be—pathetic," she said.

"You are, though," said Hope. "Anyone who's in love the way you are is pathetic. You're so calm and sure about everything."

She was touched by Hope's friendliness, but it was difficult not to be disappointed when, instead of waiting in the car, Hope came with her on to the pier. The ship had docked hours ago, the passengers and their luggage were gone, but the unloading was still going on.

Jim was there, speaking to his steward. He had on his shore-going clothes, double-breasted dark blue suit and soft hat; he looked so big and stalwart, standing in a characteristic attitude, his feet a little

about his strong, big hands hanging loosely by his sides.

"Hello, Jim!" said Basilda, with a slight stammer.

He turned quickly, his sunburnt face suddenly alight. They looked at each other.

"Hello!" he said. "How are you, Basilda?"

"Fine. Hope, this is Jim Osborne. Now, this is Miss Ferrier."

He stood, hat in hand, smiling, with his eyes narrowed.

"Very kind of you people, Miss Ferrier."

She gave a vague smile as answer.

"The car's here," she said. "You and Basilda can sit in the rumble seat."

They sat hand in hand, they were happy, yet there was a constraint upon them, because Hope was there.

It was pretty bad. Hope drove in her skilful, easy way, through the city traffic, and out into the country.

They stopped at an inn for lunch and it was late afternoon when they reached the house. Marty came flying out to meet them.

"Marty, this is Jim," said Basilda with ill-concealed pride.

They shook hands.

"You want to show Jim his room, Basilda," said Marty. "We'll have cocktails at six."

She was so eager, so pleased, so sweet that Basilda kissed her. Then she took Jim up the stairs to the room prepared for him.

"I hope you'll—" she began politely, but he closed the door and sought her in his arms.

"I thought I'd never get you alone," he said.

Basilda gave a great sigh, and clung tight to him. It was not only he who had come, but she, too, was at home in his arms.

"Your hair is warm!" he said, laying his hand on the crown of her head.

"Of course it is, stoopid!"

"You're like—sunshine," he said, that made her so happy that tears rose in her eyes.

"Not much sense in love, is there?" she said.

Basilda washed and changed into a clean white linen dress. She brushed her hair very thoroughly, looking at herself in the mirror with rapt pleasure. Happiness rose in her in an overwhelming tide.

In the drawing-room she found Alma and Tyndall, each with paper and pencil playing a word game; they stopped politely as she entered.

"You saved my life," said Tyndall, when Basilda protested. "Alma's too smart."

Alma smiled, she was pleased. Then Marty came down in a pink dress, with a pink ribbon in her hair and white sandals on her feet. She turned on the radio at once, and sat on the floor beside it.

The parlor maid came in with the cocktails.

"Let's wait for Mr. Osborne," said Alma.

"He's gone for a stroll," said Marty. And at that moment, in the silence that came upon them all, Basilda felt a dim stir of uneasiness that was a premonition.

"I'll bet Hope's taken Jim to see the old lighthouse," said Marty in a brisk cheerful voice. "She's always doing that—dragging poor visitors off, and making them late to meals."

"She hasn't any time sense," said Alma.

They were playing a word game when the maid announced dinner.

"Ask Mrs. Pedersen to keep it back for a few moments," said Alma. "We want to finish this game. I have twenty-two words, Tyndall!"

"Twenty-one for me. How about teacher?"

She had no answer.

"Six."

It didn't matter. Jim would walk in any minute.

"He can't help himself," she thought. "He has to stay with Hope. It's nothing..."

The moment came that had to come.

"We'd better start," said Alma.

"They'll be here in a few minutes."

They were sitting at the table, when Jim came in alone.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Please accept my apologies, Mrs. Ferrier. I didn't realise..."

"Where's Hope?" asked Marty.

"She—I left her on the beach. She asked me to say she didn't want any dinner, Mrs. Ferrier."

"That's foolish of her," said Alma.

"Will you sit here, Mr. Osborne?"

She, too, had adopted a little air of formality; she turned to him with a look of bright interest, and he responded, they talked about ships.

Jim turned to Basilda with a smile. The wrong smile, anxious, unsure—when he should be utterly sure of his understanding. She wanted to speak to him then as Alma did, in that pleasant social way, but it was not within her power. She was angry, hurt, puzzled and she showed it in one stormy glance. His sunburnt face flushed; he turned back to Alma.

"Let's drive over to the Yacht Club," said Marty.

"All right. I'll drive you over," said Tyndall. "Like to come, Osborne?"

"No, thanks," said Jim.

"I'd like to go," said Basilda.

She was glad. A strange enough gladness that made a sob rise in her throat.

"Jim's got to learn that he can't treat me this way. He refused Tyndall, without even asking me what I wanted to do. Let him stay here. Let him go down to the beach and find Hope. I don't care."

Tyndall rose at once and went off to the garage.

"I wish you'd come, Jim," said Marty.

"Thanks," he said. "I'd be very glad—another time."

The car came and Marty climbed nimbly into the rumble seat, leaving Basilda to sit beside Tyndall. They set off in the night with the sea wind blowing in their faces.

"Love," said Tyndall musingly. "One of the most unpleasant things the human race has invented."

"I suppose you're miles above anything so foolish," said Basilda.

He was silent for a long time.

"When you're in a jam," he said, "there are two biologically sound courses to take. Fight—or run. You like to fight. I'm going to run. I'm going to get out of this place in a day or two."

She was startled and curiously disturbed.

"Are you in a jam, Tyndall?"

"Yes," he said. "I've been trying to be a catalyst. Trying to modify a solution of elements, without being affected myself. I'm sick of it. Well! Here we are. On with the dance, kid?" he asked.

"To heck with the dance, Tinny," she answered in a choked, unsteady voice.

He backed the car and turned, and drove off the road, across a stretch of rough ground to the edge of a cliff. They all got out, stood looking at the water that was calm and pallid in the starlight.

"Let's go home," said Marty. "This is pretty grim."

THEY found Jim and Hope alone in the lamplit drawing-room. Jim sprang to his feet as they entered.

Basilda... What about a little walk?" he asked.

She looked at him.

"I'm too tired," she said. "Good night, everybody."

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"I'm too tired," she said. "Good night, everybody."

She went up the stairs to her own room.

"I hate them both!" she cried to herself, lying face down on the bed in the dark.

Someone was knocking and knocking . . .

"Basilda!"

With a great effort she opened her eyes. Jim was standing there, just inside the door.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But I—was worried about you, Basilda, when I knocked and knocked and you didn't answer."

She lay still looking at him, tears wet on her cheeks.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"Taking a walk," he said, and added, "Alone. Basilda, I've got to talk to you."

"I'll meet you on the beach in the morning."

"It might be raining," Jim said. "I don't care," she said, and he went off, closing the door after him.

Jim was waiting at the head of the steps when she left to bathe the next morning.

"Basilda," he said. "I know you're angry. That's not the right word . . . I know how you must feel. I want to explain."

"It doesn't matter," she said. He turned his head quickly.

"What do you mean? Mean that you don't care how things are between us any more?"

"I don't know what I mean," she said unsteadily.

"Look here! I couldn't go with you to the Yacht Club. I felt like a fool, dressed up in a dinner jacket, when everyone else was so—informal."

"You could have said so."

"No, I couldn't. I—I'm out of my element here. I don't like these people. I don't like the—atmosphere."

They walked on in silence. The name that had not been spoken was ringing in Basilda's ears, but she would not be the one to speak it.

"Basilda," he said. "Let's not—we can't let it be this way. I've got four full days, and possibly more. Let's get married now. We'll send a wire to your people, and take a train up there this afternoon. Your father'll marry us, and we can find a little place up there to live in."

"But Jim!" she cried, stopping short and staring at him. "I don't want to live up there."

"Try it. I'd feel easier about you while I was away, if you were near your people." He caught her hand. "Try it, dearest girl. If you had a

little place of your own—you have plenty of friends there. You'd have a—a happy life—"

"But, Jim, that's the kind of life I couldn't stand. We've talked about it often."

There was not a trace of anger left in her, nothing but dismay.

"Basilda, let's send that telegram anyhow. Spend the rest of my time ashore with your people. You know what a good time we always have up there."

She was beginning to understand now.

"You've forgotten that I have a job here," she said evenly.

"You can get another job later if you want. Only let's go—"

"Why?"

"Because I—don't want to stay here, Basilda. I don't want to accept their hospitality."

"Why?"

"I have told you."

"No! But it's not very hard to understand. You're afraid."

He dropped her hand. She saw his mouth twitch again. But she felt no pity for him now; she felt nothing but a bitter amazement.

"It's typical," she said. "It's just what happens in books and plays. The Puritanical young man like you—and a girl like Hope."

"I don't suppose you have any idea what she's like," he said curtly. "Nobody around here understands her."

"Did she tell you that?"

"No. She . . . I wish you could have heard every word we said to each other. Then you'd realise—"

Basilda smiled faintly.

"You might try to understand," he said. "I could see. Anyone could have seen that Hope had to talk to someone. She wasn't—it wasn't personal. She didn't talk about herself. It was—about ideas."

Basilda turned back towards the house.

"Basilda, don't!" he cried. "I've been asking you—begging you to marry me at once. I love you. What more—?"

"Nothing more," she said. "Don't come with me, Jim. Don't speak to me any more. Or I'll say things I—don't want to say."

He let her go then, and she walked back along the sand to the house that was still silent.

"It's all over," she told herself.

All she had to do was not to think. In her own room, she got ready some work for Marty, and at nine o'clock Marty came to her. They worked peaceably all morning.

At one o'clock they went down to lunch together. Marty had a grandiose project for taking photographs

with her three cameras, and she and Basilda were going to walk to the village and buy films. Life could go on like this pleasantly enough . . .

Until she heard Jim's voice, and a fiery arrow of pain struck her.

He was in the drawing-room standing beside Alma's chair, listening to her. He raised his head as Basilda entered, and their eyes met in a troubled and questioning glance.

"Hello, Jim!" said Marty, pleased. "Did Tyndall take you sailing?"

"No wind," said Tyndall.

"I took a walk," said Jim.

Jim was silent, he answered when Alma or Marty spoke to him, and that was all. Basilda sat beside him, and they did not speak one word to each other.

"He said he was 'out of his element' here," she thought. "That's true enough, because he makes it so. He won't try. Just wants to talk to Hope alone. Let him, then!"

She had felt compassion, even a sort of affection for Hope. Hope who had said she was going to be "good." And Hope had deliberately taken Jim away from her. He was a victim—like Ramon, like who knew how many others. Let him be.

Jim was talking to Alma, and she gave him a covert glance, saw his profile, fine and strong and honest, so dear to her. He was desperately unhappy, and he showed it.

"I can't let it be like this," she thought. "This morning was just a nightmare."

Her natural energy and courage were returning to her. This could be set right.

"Jim—" she said.

She saw him start before he turned towards her; she saw that same look of doubt and pain in his eyes.

"Jim, Marty and I are going to walk to the village after lunch. Don't you want to come?"

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, thanks."

Even his tone was doubtful.

The parlor maid came in with a telegram on a tray, and proffered it to Jim.

"Excuse me," he said, and tore it open. He read it and then he turned to Alma. "It's bad news for me, Mrs. Ferrier," he said. "The company's ordered me back at once."

It was so clumsily contrived as to be ludicrous. Basilda was certain that everyone present knew, as she did, that he had sent himself that telegram.

"How wretched!" said Alma. "But perhaps they'll let you come back again, Mr. Osborne."

"I'm afraid there's no chance of meeting Mrs. Ferrier."

"He's such a chump!" thought Basilda, irritated. "Now I suppose I'll have to go into New York, so that I can be near him."

As they rose from the table, they entered. Basilda and Jim and Marty were left alone in the hall.

"Shall we start now?" asked Marty. "Sorry," Jim answered, "but I'll have to pack my bag—"

"I want to speak to you," said Basilda, and taking his sleeve drew him into the little sitting-room. "Jim," she said, "I wish you hadn't done that."

"It was the only thing I could do," Jim, we both said things we didn't mean—"

He looked squarely at her. "I'm not so sure about that," he said. "I've got to get out. I've got to think."

Panic filled her.

"Jim!" she cried. "Are you going to let this be a serious quarrel?" "It's not a quarrel," he said. "It's a sight more than that."

She let go of his sleeve and turned away. He let her go.

"It's true," she said to herself. "It's true..."

The roads were muddy, and the rain fell steadily. Basilda and Marty, in sturdy, low-heeled shoes and raincoats and old hats, went on at a steady pace, in silence. Basilda did not know that they were silent, so cold was the tumult in her own heart.

"He'll be gone when I get back. What did he mean? He said it was more than a quarrel! What did he mean?"

"It's raining cats and dogs," said Marty. "Let's turn back."

"But what about those films?"

"Just an adolescent enthusiasm," said Marty. "Practically over already."

As they turned back in the steady downpour, she began to sing.

She began to sing in her strong, steady, young voice, splashing through the mud.

So many other women who had suffered, who were suffering this ache of bitterness and love. To turn to the man more familiar, dearer than anyone on earth, and find him suddenly a stranger...

"What did he mean? It doesn't matter—much. He's changed towards me; that's all that counts. And Hope made that happen. I hate her."

Her throat contracted; tears came to her eyes and ran down her face, a little warm current in the driving rain.

They turned into the driveway; there were lights in the house this dark afternoon.

"I'm going to take a hot bath," said Marty. "Then I'll do some work."

They had to pass the closed door of Jim's room.

"Suppose he's still there?" thought Basilda. "Maybe he couldn't get a train. Maybe he changed his mind. If he's still there..."

She had halted, and Marty with her. And she heard Jim moving about inside, heard his footsteps, heard a drawer slammed shut.

"No!" she cried to herself. "He's the one who's leaving. I haven't deserted him. He's going away. Let him go then."

She went on into her own room. She could hear Marty's bath running, hear the child whistling. She took off her wet hat and coat, and her wet shoes, and stood by the window.

"Oh, is it true?" she thought. "Is it really ended? Or will he come?"

There was a knock at the door. She caught her breath in a sob, and ran barefoot to open it. And it was Hope standing there.

Now they were face to face; she and the girl she hated.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Let me in, will you, Basilda? I've got to speak to you for a moment." "I don't want to hear anything you have to say."

She would have closed the door, but Hope's thin hand was inside against the frame.

"There isn't much time," she said. "He'll be gone soon, unless you'll listen to me."

She spoke quietly and softly, yet she conveyed an impression of urgency that made Basilda waver.

"Please let me in!" she said, and Basilda stood aside.

Hope closed the door after her and leaned against it, looking before her at nothing, her dark brows knitted.

"Go on!" said Basilda.

"It's not so easy," said Hope. "It's something I didn't want to tell—ever—to anyone."

"Is it necessary?" Basilda asked.

"I guess so," said Hope. "You see—I'm going to have a baby."

The words had the impact of a blow. Basilda could only look at her in blank wonder.

"I want you to tell Jim that," said Hope. "I can't."

There was a long silence.

"Why should I tell him?" asked Basilda.

Hope leaned her dark head against the door.

"Basilda," she said. "Please—understand."

"I'm sorry. I can't," said Basilda. And her own words hurt her horribly. This was her enemy; this was the girl she hated. "Don't tell me any more please. I'll never mention what you've said to anyone."

"All right!" said Hope, and turned away.

"No!" said Basilda. "Hope, it's hard to believe—what you've said."

"Hard enough. It's been—rather like a nightmare," replied Hope, wearily.

"You can't go on keeping it a secret."

"Yes, I can. I've got it all worked out. I'm going away presently—"

"Hope! You're not going to do anything rash or dangerous?"

"I'm going to see it through," said Hope. "I want this baby."

"I'm sure there's some better way—better than going away alone—"

"There isn't any other way. It's Ramon's baby. I suppose you guessed that."

"Did he know?"

"I didn't know myself. I mean I wasn't sure—until I went there to the Inn. I was going to tell him; but he was dead."

"Can't you make up something? Say you'd been secretly married to him?"

"I was. We got married in Mexico. It was such a stupid, sad, wretched thing. We didn't get along—we didn't honestly try. We hurt each other so often. I never really loved him—only his music... I don't think he loved me. Only, we were both lonely, and both pretty reckless. And both young. It seemed like a romance, but it wasn't."

"Then why can't you tell?"

"I got a divorce. After a month, Ramon didn't object. You can see that we didn't even try to make it work, we just gave up. But I still loved his music, and I tried to help him, and that made it worse. He was terribly proud."

Basilda sat on the bed, her bare feet drawn up under her.

"Even if you got a divorce—isn't the child?"

"Legitimate? Yes, but that wouldn't help much. You can imagine the scandal. It wouldn't help Father much. Or Marty."

"It's dreadful!" Basilda said. "It's the most dreadful thing I ever heard."

"I've got a feeling about it," said

Hope. "Maybe it's all nonsense—just a way of deluding myself. But—" She was silent for a long time. "You see," she said, in an uncertain voice, "it was my fault about Mother—and Ramon. I—All right! I'll say it! I've thought it, often enough. I killed them."

"You didn't! You didn't!"

Hope took no notice of that passionate protest.

"And I think that perhaps this baby will be—a way," she said. "A way to make up for that, a little. If I can bring it up to be someone splendid . . . Someone with Mother's courage and understanding. Someone who'll write the music Ramon might have written."

She was crying, and Basilda was glad. Crying would help. She went over to Hope and sat on the arm of her chair.

"That's a wonderful idea," she said.

"Do you honestly think so?" Hope demanded. "Or are you just sorry for me?"

"I'm not sorry for you," said Basilda. "Nobody needs to feel sorry for anyone who's so—brave."

"You're so—decent about this," Hope said. "It makes it harder. But I'm going through with it now. You'll tell Jim, won't you?"

"Why?" asked Basilda, evenly.

"I could see—anyone could see—that something had gone wrong between you. I wanted to set it right."

Basilda rose and went over to the window.

"You mean," she said, "that you want to give Jim back to me?"

"No! I—"

"You can't mean anything else. You want me to tell him things you think will turn him against you, back to me. I won't do it."

"There's no question of 'giving him back to you.' He—I'll be perfectly honest. He did lose his head for a minute. He didn't say anything, didn't even touch my hand. It was just the way he looked at me. He'll get over it as quickly. It's not serious—unless you make it so. Basilda, go and talk to him now—"

"No. I can't," said Basilda. "I've never really cared for any man but Jim. I daresay it's pretty naïve; but for me, love has to mean perfect trust and confidence."

"You've forgotten something," said Hope.

Basilda turned toward her and saw that she had risen.

"You've forgotten—generosity. Love has to mean understanding and

forgiving. God knows there is little enough for you to forgive in Jim. He lost his head for a moment—over a girl who doesn't exist at all. Don't let him go, Basilda! He's so—splendid. You'll never find anyone else like him. I've never met a man like your Jim. I'd given up believing there was anyone like him."

Her face looked white in the dusk of this rainy day; her dark eyes met Basilda's steadily.

"Hope?" said Basilda, in pain and wonder.

"Yes," said Hope. "It's like that." She stopped in the doorway.

"Don't let him go!" she said again.

Basilda remained by the window with a leaden inertia weighing upon her. "Don't let him go . . ." But he wanted to go. It was not she who was sending him away.

"I've tried once," she thought. "What more can I say?"

Perhaps at this very moment, he was opening his door, starting down the stairs, bag in hand. Going away—running away—from Hope.

"If I did tell him . . ." she thought.

She put on dry shoes and stockings, a pink jersey dress, brushed her hair. Then she went down the stairs, glad not to meet anyone; she went into the little sitting-room that was separated from the dining-room by an archway. The sliding doors were pushed back, and a curtain drawn across the opening. It stirred a little in the damp breeze from the open window. It was almost dark in here; she sat down where she could see the hall, and waited.

"This is a misunderstanding," she said to herself.

The front door, never locked, was flung open.

"Hello!" cried Dr. Ferrier's voice. "Well, sir!" answered Mrs. Petersen, hurrying along the hall. "I saw your car. I wish I'd have known you were coming; and I'd have had clams."

"I'm not stopping for dinner, Mrs. Pedersen. Will you send someone to tell Mrs. Ferrier I'm here?" He snapped on the light in the hall, and Basilda saw him standing there and drawing off his gloves. His voice, his presence, seemed to fill the house with a disturbing vitality. His bold, bearded profile had an expression she could not read.

"I wish he'd go away from the hall," she thought. "I can't speak to Jim with him there."

Alma had come without a word; she was standing before him.

"Leonard?" she said tentatively.

He gave her no sort of greeting.

"I'd like a few words with you please," he said.

"Come upstairs—"

"I haven't time," he said. "Here—"

As he turned toward the little sitting room, Basilda hastened away through the curtain and into the dining-room. And she found Hope standing there. She was about to pass her with a smile, but Hope caught her wrist.

"Wait!" she whispered.

"You'll have to do something about this," said Doctor Ferrier's voice from the next room.

Basilda tried to pull away her hand, but Hope held her fast.

"Wait!" she whispered again.

"About what?" asked Alma.

"I'll explain. A patient of mine came to me with a story. She'll enjoy telling it everywhere. She said that someone she knew saw Hope going up the stairs in that Inn, to that fellow Ortez' room, the night he killed himself. Do you know anything about this?"

"No. Nothing," said Alma.

"I leave my daughters in your charge," he cried, "and you—"

Hope dropped Basilda's hand, and jerked aside the curtains, the brass rings clattering along the pole.

"Look here!" she said. "This is my affair. Not Alma's."

She turned a switch, and the dining-room was suddenly bright.

"Something more than your personal affair now," said her father, almost invisible in the shadowy little room. "It involves everyone in your family."

"You can't make Alma responsible for me. Just because you don't want to face me."

"You're quite right. I don't. You're—"

"It can't be helped! I'm here. Too bad, isn't it? Every time you see me, you wonder why I was allowed to live when Mother had to die."

The doctor came into the lighted room; there was sweat on his forehead, a fierce light in his eyes.

"Leave her out of this!"

"I won't! Why shouldn't I speak of her?"

Basilda stood in the background, appalled. Ferrier lowered his head a little, his eyes fixed on his daughter's face, his hands were clenched, he was formidable and menacing. And she confronted him, erect, with a sort of weary tenseness.

"She was my mother. If she knows now what you've done to me, she must hate you."

They were both silent for a moment, still looking at each other. Then with an immense effort, he re-

covered himself; his clenched hands
relaxed, he raised his head.
"I don't intend to be hurt," he
said. "I'll see to it that there's no
scandal. You'll go at once to
your aunt's in Rio. Young girls don't
stay as they please there."

"Thanks. The idea doesn't suit
me."
"You're in no position to object,"
he said curtly. "You haven't a penny
of your own. You won't have for
five years. You'll go—"

"Hope," said Jim. He was stand-
ing in the doorway, bag in hand.
"Hope, come with me."

She went instantly. She pulled out
the key, and slammed the door after
her. Doctor Ferrier hurried through
the little sitting-room, but before he
reached the door, it was shut and
locked. He jerked the screen out of
the window and climbed out, curi-
ously agile for so heavily-built a man.
Basilda had followed him, she stood
beside Alma in the dark sitting-room,
saw him out there in the rain, looking
after the tail-light of a car going
down the drive.

"Open the door, will you, Alma?"
he said.

He entered the lighted hall; for
the first time he noticed Basilda, and
he smiled, raising his black brows in
a look of august amusement.

"Who was the young man?" he
asked Alma. "The young Lochin-
var?"

"Oh, that was just my—fiancee,"
said Basilda, beginning to
sigh.

She could not stop. She could keep
from making any sound, but the
careful laughter fluttered inside her.
The doctor regarded her slowly for
an instant; then came and patted
her shoulder.

"Come, now!" he said. "D'you feel
able to talk to me for a few mo-
ments? I'm sorry to trouble you, but
I haven't much time."

"All right!" she said, and followed
him into the drawing-room. The
lamps were lighted in there; it was
tranquil and charming, only the rain
rattled against the windows.

"Sit down here on the sofa," he
said.

He took off his overcoat, and sat
down opposite to her, leaning for-
ward a little, hands on his knees.

"Is this a very great shock to
you?" he asked.

"I don't know—yet," she answered.
"I don't seem to grasp it."

"We must try to set things right,"
he said. "Tell me the young man's
name, and where he lives."

"His name is Jim. James Osborne.
He doesn't live anywhere. I mean
he's second officer on a ship. He

usually stays at some little hotel
while he's on shore."

"When did he come here?"

"Yesterday. Only yesterday."

"Had he and—my daughter known
each other before?"

"No. Yesterday was the first
time."

"Then this can't amount to much,"
he said. "Your young man will come
back to you."

"I don't think—I want him back."

"Don't make up your mind now.
We'll wait until you know more.
Very likely it was nothing more than
a chivalrous impulse on his part."

"No," Basilda thought. "He didn't
even look at me. He didn't remember
that I existed. He couldn't think of
anything in the world but Hope."

"Will you talk this over with Os-
borne?" asked Ferrier.

"Oh, no!" she cried, drawing back.
"Never!"

He stared at her, and rose, moved
restlessly up and down the room.

"It's outrageous to ask you now,"
he said. "You want to be let alone.
But I'm obliged to ask you—"

He stopped before her. "I shan't say
that Hope didn't realise what she was
doing. I think it was deliberate. She
meant to ruin her life, throw herself
away—"

"Why should it ruin her life?" Bas-
ilda asked. "Jim's very—upright."

"Ha!" said the doctor, explosively,
and stared at her for a moment.
"You think there'll be a romantic
marriage. I don't. In any case, this
present situation must be kept quiet.
Will you help me?"

"There's nothing I can do."

He was silent for a time.

"I ask you to be generous," he said.
"More than generous. Merciful. I
can't undo what I've done without
your help."

"Please! There's nothing I can
do."

"See Osborne. Talk to him."

"No! I can't! I don't even know
where he is."

"I'll find them. I'm going to tele-
phone to New York. I'll see that
someone meets their train, and fol-
lows them. Then will you see Os-
borne? You have no obligation what-
ever towards Hope or myself. But I
ask you to put all personal feeling
aside, to help the one who's injured
you."

"I can't!" she said, beginning to
cry. "If you expect me to beg Jim
to come back to me, I can't—"

"No, no. He's on shore for only
a few days, isn't he? Manage him,
for just those few days. He must
have good qualities; otherwise you
wouldn't have chosen him. Appeal
to his sense of honor, of decency.

Tell him that for the sake of your
pride, you want to keep up the pre-
tense of your engagement until he
sails."

Basilda's instinct was to refuse.
"I'll telephone to you, later," he
said. "I'll tell you where Osborne is.
Then will you go and see him?"

"Don't ask me!"

"I do ask you. See him. Make
him leave Hope at once."

"No! Not if they love each other."

"My dear," he said. "My dear
child, how long do you think that
love would last?"

"Nobody can tell."

"I don't know anything about Os-
borne. But you tell me he's upright."
And, in the one glimpse I had of
him, he looked so, upright, conven-
tional by nature, a young man with
a strict code. How long will he love
—and respect—the girl who made
him deny his code? What possible
chance of happiness can they have
together? You've seen something of
Hope. D'you sincerely, honestly be-
lieve that she could be content with
him?"

Basilda leaned back, her blue eyes
looking steadily before her. She was
remembering what Hope had told
her.

"If I see Jim," she said, "I'll do
everything I can to help them to get
married."

The doctor pushed back his chair
and rose.

"Then you consent to see him?" he
asked.

"Yes."

"That's enough. That's very much
more than I had any right to ask.
I'll telephone to you, later."

He stood before her for a time,
but she did not, and could not look
at him. He went out of the room,
closing the door behind him.

She jumped up and went out into
the hall; she met Marty there going
towards the stairs.

"Hello, Basilda!" she said. "Tyn-
dall has the bright idea of driving
over to the Yacht Club for a cock-
tail before dinner. The rain's
stopped."

"I'll get a hat."

They went up the stairs together.
Basilda washed and tied a pink rib-
bon around her hair; she looked at
herself in the mirror, and there was
no change in her face, no trace left
of those tears; she looked healthy,
composed as ever.

"I suppose I'll just go on like this
for the rest of my life," she thought.
"I'll get other jobs—better jobs."
Her brows drew together. "Well...
Is it possible that I don't really care
much? I don't seem to. I don't look

as if I did. Am I the sort of person who doesn't feel anything much?"

That, she thought, was how she looked; a placid, insensitive creature, and perhaps she was like that. Even the anger passed; she was indifferent.

Alma was waiting in the hall; she wore a hat, she had a little air of satisfied elegance that suited her.

"Tyndall's waiting in the car," she said. "Girls, don't encourage him to stay late. Mrs. Pedersen will have dinner ready at half-past seven."

"Girls . . ." As if Basilda belonged here with Marty, and both of them were under her protection. It was—somehow nice . . .

At the Yacht Club they went out on a wide brick-flagged terrace, where tables were set up under a striped awning; the place was well filled and everyone knew Marty and Tyndall.

"Look here!" said Marty. "Would anyone mind if I went over to Rosemary's table?"

"Cocktail, Basilda?" asked Tyndall.

"Yes, thanks," she said.

"I'll take you into the grill," he said. "We feel that our new decorations are as ugly as any to be found on the eastern coast."

The grill was dark, after the clear brightness outside, and there was no one in it. Tyndall led her to a corner where they sat side by side on a chromium sofa upholstered in white. This light, the quiet, the emptiness were a little bit eerie.

"Let's have it out," said Tyndall suddenly. "Tell me, Basilda, will you, about Hope?"

"No!" she said. "I'm not going to talk about that. I should think you'd understand—and let me alone."

"You can't be 'let alone.' Life won't stop so that you can have a little peace. Let's have it out."

"No! It's cruel of you to do this! I've got to have a little time—"

"There isn't any time, darling. I can't let Hope go like this."

"Her father's looking after that."

"That won't do," he said. "Naturally, I heard the row. Typical of them never even to close the door. Tell me where Hope's gone."

"I don't know where they've gone."

She started to rise, but he pushed her back.

"Sit down and listen!" he said. "Of course, you don't like the idea of your sailor walking off with Hope. It hurts, of course, but you ought to be darn thankful that it happened. You never loved him."

"Let me go!"

"I won't. You don't know anything about love. Or about life, or people, or anything else. If you'd gone on with that tepid little romance, you'd never have learned anything. A dull, tepid little life . . . You'd better be thankful you were jolted out of it."

He spoke in his usual slow, almost drawling voice, his thin, clever face showed no emotion; only his grip on her arm was like steel.

"You get that straight," he said. "It's—humiliating for you. It's hard. But it's not serious—for you. Take it on the chin. You can. You don't love Jim the way you're going to love someone else."

"What are you talking about?"

"You'll learn," he said. "But that'll have to wait. Hope has to come first, just now. Please! What's going to happen to her?"

"I told you Doctor Ferrier is going to look after her."

"You're wrong. Couldn't be wronger. Where is she?"

"I don't know."

"How does Doc expect to 'look after' Hope, if nobody knows where she is?"

She was silent for a long time, thinking. She had a curious confidence in Tyndall, she trusted him as she could not trust Doctor Ferrier.

"If I see Hope—" she began.

"Let me go with you."

"I don't know, Tyndall," she said, doubtful and uneasy. "You see, I promised to see Jim, and talk to him."

"Where?"

"Doctor Ferrier is sure he can find them in time."

"Will you let me come?"

"Give me a chance to think it over," she said.

He relaxed his hold on her arm.

"All right!" he said. "Now we'd better get along."

"They drove home as they had come; Basilda sitting in the back with Alma, Marty beside Tyndall.

Dinner was cheerful, genuinely cheerful; there was an atmosphere of cosy friendliness; the four people at the table were like survivors after a storm.

Soon after dinner Mrs. Pedersen appeared to tell Basilda she was wanted on the telephone.

"It's Jim!" she thought, and for a moment she could not stir.

"Miss Mayhew?" said a feminine voice. "Just a minute, please. Doctor Ferrier calling."

His voice was oddly remote, tired, she thought.

"Miss Mayhew, the person you spoke of is in a hotel in the West Thirties. The Braydon. Will it be convenient for you to call there to-night?"

"To-night?" she repeated, dazed. "You can get a train in forty minutes," he said. "It's late, but—" He paused. "Will you call me up after the—interview?"

"Wouldn't early to-morrow morning do?"

"I think not," he said. "Please remember that I'll be waiting to hear from you. You'll go, won't you?"

"I'll go," she said.

As she turned away from the telephone, she saw Tyndall standing in the hall. He came into the room.

"Well," she said uncertainly. "I'm going into town. There's a train in forty minutes."

Tyndall looked at his watch.

"Not nine yet," he said. "If we start now, in the car, we'd get in about the same time."

"All right!" she said, still uncertain.

"You'll want a coat," he said. "I'll get the car."

When she opened the front door, the car was waiting in the driveway, with Tyndall at the wheel. He opened the door and she got in.

"Exactly what does the Doctor think you're going to do?" he asked presently.

"He wants me to try and get Jim back."

"D'you want him back?"

"I don't know. But I won't try to do that. I told the Doctor I wouldn't. I said I'd do all I could to help them get married."

"Why?"

His tone was curt and disagreeable, but she didn't care.

"Because I think it's the best thing."

"I'll work against you," said Tyndall. "I don't think it's the best thing for Hope."

Basilda was silent for a long time, thinking.

"Tyndall," she said, "are you honestly fond of Hope?"

"Yep!" he answered briefly.

"Then you'd better be on my side," she said. "I guess I'd better tell you, Tyndall."

"You can't tell me anything I don't know."

"Did you know Hope was going to have a baby?" she asked.

He said nothing at all; he drove along an empty road, thick with mud, the car skidded, and he gave it a

head, like a skilful rider with a horse. "I didn't know that," he said at last. "Ramon?"

"Yes. She was married to him for a little while, and then she divorced him—before she knew."

"All right, then!" he cried irritably. "In that case, she doesn't have to rush off and marry just anybody. It's a respectable baby. She can stay home and have it."

"Don't you realise what it would be like for her? All the miserable scandal, with Ramon killing himself. Think how her father'd act about it. How everyone would talk."

"All right!" said Tyndall. "If she's bent on getting married, she can marry me."

"Maybe, she doesn't want to. Haven't it occurred to you that possibly she—she likes Jim?"

"Don't talk any more about it. I'm going to take charge of this whole thing," said Tyndall. "I'm going to make it come out my way."

"Which is the one right way, of course."

He drove faster now, but without recklessness. They went on and on, endlessly through the mist; it was a surprise to reach the wretched outskirts of the city; garish filling stations, hot-dog stands, road-houses with strings of colored lights.

It was a gloomy old hotel, the vast high-ceilinged lobby was empty, forlorn; there was no air of life.

"Why ever did Jim come here?" thought Basilda; and was suddenly, unbearably sorry for him. "He doesn't know any good places to go. He always wants me to pick out a restaurant for lunch or dinner."

"What are you waiting for?" asked Tyndall; and Basilda went to the desk where a lean, grey-haired man sat watching them.

"Mr. Osborne?" she asked.

"Yes, madam. Who shall I say is calling?"

"I think I'll speak to him myself," he said. There was no booth, she had to use the telephone on the desk, with the clerk and Tyndall able to hear her. Room No. 803 . . .

"Jim?"

"Basilda!" he cried. "Basilda, I've been trying to write you a letter. You'll probably get it to-morrow—"

"Well, I'm here, Jim."

"I'll come down at once—"

She hung up the receiver, and turned to Tyndall.

"Tyndall, will you wait in the car?"

"No," he said.

The elevator door rattled open, and Jim stepped out; there was a tired, sick look about his face.

"Well, I'm here now, Jim," she said, trying to smile. "Where can we talk, Jim? Is there a room?"

"Sorry," said Tyndall. "But before you start, I want to see Hope."

"She's not here," said Jim, curtly.

"All right! Where is she?"

"It's none of your business," said Jim.

"Please, don't!" cried Basilda. "Jim, please tell Tyndall where she is."

"I tell you I don't know!" he said. "We came here. We—had a talk, and she went away in a taxi."

"She left home without a purse," said Tyndall. "How did she manage to go away in a taxi?"

"Tyndall!" said Basilda with a growing sense of dread. "Let me talk to Jim. You're only making things worse. Go away, please—"

"I won't!" Tyndall said flatly. "Hope came here with you, Osborne. If you let her go away, alone, without a penny—"

The two men faced each other with a curious look of calculation. They were enemies, each trying to measure the other's strength.

"Jim," said Basilda, "Hope's going to ring you up, isn't she?"

"No," he answered. "No. We don't expect to meet again."

"You'll explain that," said Tyndall.

"To you?" said Jim, and turned his back on Tyndall.

"Jim, it's got to be explained!" said Basilda.

"I'll tell you," he said. "But I'm darned if I'll say anything with this fellow here."

"He has a right to know, Jim. He and Hope have been brought up together—"

"If she wants to see him, she'll let him know."

"You're going to explain," Tyndall began, when Basilda laid her hand on his arm, looking up into his face with a wonderful softness in her eyes.

"All right!" he said. "Let's be civilised then. We'd better sit down. Can we get a drink here, Osborne?"

"I don't know!" said Jim. "And I don't care."

"I'll find out," said Tyndall, and when he had disappeared Basilda took Jim's hand, led him to a sofa.

"Jim," said Basilda, looking at his tense, miserable face. "What happened, dear?"

He moistened his dry lips.

"I—we both realised—Hope and I—that we'd better not see each other again."

"I want to say this quickly, Jim, dear, before Tyndall comes back. Jim, I do understand. I'll be glad—for you and Hope to get married."

"There's no question of marriage," he said. "It's impossible."

"But, why?"

"I can't explain," he said. She was silent, her eyes fixed on his face.

"You can't mean!" she began.

"I've ordered drinks," said Tyndall. He drew up a chair, facing them. "Apologies for my one-track mind," he said. "But what's bothering me, is Hope not having any money."

"I lent her what she needed," said Jim. "She didn't care to ask her father for anything."

"She'll have to get money from her father pretty soon," said Tyndall. "Considering the circumstances."

"D'you—" Jim began.

"Do I know the circumstances?" said Tyndall. "In case you think I'm talking about some other 'circumstances,' I'll be outspoken. What I mean is that we both know Hope's going to have a baby. And that her husband is dead. All I'm worrying about is money. I'm afraid she'll be pig-headed about asking her father for what she'll need."

"She won't need anything from her father, or anyone else," said Jim. Tyndall lit a cigarette. "The thing is, we've got to make some sort of report to Dr. Ferrier. Can I tell him you're looking after Hope?"

"No," said Jim.

"What am I to tell him?"

Jim moved his broad shoulders, the gesture of a creature intolerably goaded.

"Tell him his daughter doesn't want anything from him," he said.

"Sorry, but I'm afraid that's not definite enough. Hope's only nineteen. That's pretty young to be left alone—"

"D'you think I don't realise?" said Jim, springing to his feet. "But what else can she do?"

"Exactly what is she doing?" asked Tyndall.

"She's going away somewhere until the thing's over," Jim said. "I didn't ask her where she was going, and she didn't tell me."

"After she's had the baby, what's she going to do with it?" Tyndall proceeded. "Bring it home and say she found it somewhere?"

"She's not going home again."

"I see!" said Tyndall. "She's going to a new place, going to take a new name, start a new life."

"Yes."

"Phooey!" said Tyndall. "It's not only nonsense, but it's brutal nonsense. And if you were a man, you'd marry her."

Basilda saw Jim's face whiten, and his jaw set. With unexpected force,

she seized his arm, and, taking him off-guard, pulled him down on the sofa beside her.

"All right, I'll let that go," Jim said. "You don't count in this thing, anyhow, Tyndall."

"You're right," said Tyndall. "Basilda, I'll go over to the other side of the lobby. Just let me know when you're ready to go home, will you?"

Basilda opened her lips to speak, but no words came. She and Jim were alone now; this was her chance to speak, and she said nothing.

"Basilda, I'm sorry . . ."

She reached for his hand, and his fingers closed over hers.

"I don't know—any way to explain," he said. "Only—I didn't mean this to happen. I—it's a thing I didn't think could happen. If you can ever forgive me . . ."

"Well, I do," she said, choking back a sob.

"Then you'll marry me?"

She shook her head, tried to smile at him through a blur of tears.

"Basilda, when I—asked Hope to come along, it wasn't—I wasn't—running away with her. I mean—I wanted to help her out."

"I know. And now, Jim, dear, you're free. There's nothing to keep you from marrying Hope."

"I'm afraid that's something you wouldn't understand," he said.

She glanced at him, saw the tense line of his mouth. And she did understand.

"I'll have to be going now, Jim," she said, and drawing away her hand, she rose. He rose, too.

Tyndall was sitting at the other end of the lobby, slouched down in an armchair, his long legs stretched out before him. He was staring ahead of him at nothing, and did not see her until she spoke.

"I'm ready to go now, if you are," she said.

In the doorway, she looked back at Jim, waved her hand and hurried out.

"Don't talk to me, please!" she said to Tyndall, in a furious voice. "I don't want to talk," said he.

Marty lay stretched out on the hot sand, black glasses hid her eyes, her mouth had a look of sweet, young patience. Basilda sat beside her, knitting a white sweater. They were waiting to be called to lunch.

And there was, thought Basilda, nothing else to wait for now. All the days were quiet now, the house was quiet. Tyndall spent hours in his room, working on his thesis; when he went out in his boat, he went alone. Alma went out dutifully three

or four times a week to play bridge, to make visits, now and then she had people in for lunch. Marty studied with Basilda, they swam together, walked together.

"It's four weeks from to-day since I saw Jim," thought Basilda.

Four weeks of this quiet summer life. Not unhappy, not impatient, only blank. Jim was gone, and Hope was gone, and no one ever mentioned them. On that misty night four weeks ago, Basilda had telephoned to Doctor Ferrier.

"I've seen Jim, and Hope isn't there. He doesn't know where she's gone."

"I'll find her," the doctor had answered. "I'll look after all that."

No more news from him. He had not come out here, but he wrote often enough to Alma, and sometimes he telephoned to her. If she knew anything about Hope, she said nothing. Basilda sighed, and that made Marty turn her head.

"I was thinking," said Marty. "Suppose the scientists suddenly found out that evolution was really working the other way? I mean, suppose that instead of us being slowly turned into human beings, and thinking that was the tops, they found out that everything started out as human beings and evolved into things that had more fun out of life. Sea gulls, and cats, and so on."

"If you study embryology at all, you can see how we've evolved."

"I'm thinking of it like a philosopher," said Marty. "I can lie here and wish I was that sea gull, and I bet it doesn't wish it was me. Therefore—Well, for Pete's sake!"

She sat up straight, as her father came leisurely down the steps. He was more like Jove than ever, thought Basilda. Marty ran at him, and hugged him.

"You're a pretty unsatisfactory father," she said. "It's been weeks."

"I went to a medical convention . . ."

"Did you make a speech?"

"Oh, yes!" he said. "It was a good one, too. On glandular imbalance in the adolescent." With his arm about the tall child's shoulders, he smiled at Basilda. "Knitting," he observed with indulgence.

"Sit down with us, Dad!"

"I don't like sand," he said. "And also, I want a few moments alone with Miss Mayhew."

"Going back right after lunch?"

"No," he said. "I hoped you'd drive out to the golf club with me, Marty. I'd have time for nine holes."

"Can do," she said, utterly happy.

"Then, Miss Mayhew?"

With profound reluctance, Basilda went up the steps with him.

"Shall we sit on the terrace?" he proposed. "It's shady there."

He asked about Marty's progress and she answered conscientiously, but with mutiny in her heart.

A pause came.

"I didn't find Hope," he said finally. "But I got this letter from her yesterday. I'd very much like you to read it."

He took a letter out of his breast-pocket and handed it to Basilda.

Dear Father,—

I'm sorry. I'm sorry that things have been so wrong between us. It doesn't matter whose fault it was; it was just wrong. I think that maybe under all the horrible bitterness, we always understood each other, and loved each other. We're a lot alike.

I don't expect to see you again. I don't think I want to. Only I want you to know that I'm sorry. I'm going to have a baby before long. I was married to Ramon for a while, and then divorced. I'm using another name here; I'm Mrs. Snow. You'll remember how Mother loved the snow. She used to say that the rain was earnest and useful, but the snow was just careless and lovely.

Jim gave me a cheque for eighteen hundred dollars. It was every cent he had. I was rather glad he cared for me that much. It was horrible when I had to tell him about Ramon and the baby. He had such a sweet, touching idea of me before that, and it all crashed. I'm going to get the money Grandpa left me, when I'm twenty-one; and it's quite a lot, isn't it? I wish you could let me have some of it now, enough to live on, and pay back poor Jim.

I'm out here at Calagaska Lake, because Mrs. Pedersen's brother and his wife live here. That makes a sort of link. Tell Basilda where I am, if she wants to know, but please don't tell anyone else. Especially Marty, because she'd come, and that wouldn't do.

Having this baby is the biggest thing that has ever happened to me. I think I can make a pretty good job of bringing it up. I have a lot of ideas about that.

If I die, will you take my baby, Father?

Your loving daughter,

Hope.

Basilda folded up the letter, and put it back into the envelope.

"Are you crying?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

They were both silent for a while.

"Jim is cruel!" said Basilda. "And stupid."

"You haven't heard from him?"

"I don't mean about me. I'm thinking of Hope. If he wasn't cruel and stupid, he'd marry her."

"Don't cry any more," he said. "Are you so sorry for Hope?"

She dried her eyes without answering.

"If you are," he said, "it's much easier for me to ask you what I came to ask."

"What's that?"

"Will you go and stay with Hope? I'll naturally pay all your expenses, and any salary you want."

"But—why me?"

"You're the one right person," he said. "You're young, and generous, and—strong. You're the one she'd want, although she'd never ask you to come. I don't like to think of Mrs. Snow, all by herself."

That made tears start to Basilda's eyes again.

"I'll go, Doctor Ferrier," she said.

"Good!" he said, raising his black brows. "As a matter of fact, I have your ticket in my pocket now. The train leaves at eleven."

"Oh! To-morrow morning?" she said, a little dismayed by this haste.

"To-night," he said.

They were looking squarely at each other.

"If you'll pack a trunk," he went on, "I'll drive you back with me after lunch. I suppose you'll want an hour to pack?"

"An hour? Much longer!" said Basilda.

"Then I'll make arrangements not to start until three o'clock," he said.

It was then five minutes to one; counting out time for lunch, that poor Basilda very little more than an hour. Marty helped her to pack, and neither of them mentioned Hope. She shook hands with Basilda, and smiled, but her grey eyes were filled with tears.

"An revoir, Basilda!"

"An revoir, Marty. Marty, dear."

THE doctor had engaged a room in an hotel for Basilda where she was to rest.

"I'll come back at half-past seven to-night, and we'll have a little dinner together," he said. But at half-past eight, his nurse-secretary telephoned that the doctor had been called away on a case, and could not come with Miss Mayhew. He would call for her at half-past ten to take her to the train.

She dined alone in the very expensive restaurant; she felt extraordinarily alone, and somehow for-

lorn. She went up to her room and waited for the doctor, longing for the reassurance of his presence. She was sitting with her hat on when the telephone rang to announce Mr. Ferrier; she went down at once to the lounge, and found Tyndall there.

"Doc couldn't get away from the hospital," he said. "So I came. Anyhow, I wanted to see you."

"Why? Something special, Tinny?"

"I'm starting in a job on Monday," he said. "Entering Life, with its cares and responsibilities. A new era. I wanted to see you once more while we were still a carefree youth and maiden."

It was raining outside, they got into a taxi and set off in a wonderland of blurred lights, reflected in the black, glassy streets. He reached for her hand and held it, and she was glad of that friendly clasp. They said nothing, but it was always easy to be silent with Tyndall.

It was early when they reached the Grand Central.

"No hurry," said Tyndall. "The Doc's got a state-room for you."

They stood in the vast, lofty hall that was so strangely empty; the footsteps of hurrying people rang out loudly.

"All rather sad," said Tyndall, and when she glanced at his face he looked unhappy.

"You mean—about Hope, Tinny?"

"Just at the moment I was thinking about us," he said. "You and me." He paused. "A sort of golden summer," he said, "and now it's over."

"There were pretty sad things in it, Tinny," she said, and fell silent again, remembering. He let her alone for a time; then he laid his hand on her sleeve.

"Time to get on board, Basilda."

He went through the gates with her, following the porter with her bag.

"Your trunk's checked through," he said. "Doc told me to look after you, but I've forgotten the nice little touches. Candy, cigars, cigarettes, all the latest magazines."

"I don't want anything, thank you, Tinny."

"I wanted to look after you," he said.

His tone troubled her; and that unhappy look on his face.

"You have looked after me, Tinny!" she said, and took both his hands, looking into his face with an anxious smile.

"All right! Think kindly of me, he said, drawing away his hands.

When she reached the train, she looked back, and saw him standing there, still with his coat-collar turned up, and his felt hat pulled over his gloomy, dark face.

"Tinny! I'll be seeing you, Tinny dear!" she called.

He snatched off his hat, and smiled a sudden, flashing smile.

"Be seeing you, girl!"

The train was steaming through the dark, unknown country, and Basilda lay awake in her berth. She was alone as she had never been in her life, going alone to "help" Hope, who was beyond measure more lonely than she. She dreaded the task before her; and yet was somewhat elated.

"I wouldn't have done this, a little while ago," she thought. "I'd have hated Hope. I was intolerant—like Jim. I've learned a little anyhow. If I have to be—rather lonely all the rest of my life, I can take it."

In the dim dawn, she saw the shapes of mountains and, born and brought up on the sea coast, she regarded them with a faint disquiet. They shut away the sun; the sky grew bright long before the golden disc appeared. The early morning air was sharp and thin.

"I don't like it!" she said to herself.

The train stopped; she descended, the conductor set her bags on the platform, and there she was still in a dream. There was nobody in sight, no station-master, no taxis or cars.

"I can't walk," she thought. "Because I haven't any idea which way to go. Well, if I wait, something will come."

She sat on a bench, watching the road. And nothing came.

"If I sit here long enough, there'll be a train back to New York," she thought.

For a moment, that was a warmly consoling thought, but only for a moment.

"I'm not going back," she told herself. "Not until I've seen Hope."

And then she heard a car coming. She stood up, watching the road intently; it was a rattle-trap of a car, driven by a woman in a white dress.

"Miss Mayhew?" she said. "I'm Clara. Willie's wife."

"Willie?"

"Willie's Mrs. Pedersen's brother," said the other. She was a robust, youngish woman with flaxen hair, and a sunburned face in which her

grey eyes looked pale as clear water. "Miss Hope said you'd understand, if she didn't come herself."

She picked up one bag, and Basilda took the other; they got into the car, and set off along the empty road.

"It's a long way back to the village?" said Basilda.

"There isn't any village," said Clara. "There's the hotel, and there's Mr. Purdy's store, but they're down at the other end of the lake."

The road turned sharply, and there was the lake, dark blue and still, hemmed in by trees. Clara stopped the car at a landing-stage where a man sat fishing. He rose and came toward the car, big, and gaunt, and grizzled.

"How d'you do, miss?" he said, without a smile, and took out the bags, and put them into the launch that was tied alongside. He helped Basilda down the steps, Clara sat down beside her, and off they went over the smooth water.

The lake widened; Willie steered the launch among rocky islets, came around one of these smartly, stopped, and made fast to a little pier. A long flight of wooden stairs led up the rock, and at the top stood a weather-beaten bungalow, small and lonely in the shadow of the great trees. Willie and Clara had fallen behind; Basilda waited for them, but when she paused, so did they. She was meant to go on alone.

A most unusual timidity filled her; she knocked gently at the door. Nobody came; the trees rustled, a bird gave a clear, little run of notes. She knocked again, more loudly, and Hope's voice answered, "Come in!"

She was sitting in a big old-fashioned rocking chair, knitting, in a dim, low-ceilinged room, sparsely furnished. She was wearing a sleeveless dark blue dress, and blue canvas shoes on her bare feet.

"Hello, Basilda!" she said, not rising, not smiling.

"Hello!" Basilda answered.

Clara came in with the two bags, and walked briskly across the room, and through a door at the end. There was a complete silence.

"Oh! Sit down, won't you?" said Hope, going on with her knitting. "You don't seem exactly overjoyed to see me," said Basilda.

"Well, I don't imagine you were overjoyed to come," said Hope. "One of Father's subtle ideas, of course. He made you come—"

"He didn't!" said Basilda curtly. "Nobody could 'make' me come—"

"Then it was your conscience," said Hope.

Basilda turned away, and went toward the door through which Clara had gone.

"Where are you going?" demanded Hope.

"I'm going to—see about getting home," said Basilda. But Hope sprang up and caught her wrist.

"What's the matter, Basilda?"

Basilda looked at her, in tears.

"I'm sorry I ever came. Why didn't you answer the telegram, and tell me not to come?"

"You just came to be noble," said Hope. "You hate me, but your sense of duty—"

"You're a morbid idiot!" cried Basilda.

Hope's dark brows drew together. "All right, then." Why did you come?"

"Because I was a fool! I thought—there was a sort of friendship between us . . ." She was unable to go on for a moment; they were both silent.

"Let's have a talk," said Hope. "Sit down, won't you?"

She went past Basilda into the bedroom, a square little room with matting on the floor, a white iron bed, an old-fashioned chest of drawers.

"I don't blame you for hating me—" Hope began.

"Well, I don't!" said Basilda.

"Have you seen Jim?" Hope asked.

"Have you made it up?"

"No. We'll never make it up."

"Basilda, look here! Don't let pride ruin your life. If you see Jim, I'm sure—"

"I don't love him any more," said Basilda.

"That's just a phase. You can forgive him. You can be happy—"

"Not with Jim," said Basilda.

Hope sat down on the bed, her hands clasped behind her head.

"If you stay here for a while, you'll feel differently," she said. "It's—being here in this quiet, beautiful place that does things to you. It's lonely, though," she added with a trace of anxiety. "I never see anybody."

"Oh, Hope!" said Basilda. "It's not good for you to be so much alone."

"It is though. It's the best thing that ever happened to me. I've had a chance to think things out, and make up my mind how I'll bring up baby. I think I'll buy this place, and let him grow up here like a little Indian. I'll get a piano, and

teach him to play. He'll learn to swim, and dive, and row, and fish, and be just strong and simple."

Basilda was too much touched to speak for a minute.

"D'you think that's practical?" she asked presently. "I mean—don't you think a boy ought to go to school and be like other boys?"

"Why? When he's older, he'll go away. But while he's little, we can be here by ourselves in these lovely woods. It's the most beautiful place . . . Wait until you see a full moon over the lake. That is, if you really want to stay?"

"I do want to stay!" said Basilda, with vehemence. She was very close to tears again, almost unbearably moved by Hope's extraordinary plans. And worried, too. "Hope," she said, "do you have a doctor?"

"He comes every week. He's sweet," said Hope. "Cosy." She raised her dark eyes to Basilda's face and, for the first time she smiled, a smile singularly gentle. "I hope you'll be happy here," she said.

She made a genuine effort at being a good hostess. She took Basilda to her room, a room almost exactly like her own.

Basilda sat on the end of the wooden pier in a bathing suit, staring down at the water that was a limpid dark green in the shadow of the rocks. Willie sat in his launch, fishing while he waited to take Doctor Lowther back; certainly he did nothing to disturb the silence.

"It just doesn't seem—natural!" cried Basilda to herself.

She longed for the ebb and flow of the sea, and the sound of it; she longed to see gulls in the sky, longed for the salt air; she was miserably homesick. Over a month of this life had gone, of trying to fill interminable days by swimming, rowing, writing letters. She waited in a sort of vacuum for Hope's baby.

Hope was so strangely quiet. She would lie in a deck chair under the trees for hours; not wanting to talk, staring up at the sky with a look of fatigued patience on her pale face.

"This is one time in my life when I've got to wait," she had said to Basilda. "It's queer, this feeling, that things are out of your own control."

"Are you happy, Hope?"

"It's not happiness, exactly. It's just that, for the first time in my life, I feel—valuable."

The doctor was coming now, that "cosy" doctor Hope liked. He was a stoutish little man, with a ragged straw-colored moustache,

"The mermaid," he observed. "Well, make the most of it. The weather'll break any day now. I've been talking to Mrs. Snow. I think it's time she left here."

"She loves it."

"Yes, yes! But the summer's over now. It's too isolated. If she doesn't want to go back to the city, there's a little hotel in the town here. And a very good hospital."

"Is she—are you worried about her?" asked Basilda, frightened.

"Not a bit!" he said stoutly. "Only I'd rather like her to be a bit nearer, in case she needed me."

As soon as he was gone, Basilda went into the house and found Hope in her bedroom.

"Hope, Doctor Lowther thinks—"

"I know," said Hope, and suddenly put her arm across her face like a child, and began to cry.

"Hope! What's the matter?"

"Don't—pay any attention to me. I'm such a fool—"

"Please tell me!" Basilda entreated. She sat down on the bed and put her arm around the other girl's shoulders. "Please, Hope, tell me!"

"I wanted—the baby—to be born here—in this beautiful place . . ."

"You can bring it back here, darling."

"No," said Hope, with a sob. "I've been—a fool—living in a dream. I wasn't—facing life . . . We can't—live here together in the woods."

"Oh, I wish you could!" cried Basilda. "It was a lovely idea, Hope." Hope cried bitterly with her head on Basilda's shoulder, until she was exhausted and lay back on the pillows, white and tear-stained.

"Sorry, Basilda . . ."

Basilda still sat on the bed beside her; their hands were clasped, and that was communication enough.

"Facing life," thought Basilda. "I've got to do that myself. It's not the nice, neat, planned-out life I expected—with Jim. If I can have the courage Hope has . . . The courage to go on alone . . ."

Clara came into the sitting-room with her brisk, rather heavy tread, and closed the windows with a slam. She knocked on the open door.

"You'd better close the windows, miss, there's a squall coming."

It came before Basilda was on her feet, a wild onslaught of rain rattling against the panes like hail.

"Like a ship, isn't it?" said Hope. "Jim's ship got in to-day."

"She must look in the newspaper and keep track of it," thought Basilda. "I used to do that."

She still stood by the window in

the dark bedroom. Hope lay quiet, her hands clasped behind her head.

"Clara!" she called.

"Yes, miss?"

"I think I'll shut up the house and go to the hotel to-morrow."

"I don't know as you can get everything ready that quick," said Clara.

"Get someone to help you!" said Hope. "I want to go to-morrow."

Clara's face had an affronted look; not surprising, thought Basilda. This sudden decision of Hope's must seem to her utterly arbitrary and unreasonable. But it was easy to see Hope's point of view. If she were going to do something difficult and unpleasant, she wanted to do it at once.

"Dinner's ready, miss," said Clara.

Hope got up, washed and combed her hair. The rain was still driving against the windows as the two girls sat down at the table.

"There's the launch!" said Hope.

"Willie's a fool to come when it's raining like this!" said Clara.

There was a knock at the back door and she went into the kitchen; her voice came to them, curt and harsh.

"Whatever did you want to come out for in this weather?" she demanded.

"There's a letter for Miss Hope—"

said Willie.

"Well, couldn't it wait an hour? Look at you! Soaked to the skin!"

"Oh, poor Willie!" said Hope, laughing. "Give him some coffee, Clara, and something to eat. You'll just stay, won't you, and help us pack?"

"No, miss!" said Clara. "As soon as ever my kitchen's cleaned up, I'm going."

"All right!" said Hope. "We can manage—"

Clara cleared off the table, an ominous light in her blue eyes, and her lips compressed.

"We'll have to put off leaving here until the day after to-morrow," said Basilda.

"Don't take it so hard," said Hope. "We'll manage. I'm going to start my packing now."

"I won't allow it!" said Basilda, standing before her, her arms akimbo, her eyes alight.

But Hope only laughed at her. She was cajoling and gay, and completely unmanageable, pack she would. The rain was over, they opened all the windows while they worked, and the fresh, cool air blew in, filled with the scent of the woods.

It was late when they had finished, and Hope said she was hungry.

"Let's have scrambled eggs, and coffee and toast!" she said.

"All right, if you'll sit down!" said Basilda.

"I'll read my letter," said Hope. "It's from Tinny." She tore open the envelope and glanced through the letter. "Nothing!" she said. "He's a faithful boy."

"A faithful boy," thought Basilda, rolling up stockings in pairs. Something in the casual, easy-going, ironic Tyndall that was as strong as steel . . . "Hope doesn't quite appreciate him," she thought.

"To-morrow night we'll be in that ghastly little town," thought Basilda. "In that hotel."

She had seen the hotel, standing on the main street, with trolley-cars running past it; she thought of the town, ringed about by mountains, and her heart was like lead at the prospect of two months there. But where did she want to go?

"I can't stay with Hope for ever. I've got to make a life for myself. I'll try and get into an office . . ."

The sound of a board creaking made her sit up in the dark.

"Hope?"

"Yes. I'm just going to get a glass of water in the kitchen."

Basilda lay down again. But Hope didn't come back, and she got up, and went into the kitchen. Hope stood by the window like a ghost.

"What are you doing Hope? Hope! Don't you feel well?"

"Not very. I feel restless. Don't bother, Basilda. I'll just sit on the verandah for a while."

"I'll go with you," said Basilda.

They sat out there in their pyjamas. It was a mild night overcast; the lake gleamed darkly.

"Basilda," said Hope, "my time's come."

Basilda moistened her dry lips.

"I'll call up the doctor," she said.

It took an incredibly long time, to get the number. At last a woman's voice answered.

"The doctor's out on a baby case . . . Oh! Mrs. Snow, over on the island? I'll get hold of him. He'll come as soon as he can."

Basilda went out on the verandah again.

"The doctor's coming. Hope, has he ever told you what ought to be done?"

Hope reached for her hand.

"No," she said.

They were only two girls; young, helpless, ignorant.

"Hope, you go and lie down," Basilda said, "while I get things ready for the doctor."

Hope went with her docilely; when

Basilda lit the lamp in the bedroom, she saw that Hope's hair was damp, her eyes were dilated and brilliant.

"The doctor'll be here any minute!" said Basilda, and hurried into the kitchen, lit the glass lamp on the wall bracket. She looked around the neat little room, trying to think

"Please God, tell me what to do!"

Hot water . . . She lit the oil stove and put on the kettle and a large pot.

The kitchen faced the east, and through the window there, she thought the sky was growing light. She looked at her watch; it was a little after four.

"I pray to God the doctor'll come soon."

And he came, grey and drawn, stumbling up the steps, drunk with fatigue. He did not speak to Basilda, or even smile. He went into Hope's room and closed the door.

"I've brought you a cup of coffee, missey," said Willie.

Basilda, sitting on the verandah steps, took the cup from him. Nothing to do but wait. So long . . .

"What's that?" she asked.

It was a cry, feeble and tiny, and infinitely imperious. Basilda sprang to her feet, and Clara came out of the bedroom.

"It's a boy!" she said with triumphant composure.

"And Hope?"

"She's doing fine," said Clara.

The doctor was in a hurry to get away, but Basilda stood in the doorway.

"Are you sure she's all right?"

"She's doing very nicely."

"She looks—she looks . . ."

He glanced sharply at Basilda.

"Now, see here," he said, taking her hand. "I want you to lie down on the couch and rest. Everything's all right. I'm sending a nurse, and in the meantime Clara's entirely capable." He opened his bag and took out a little bottle. "I want you to take this—"

"No, thank you!"

"Do as you're told!" he said, smiling.

He stood beside her while she swallowed the tablet, and she lay down on the couch, just to keep him quiet. She shut her eyes to deceive him, and the couch rose and rose, floated softly in the air . . . It was exquisite. Such comfort . . .

"Basilda!"

There was a hand on her shoulder;

that was Tyndall's voice. She opened her eyes and looked up into his face.

"Oh, hello, Tyndall!" she said politely. She tried to get up, but he held her back with a hand on her shoulder. He sat down on the couch beside her, and put his arm around her. She closed her eyes, and leaned against him.

"Oh, Tyndall! My dear Tyndall," she said. "I'm so—frightfully glad."

"Have things been bad, baby?"

"Yes. Very bad."

"I'd have come long ago, if I'd known. Only I didn't think anyone wanted me."

"I wanted you."

"Why didn't you tell me so, stoopid?"

"I didn't know."

"I knew," he said. "I mean, I knew about me. I missed you like the devil. Why are you trying to get away?"

"I want to see—what you look like."

"Just the same," he said.

Just the same, the dark, alert, ironic face; the steady, smiling eyes.

"Tyndall, have you seen Hope?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes! We were allowed—"

"We?"

"Jim's here," he said.

"Oh!" she said with a gasp.

"I've been working on Jim for some time," said Tyndall. "The last couple of times his ship's come in I've seen him. I've brought Marty to see him. We've worked hard, trying to get a few ideas into that wooden head. He's not a bad sort of fellow, in his way. I rather like him. He was all mixed up, that was the trouble. He needed guidance, and I gave it to him. When I got Willie's telegram—"

"Did Willie send you a telegram?"

"I asked him to keep me posted," said Tyndall. "As soon as I got it I went down to the ship and got Jim out of his berth, and we caught the last train there was in the world. It's no use your crying over Jim. He doesn't love you any more."

"I'm not crying over Jim!" she said, angrily. "Only it's all so wrong."

"It's not. It's beautiful, thanks to me. Clara let him take a look at Hope, and he was overwhelmed—awed. I don't think he's ever seen a baby before. He's sentimental. Hope was asleep, and she looked—"

He paused. "Figuratively speaking, the poor dumb lad is on his knees."

"Do you think it'll come out all right?"

"Sure of it. I told you I'd been working over him. I was very eloquent," said Tyndall with smug satisfaction. "I was wonderful. Don't cry any more. I'm here."

He mustn't know what it meant to have him here. She hadn't known herself that it was Tyndall she wanted, Tyndall she missed. He was young; but somehow he knew the way, whoever held his hand would not be lonely and lost.

"You look gaunt," he said, "and years older. We'll take the night train back."

"I'm certainly not going to leave Hope!"

"If we don't go back to-morrow, I might lose my job, and then where would we be?"

"We don't have to go together."

"Don't we?" he said.

Their eyes met, and there was a look in his clever dark face that she had never seen there before.

"Alma's on her way, driving out. And Jim's got leave to stay over until his ship gets back from Demerara. He'll marry Hope, and put her into a little cottage somewhere."

"Do you think—she would be happy with him?"

"It's a perfect match," he said. "He's got just the qualities she wants in a husband. They'll be all right. Now what about me?"

"What do you mean?"

"You see," said Tyndall, "what I want is a wife who won't bother me."

"Upon my word!" said Basilda.

"I've got a lot of work I mean to do in my life," said Tyndall. "The girl I marry has got to be a self-sufficing creature. She can come along with me, but she can't hang around my neck. She can't cry ever."

"She can't, can't she?"

"No!" he said fiercely. "Because it destroys my judgment." He held her tight with her arms pinioned to her sides; their eyes met.

"It's a wonder you'd ever think of getting married at all," said Basilda.

"Yes," he said unsteadily. "The whole thing's a great wonder . . ."

She tried to free herself, but he would not let her go.

"You can just wait until I make up my mind!" she said.

Because it wouldn't be good for him to know now. To know that he was the one who always understood the one she had missed, and longed for; the only one . . .

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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